Chapter X

The Report:

A Soul's Journey

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DEDICATION

This was written for Humanity, and dedicated to Humanity.

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Prologue

There was a dull pop and I floated upwards towards what most people would have called a bright light except that I knew it as my individualized soul. This could only mean one thing, my human body was dead, and I was finally free. You can say whatever you want, but although there is something to be learned from all the experiences of a lifetime, especially when that life is geared to merging with the highest consciousness you could imagine, there is nothing that compares with being released from the constraints of the material body. Death is simply a birth into a new frame of reference. My recent work taught me to be awake for this moment, and to recognize the possible paths before me.

My soul already overshadowed my incarnations as an unaware human, a spiritual toddler, and now I was on the verge of moving on. Despite the apparent serious and solemn decision facing me, I had many human years to contemplate the decision, and knew myself as eternally free. Although the paths forward are infinite, I had boiled them down to three basic options. The first was to merge with my individualized soul, the Atma, and find myself facing another round of human experience, not reincarnation as most people think, but rather as a consciousness striving for wholeness through a human experience, back in time and space nonetheless. This is the path most humans take: follow the tunnel into the Light. The second option was to follow my own human teacher, my guru. This would lead my consciousness into the realm of my teacher. The reality there would be created through his consciousness. It would certainly be a step up from the coarseness of humanity, but it too would be circumscribed by his abilities and limits. Those who really followed the teachings of Jesus, Mohamed, or a number of Indian Gurus might choose to remain with him or her. My goal however, was

to merge evermore fully into a completely open and unfettered consciousness, one that leads to 'First Source'. This was done by taking tiny steps at least in my human consciousness. Now was the time for a bigger step.

All of this went through my mind as I floated up, but as usual, 'he' already knew of my decision. So he responded, "Well, OK. It appears as if you want to live as a soul and continue growth through your own incarnations. You know, of course, that you will be responsible for them."

"My responsibility for them is to encourage them to grow as well."

"Yes, and what does that mean?"

"It means I will be in their life as a still small voice, telling them about opportunities to move towards and pitfalls to be avoided. Their life and their decisions will; however, be their own and they will learn through their own joys and sorrows. I will not be responsible for their decisions. Yet, they will learn to call upon me until such time as they find themselves in my present position."

"Well said, but as a human would put it, "The proof is in the pudding."

"Does this mean I will be given your status?"

"No. It means you will become a probationary soul, one with only a few human consciousnesses to assist. This is just to see how well you will perform. However, you first need to sever the ego, your last "I" identity limiting your consciousness, and experience the simplicity and unity of the fifth dimension. To do that you will have to merge with others of your own spiritual family."

This was understood, and in a flash the group of which I was a part surrounded me. Thus, my being was immersed within the timeless Light until I heard the call from the oversoul.

The oversoul sounded the call and I responded. Why did I respond? Some could say it was because that was the right thing to do, but I have to be honest and answer your question with another. Do you know why you make all of your decisions? I'm

not referring to those superficial decisions like taking out the trash because the trashcan is full. I'm talking about those life changing decisions that appear to take you to a new town or city, to carry you to a new job, a new relationship, essentially a new life, which are all ways of saying learning new lessons. If you are honest, you will admit that circumstances often appear to be guiding you. That is the work of your soul in conjunction with your lower self. In this case it was with my oversoul, the being a step higher within whom I was a part. It was felt that my lessons could be concurrent with a task that was needed. I was offered an opportunity to re-experience human life culminating in a report. Writing down thoughts and actions is a good practice for anyone at any time, but my real report was purely mental, concurrent with the thoughts that created it. Yes, I made a formal statement, but that is just for the record. Chapter X is a written part of that record, a structure made of words, an illusion from one perspective and a reality from another. My responsibility to you, the flesh and bone you, the outer manifestation in time and space, the human personality, is to make clear the decisions and how they came about.

At this point in this story, you would consider me nothing more than a spirit, but that is because you rely on your five senses to define reality. Those senses are a tiny slice of the electro-magnetic spectrum. If you were told all humans were a part of a Great Spirit would you think of yourself as a lesser being? A Greater Reality exists, and it is far greater than anything you can imagine. You are part of it. All you need to do to see from a different vantage point is identify with the soul not the form.

In an effort to define myself in your thinking, imagine yourself as a blood platelet. You are whole and independent as you travel around the body of which you are a part. Yet your DNA holds all of the same information as every other cell, and the body as a whole. You have simply used yours to fulfill your intent, your mission, as you understand it. Perhaps you believe your mission is to carry oxygen to other cells in your travels.

Yet, all cells together have access to a greater consciousness going beyond the individual. So actually you are operating in a cooperative venture which is beyond your own individual level of consciousness. My job is to use a larger bandwidth, which may be thought of as information and inspiration. The oxygen in the blood cell forms a part of that cell because the cell has hemoglobin which holds it. My hemoglobin is Light, not only the light you are familiar with, but Light of a far larger spectrum. That Light is creativity, knowledge and inspiration, and every bit of it is available to each and every cell. All we are doing is growing into a more complete state of being, each of us at our own level. The important part to remember here is that in both cases the oxygen and the Light are a *part* of the entity. You and I are part of the same entity, called God or First Source amongst other names, but just at a relatively smaller level.

Some of the readers with a literary bent will recognize me as an omniscient narrator, but to think in those terms is simply incorrect. The greater the separation from the Absolute, the less omniscient one is. As a human I am not omniscient, just a bit more experienced. Having access to innumerable existences in form, one could say that as far as most humans are concerned my only desires are as nothing to them. Still, they are desires, indicating necessary further growth, which is one reason I chose this opportunity. Further, other incarnations force me to include many of what we will call historical attributes of humanity. These experiences do color thought processes. Yet, under no circumstances should those references or *any* thought be considered in absolute terms. All of our experiences are like pieces of a puzzle, understood best when everything is in place.

Hearing the call can become a convenient way out of dealing directly with one's flaws. It could be considered flowing along with the status quo in many religious-social circles. Some hear the call in order to be able to say they are saved, which is just another way of avoiding dealing with their personality's defects. For a few, it is a way of making a living by believing they know the absolute right path humanity must tread. Their

sincerity is no indication of any universal truth except to them, but in order to fulfill it, they must preach it. Life experiences will then be their real teacher. In all of the above cases the personality is in control. Yet, we must constantly remember our divine heritage and move past personality identification. This is the real test I was being given.

As an aside, some people actually do hear a call by entities apparently outside of themselves. Those folks need to know there *are* other manifestations of life, and not all of them are benevolent in human terms. A very few individuals may even connect with their individualized soul, the Atma in Sanskrit. Some call it the inner or higher self, but it is nothing more than the fragment of your soul which tends to the individualized personality. These individuals are the ones who evolve by listening to the Voice of the Silence, adjusting their behavior accordingly. By 2021 very few humans have consciously touched their Atma, a task most are unwilling to endure simply due to a lack of discipline. The soul normally does touch the human personality at some point in the human's earthly life, but those occurrences are usually ignored as some abnormality, and even feared if the touch is powerful.

To humans the term Atma brings an individualized, preprogrammed response of some new age threat to conservative thought, or its opposite, a nebulous, free flowing (free spirited) personality, unfettered with the practicalities of life, centered upon itself inside an illusion. Both of course exist in human reality, but to label both and treat them as truisms is just a symptom of the absolutism and dualism rampant amongst humans. This problem must be addressed.

There have been waves of human absolutism in the third dimensional past, and they have had to be broken apart by means of terrible conflicts to which humans are well accustomed. Yet, some personalities even welcome the conflicts as they provide a dubious employment and profit in war. Thus, some humans foster simplistic, narrow minded absolutes all based upon their own self interest. The Roman Empire was an

example of a manifested absolute encompassing an entire civilization. Its fall is legendary. So was the nationalism and chauvinism of the 19th century. Its fall culminated in the Great War of 1912-1946. Both collapses offered the individual opportunities for extended spiritual growth or further immersion in materialism. Civilizations that had to collapse were all based on their rigid view of the correctness of their own perceptual bias, wrapped up in an extremely limited view of the greater realities of culture, society, and spirituality. This has been condensed into the term nationalism. The end of the twentieth century left humanity ripe for further growth, but which way and how?

This is exactly where the human power structure stands today. We are in the midst of competing forces. In both the above cases, it took the gruesome deaths of millions before an uneasy stability replaced the worst of it. Since time is non-existent in the broader realms they remain as tableaus upon which the lower selves may still gain experience.

To bring this apparent digression to an end: now, in this twenty-first century, a global decision point has again arrived. It is clear from the opportunity presented that humanity must make a leap forward, a big leap without looking back, or suffer an even more devastating fall. The problems are collective and structural, as well as individual, and they require movements and institutional change on a large scale as well as commitments and discipline within each individual.

The task of finding out where the worst blockages exist, and then offering a solution was the task given. Many of us responded. Thus, the need for this story.

Before I tell my own story, it is necessary to pick up the story of others involved in this tale. For ease of dimensionality and operation all of them live in the same twenty-first century. I could say these characters are my creations, but that is misleading, for I'm only a probationary soul. Yes, their human existence is the result of my focus of energies along with the intents of trillions of independent cells and bits of

consciousness. Yet, my overshadowing of them is just my way of attempting to carry out my divine function as I understand it. There is no need to detail the early life of these first intensional incarnations. As you will see, I was not always on top of the situation.

Assisting third dimensional understanding is one of my intents. Thus, an attempt will be made to write this in human, third dimensional, terms publish it, as well as have it on the internet.

To say one is writing this in human terms is meaningless without an explanation. From the vantage point of the fifth dimension there is nothing but good taking place on the human third dimensional level. This is certainly not understood by humans because the mind and its beliefs accept the good-evil duality. Most humans feel that which is positive is good for the human body and mind, whereas that which is negative is detrimental to the human body and mind. Regardless of those beliefs, all that takes place as a human, including murder, rape even death itself are meant to help you realize you make your own reality. This must be remembered as you read. This is done for you and by you. I hope my successes and failures will inspire you to merge with divinity at whatever level you recognize it. Naturally, you will get out of this what thought, feeling and action you put into it. A broad-minded introspective attitude would be a good start. "Know Thyself!"

Book One

Chapter I

The Journey Begins

Being immigrants was not easy, but Gramma and Grampa, bless their souls, had seen the writing on the wall. There is never any real opportunity in a country controlled by the rich, and they knew it. The rich always try to make it appear as if there is economic freedom for everyone, and there is, within limits, but one can only get so far, and only if they are allowed by their overlords, a fact I learned the hard way. So, they did what they could do, move to the U.S. Little did they realize that the U.S. is controlled the same way, but much more subtly.

So, Grampa saved their meager earnings, made his way to the U.S. and made a living bumming around, then as an agricultural field worker. After he had earned enough to bring Gramma to the states they had two children while working the fields. It was a tough life. Much later they saved enough to retire as the owners of a little corner grocery store in Modesto, California. It was the typical mom and pop store in a Mexican heritage neighborhood. Their store was in an older, single story wooden building close to a more residential area. Thus, they had a lot of locals buying their goods, mostly food. With the exception of a couple of robberies, theirs was a quiet, happy life as shopkeepers.

My name is Fred, and I was born their grandson. My father, Orlando, too had worked himself to the bone for his family. He first served his country as a soldier for four years.

Then he too worked as a nomadic field laborer. Hours of backbreaking work in the hot sun was his cross to bear, and bear it he did with dignity and perseverance. In his early youth he grew up with his dad working the fields. My mother worked the fields as well, and I never fully appreciated their efforts until I tried to help them earn a living by doing the same. Once, I had tried being a nine year old field laborer for a week. I knew I would never do it again. Migrants and their children have hard lives, and are never really seen or acknowledged by the people who eat the food migrants have a big hand in producing. I wanted none of it. Fortunately for me as a child, that work did not last long, for I decided then and there to spend my efforts in school.

It was not long before I read well in both Spanish and English, and my overall scores were in the high 80th percentile. Most importantly, my parents supported me, working even harder to help me look the part of a scholar. My brother good-naturedly put up with me, but my sister openly ridiculed me, calling me a sissy and a weakling. She ended up marrying some loser, and now they have four undisciplined kids. My school mates knew my parents as migrants, and thought I was putting on airs by studying hard. Thus, slowly I started to lose friends and companions. Their taunts and ridicule became badges of honor to me.

As surely as I rose in the ranks of school, I lost my place amongst my peers. When we had to move, I always arrived at the new school with a confidence seldom seen by immigrants. Unlike a lot of others, I refused to lower my eyes in front of the teachers or the principals. That too made me stand out as unusual. Making friends became harder. I slowly became isolated. Now, after many years experience, looking back provides insights into why I am the way I am. Patterns began to emerge in my life, and now I see why nothing much gets me excited.

Fred sat back in his overstuffed chair, and looked around his living room. The first thing he focused upon was a large print

of a cathedral, its tall spires cutting into the blue of a cloudless sky hanging on the wall across from his chair. He thought it might have been Chartres, but he didn't really know. It was the thought which was important to him. For centuries all of those people in the nearby towns worked together to build a lasting monument to God. One may not count on human friends, but one always trusted God.

On either side of the print were two large screened windows looking out at the house next door, no more than 20 feet away. With the exception of a window with the blinds pulled down, there was nothing but a white wall. He didn't know anything about the people who lived there.

Looking at the wall, there was a sadness in his heart, one he could not pin down. It weighed heavily upon his heart. The silence in his home amplified the ache in his heart. His was a normal life, his a normal home. Pictures of his wife, mom, dad, as well as his sister and brother stared at him from their stand up frames on a plain, painted wooden mantle above his desk, but the family pictures were only concepts. There was no one to share life with now that his wife, Marjorie, was gone.

The wooden desk below the mantle was old. Its varnish was worn off the legs near the bottom, the result of hundreds of scuffs from his shoes finding their way under it. The desktop was scattered with commercial envelopes asking for money or trying to entice him to buy something. There were no personal letters. The entire living room did nothing except tell him he was lonely.

His family made his life bearable and unbearable at the same time, for occasionality seeing them made him feel a part of something, a part of something good, and at the same time brought out his loneliness, sorrow, and guilt. "All of us are struggling to find our place in life," he thought to himself. "and I still haven't found mine."

His mind sank back to the day his grandmother passed. The street where it happened was lost in time, but he remembered the old, white, boxy house with six concrete steps

leading up to a porch supported by fat, square, painted wooden columns on each side. He felt a pain in his heart as he remembered the ambulance crew putting gramma on the gurney. Everyone knew she had already died, but they treated the body as if there was some life left in it. Her gnarled hands were folded down over her stomach and held in place by a strap. He remembered those same hands kneading their bread or washing their dishes, doing their part to make his family's life a good one.

Despite the fact it was a sunny summer morning, the atmosphere held a distinct weight which was anything but warm. Mom was sobbing at the kitchen table, and dad was wiping the tears away from his eyes without caring who saw him. Both of them knew what grandma had sacrificed for them. I couldn't stand it any longer, so I followed Gramma's body out the front door and stood on the porch.

I did not want to return to the kitchen, for the sun streaming through the window above the sink did not remove the heavy, dull darkness that was felt throughout the house. I watched as the attendants slid the gurney into the ambulance and drive off, carrying her out of our life forever. The siren never came on.

Fred's mind continued to wander into the past.

Mom and dad also worked the fields, traveling across the entire US, following the work. They too settled in Modesto where dad took over Grampa's store, a place and time full of memories.

Many of those who shopped there were also from Mexico, or at least south of the U.S. border, so Spanish was often spoken. I however, wanted none of that stigma. In school I had been called a wetback or spic too many times, and a lot of people automatically assumed we still lived the semi-nomadic life of farm worker's children. Of course, some of my classmates did. I watched other migrant children come and go in and out of school, and felt sorry for them. They never had decent grades, just like me when I was in elementary school and my parents traveled. None of us children could get good grades, for we were

never in one place long enough to stay on the same topic. Putting food on the table and money in the pocket was the priority. Later, in high school I realized how no migrant child stands a chance. I found out how only the rich stand a chance for a good life.

By the time we were living in Modesto, I tried my best at school, but seemed to always be behind those at the top. Gringos always held the top spots. Still, I managed to keep a B average overall despite the fact that my high school afternoons were spent in the store stocking, bagging, sweeping and being a general go-for. At least it was often peaceful in there.

Thin shelves near the narrow back of the store were either in perpetual shadow during the day or were harshly lit by humming florescent lights in the foggy, dark overcast days of winter. Still, it was a part of home. There was a certain smell throughout the old store made up of the unvarnished wood of the shelves and the floor, old wood, wood worn thin by thousands of passing hands and feet. The storage room in the very back, what we jokingly called the loading dock, was awash with the unmistakable smell of crates of produce, tomatoes, cabbage, cauliflower, and carrots all mixed together. We always had a lot of produce, for some of dad's old friends would bring in a crate of some vegetable in exchange for other things. My brother, a year and a half behind me, had to do the same work. That was expected. It was how we all managed to have a decent life.

I wanted to go to college, and had the grades, but naturally money was at a premium, so I kept working in the store and going to Jr. College in the afternoons and evenings until I was drafted for the Vietnam War. Mom cried when the notice came to report. She didn't receive the news well, but she didn't try to discourage me. Her expression then became preoccupied and she went around aimlessly cleaning things that didn't need cleaning. Dad just kept quiet, like he always did. He never said anything about my being drafted, just as he never said anything about his experience in the army.

* * *

For me, the author of this report, the call was no more than an undemanding thought streaming into infinite mind. Since the oversoul is responsible for growth through expressed forms, but resides beyond them in a more expansive field of unified being, I'll just call the origin of the call, the Council. The Council wanted volunteers to take part in a formal third dimensional inquiry. Even as I felt the call, I knew I would go. I knew my part in this would require my reentering third dimensional human life, but that also gave me greater access to my charges. Although the depth of a decision like this goes to the core of being, individualistic talents, proclivities and experiences automatically tend to point to certain entities, and they always respond, for that is one's nature, a fragment of Love never to be fully grokked in form, even on the fifth dimension. The call was not as if a request was made, but rather a flow of energy to which certain of us naturally responded. It was all perfectly natural, never breaking the infinite Bliss.

The word impossible comes to mind when I think of a way to convey fifth dimensional living to third dimensional minds, for Divine qualities such as Truth and Love have no form. They are felt as radiations of Being. In the third dimension only actions carried out by means of form allow a shadow of those qualities to be made manifest, and the clarity and depth of that shadow depends upon the highest level of unified mind-heart expression third dimensional inhabitants can maintain.

Can you close your eyes and imagine a space of infinite, unbounded scintillating golden-white Light? You have no material body, no physical possessions, no humanly understandable personality. The Light conveys all Divine qualities within it. All Divine qualities are a part of the Light. Their expressions create the prismatic visualization, and more importantly, the feeling that arises from dwelling within them and *as* them. Can you even begin to imagine your consciousness

and all space filled with brilliant Light which *is* infinite Love, infinite Peace, floating in a state of infinite Bliss?

Focus on one spark of the prismatic white Light and you more fully emit that Divine quality. Qualities are one's only possessions, one's only individuality and you reflect them constantly as you *are* them. The only visually perceived objects within the infinite Light are spheres of greater and lesser Lights which together create the One Light. These individual spheres are glowing spiritual *Beings* creating a single ***Being***. It is the aggregate of this overlapping, merging glow creating the fifth dimension of Love-Light, a single *Being* of innumerable parts. Just take a moment to think along these lines and you might see and feel the energies, for *at that level you are one of these*. If you are visualizing it, your intensity of purpose and openness of heart empowers the light your mind is registering. Humanity is a reflection of this state albeit in third dimensional terms which creates the appearance of separate bodies and a flow of time in which actions appear to take place.

Some of you think the fifth dimension may be a heaven, akin to perpetually sitting on some puffy cloud playing the proverbial harp, but you are wrong. There is much activity blending and reblending the Light then transmitting it. On the fifth dimension, you *are* the Light and Love to the degree you can express them, though some of us are better receivers than transmitters or vice-versa. To use human terms, the balance you have achieved is the degree your heart is open, and able to allow Divine qualities to flow through it, a profound empathy with all of Creation. This is balanced with a desire to expand the Light.

Believe it. Visualize the Light, and feel the Bliss. It is easier for most humans to imagine perfected human beings, thus, Masters and Adepts, gods and goddesses are brought into being. Yet they, like us, are naught but unfolding divine energy.

You could shift to the Light right now, but, perhaps, like me, you have some overriding intent. I just tried to do a part of my intent by leading you to a visualization with the hope it may inspire you. If not, then imagine a perfect human who has passed

into higher realms. The mass of your many human experiences lies within you, ready to use if needed, but not interfering with the Divinity that you may have visualized and may now humanly express if you really commit.

* * *

The training for war was bad enough, but my mind turned to one of my few victories in the military, one that my mind must go to balance the pain. The training platoon to which I was assigned was trudging up a backwoods jeep trail at Ft. Benning, Georgia. Trees and heavy foliage were on both sides of the dirt road. The exercise was to see how well we could escape and evade the enemy. Other troops, called the enemy, were hidden around the road. Their job was to capture us. To make sure we understood this was not a game, the army had established a POW camp nearby where those unfortunate enough to get caught were literally tortured.

We were in a loose formation covering the road and the grassy edges when all of a sudden a couple of tear gas grenades were tossed and rifle fire ensued. The good captains of the army had distinctly told us not to run towards the east as there was nothing out there, which naturally meant that it was the best direction to run. As soon as I started running some soldier ran towards me from the east, but I sidestepped him and kept on running. Maybe he saw the pack of guys behind me as better candidates. I don't know for I never stopped running for at least five minutes. Fortunately, before the simulated attack, the road could be seen turning north about 50 yards ahead, so after I made sure no one was near, my path led towards the curve and then I paralleled the road away from the sight of anyone patrolling it. Across the road and out of sight I could hear loud speakers telling everyone that escape was useless. I just kept moving. Finally, as the sound of the speakers faded into the distance, I joined the jeep track and jogged until I ran into a paved road whereupon I was given a lift back to base by a nice guy who happened to be passing by. I was

elated as I really had escaped, and I thank God for watching over me. It was His grace that let me escape.

Later, I learned that the exercise did indeed torture some of the guys who were caught. Electric shock and other devices, like jamming the victims into a box and leaving them there for awhile were used. Much later, while on duty in Vietnam I remember a story of some relatively tall airman who was captured and put into a metal box, like a steamer trunk. Of course it had bullet holes in it so he could breathe, but he had to fold his legs to get in. They left him in the box for two whole days. It was like an oven during the day, and cold at night. When he went in his hair was dark brown, but when he was released his hair was all white. I wasn't there, but that story was related to me by some guy I trusted. There were many more stories that were too horrible to think about.

Anyway, one trainee's parents contacted their congressman to complain even though I doubt he was left in the box for more than an hour. When I heard that, I just shook my head, for that exercise would be nothing compared to the real thing. There were other stories of guys in my training platoon being wired up to crank generators and shocked.

The youth of every country is trained to kill and torture the enemy, but when the survivors return, people wonder why they can't fit back into society and why there is so much violence in the streets. That civilian thinking is unbelievable stupidity. Returning soldiers are not heroes, they are victims. I have to admit this training story was one of a few times I defied the system and won, but the military is not like that. Usually, you have to follow orders, like it or not, and I generally didn't like it. Thank God, real torture never happened to me, at least not physically. I understood the need for discipline, but the hell of military boot camp was more about power trips and unnecessarily putting enlisted men in their place as cannon fodder. Animals kill to protect themselves, but only humans seemed to justify mass killing of other humans. The leaders say it is to protect our national interests, which today are the

interests of the corporate overlords. I thought back to C company of 'Task Force Barker' and what they did at My Lai. Somewhere between five and six hundred men, women and children were murdered by them.

I could not help but put myself into the picture. Poor, half starving families lined up against some hut, their ragged clothes hanging down, wondering what was next when some guy barks a command, and I have to pull the trigger killing some little kids standing in front of me shaking with fear. I can see their little bodies twist and turn from the impact of the bullets. I can hear the screams of the parents. I kill them too.

I have to stop those thoughts. That was evil. War is evil, but it is the natural extension of military psychology. Kill the Gooks, or whoever stands in the way of our national interests. And who defines those national interests? Certainly not immigrants or their children. Nevertheless, I was sent along with many poor folks to Vietnam.

I was assigned to a unit that operated the mess halls on the Da Nang airbase. One day a letter came from home, now etched into my brain. Dad had passed away after a brief bout of flu. Thoughts of his patience with me as I learned to throw a ball, or stack canned goods mingled with flashes of his anger when something bad happened. They created a mix of emotions that leaves me without a foothold. I love my dad, but there is a strange absence of real grief, even now.

Death is something we all have to look forward to. By focusing upon it a lot of external bullshit is eliminated. We are all faced with the same death. Still, a gap is formed when someone close dies. As their letter arrived long after his funeral, the best I could do was to send both my siblings and mom sincere prayers in a long letter. They deserved them. They deserved more, but there was nothing more to give. Mom was who I was worried about the most, but a month or so later, I got another letter explaining that my brother had taken over the day to day running of the store. My own day to day chores pulled a cover over my mind's speculations. Besides, I had my friends.

My best friend, Billy, was a joker, a thin Latino guy with dark curly hair. It was difficult not to like him, and everyone did. He was always ready with some story to keep us smiling. He would deserve an Oscar for his portrayal of our overweight captain who he hated.

"Captain Johnson is a dictator, and a puppet of our corrupt government," he crows, "and I'd rather kiss a VC than shake hands with him. Why do we need him? He was probably fired from his job for being a jerk, and ended up in the military 'cause no one else would hire him." Billy would then strut around saluting the pots and pans as we laughed.

"After we get out of here, you watch, we will give twenty years of our life to some job and then get fired because we don't salute the boss as he drives by in his Cadillac. That's capitalism for you."

It doesn't seem funny now, but back then we needed to smile at anything we could.

At least once a week, morning exercise was an obligatory evil. It was a particularly hot, humid day where the moisture in the atmosphere was so dense it created a thin fog. It was early, and we were tired.

"One, two, three, four. Jump higher you dolts. Now hit the floor." When we were out of breath and dripping sweat Captain Johnson strolled up. When I saw the captain, I happened to look over at Billy. He was wearing his smart-alecky face, and I immediately tensed up.

All of a sudden, the Captain asked Sergeant Williams to stop. He then singled out Billy. "It looks as if you are laughing, Billy. War is serious. Let's see you do 20 push-ups." Billy just looked at him, went down and did 20 in a row. He stood up and looked Captain Johnson right in the eye.

" Billy, do you see how your attitude is holding you back? Do 20 more." The Captain's stare was malevolent. This time Billy's stare was defiant and longer too. Still, he went down and did 20 more, but his pace was slower. I thought, "Thank God Billy was thin." He stood up again and Billy's look of

contempt required no translation. It was clear that somehow the Captain had heard of Billy's ridicule.

"Well, Billy, did you see how your nose didn't touch the ground? Now, I want you to do 50 more." His face was a sneer. He then turned to the Sergeant and said,"Make sure he does these." Then he turned around and sauntered away.

The Sergeant was shifting his weight from one foot to the next, obviously uncomfortable about being put in the middle of something. After a pause he said,"Billy, see me at the end of calisthenics." There was another pause as he watched the Captain disappear behind a building. "OK, you nincompoops, let's carry on!!! Back to the jumping jacks. One, two, three, four..."

That afternoon, after the rush of lunch, we gathered around Billy. Bob Dylan's *The Times, They Are A'Changin'* was playing in the background, and there were no officers around. Billy was red with rage.

"Who does that SOB think he is? He's worse than a control freak."

Someone said, "You're not going to win a war with him."

Billy didn't say anything, but we could see the gears turning. He then looked at us and said, "You're right. You wait for the right minute to strike back and get even. That's what the VC do."

"Did Sergeant make you do those 50 push ups?"

Billy looked over and slowly said, "As far as you're concerned he did." He said it in such a way that it left us wondering, but nobody was about to press the issue.

The next few days were normal, but I knew Billy was formulating a plan of attack. I was worried because next Monday a new Colonel was taking over the division. As always, a ceremony marked the event, one having us stand in formation in front of the hangers while the speeches were made and the flags were paraded around as if flags waving and bands playing made any difference to corpses. These ceremonies were just another obligatory evil.

When the day came, Billy knew that I knew something was afoot. He winked at me when breakfast was being served. Later that morning, as we were in formation, I noticed the Captain was fidgeting. He was standing at attention, alone, at his post in front of our company. The Colonel droned on about our saving democracy in Vietnam. I thought of the rows of body bags being loaded on the transport planes out of sight on the other end of the field.

Without any warning, the Captain ran off towards the hanger. As he ran, a strident lone whistle cut through the speech. No one missed a beat, and none of us ever moved an inch, but that evening in the bunk house when no officer was around we were all laughing, joking and thoroughly enjoying the memory. Later, I heard that the Captain had been severely chastised by those above him. He had offered the excuse that he had an uncontrolled attack of the runs.

"I don't think he'll be bothering me any more." laughed Billy. Indeed, for weeks it seemed as if the Captain was not to be seen.

Being confined to an airbase with occasional mortar rounds coming inside the fences could hardly be called action, but every now and then, someone up the command chain decided we had to serve duty out near the fence. One fateful day, when I was out near the fence line, rifle in hand, a Viet Cong sniper shot rang out. Before we could even see what happened, all of us in my squad emptied our magazine on the dense jungle in what we hoped was the direction the shot came from. I prayed that my bullets went well wide of any poor soul out there, for one thing that stuck in our minds was the constant stream of body bags coming and going. I was determined not add to them, even the enemy's. I then ran, shaking, over to the fallen victim. He had fallen face down. Some one pulled him over. It was Billy with a single bullet hole in his forehead. The back of his was head blown off, his brain stuff falling out.

"Someone said,"What in the name of God... He's our friend....and we are standing here watching..." A nearby rifle

shot broke the spell. I was numb, but the rapid commands, and the scattered rifle shots kept all of us from focusing on that picture of the bloody back of Billy's head. We ran to our dugouts, defensive positions as they were called. Some unlucky squad started to search the perimeter outside the fence. Naturally, nothing was found. Again, as with my dad, there were no tears and no sorrowful sentiments, just a numbing void. The laughter in the mess hall came to a dead stop.

Coming back from Vietnam, no work was available for a long time, and going back to work in the store was no longer an option. My brother had married and his wife, who was expecting, was also working there. I did go back to school, but dropped out after one semester. I could not sustain classes and work at the same time. That's what I told anyone who asked, but those were really excuses for the lack of motivation I felt. I visited my brother and family every now and then, but never could feel the kinship that other families seem to feel. There was no option but to keep trying to find a job. Finally, I was hired by some wholesaler to sell over the counter supplies to drugstores. That's where I met Marjorie. She was a cashier in one of them, and we just got to talking 'bout things and ended up married.

* * *

When the call reached me in the fifth dimension my reaction was automatic. With the call action was automatic, thought creates its own pathway. As the mind focuses, a tunnel instantly takes shape, a tunnel of thought taking me immediately to those who sent the call. This tunnel is a stream of energy called the antakarana, another Sanskrit term, which in lower levels is made up of various strands of qualified energy such as creativeness, wisdom, etc., essentially Life. Thus, one could say I traveled deeper into the thought following the flow back to the source, emerging in an exceptionally glowing space filled with large and especially radiant entities. These were even more expansive entities.

Had I been thinking along human lines, I would have said I was out of my league. There should be no such separating thoughts on the fifth dimension. All parts of the whole fit without judgment. Still, I could not but help observe a comparison in such situations, another flaw of mine. There, within a tiny instant of recognition, the entire plan and all it encompassed was understood. I was found suitable, having been only recently elevated as understood in time and space to the fifth dimension. There was still a fair amount of attachment to the fourth dimension and even some to the third. Our decision was instantaneously made.

* * *

Lila looked up at the teacher outlining sentences on the blackboard. "English class is boring," she thought to herself. "Everybody can already speak English, so what's the big deal? I can speak and read Spanish too, so I'm already better off. So what if I learned it at home with mom and dad. At least I don't have to worry about Spanish class." Her mind started to wander, as she looked out the windows.

The tree tops were visible, but she couldn't see the parking lot below. "It's a shame such a boring class has to be on the second floor. You can't see people coming and going," she mused. The scene before her eyes glazed over, and she pictured herself walking into school that morning. The boys on the benches became quiet as she walked by, and she could feel their stares. It made her feel...sexy...happy... powerful.

Lila knew she was pretty. She didn't have to flaunt it like those girls on the cheerleading team. She thought of the head cheerleader, Jesse, blond hair flowing, knowingly twisting every boy's head as she walked by. Lila thought to herself how she wouldn't stoop to such nonsense. She didn't have to. Enough boys would crowd around her as it was, and they didn't try and act stupid like they did around Jesse, at least not too often. Of course, it was nice being pretty. It got you better grades and

enough attention to keep from being lonely. She would have liked to be a bit taller than five feet, but there is another kind of attraction being so petite, like a beautiful doll.

At that point her mind pictured the row of dolls on top of her dresser at home and that brought her back to the room where the teacher was still droning on. Her eyes lit upon Kylie a couple of seats away and she felt sorry for someone she thought of as a nice girl who sat alone, without friends because she was so dumpy. Then her mind somehow flipped, and she thought, "That's the way it goes. Some people have it and some don't."

She looked over at Larry. Poor Larry was actually trying to do the dumb diagramming. She made up her mind to help him later. He was always respectful and so sincere and straight forward with her, not like the other boys who sometimes became nuisances. He was a tall, thin, shy boy, and that was a part of his appeal. He didn't say much, but he was always around, ready to help. She knew he was really good in auto shop where he had been building up an old Pontiac Firebird his uncle had given him. He was Lila's follower as she knew herself the leader. The arrangement suited them both.

For his part, Larry had been pulled by her invisible strings for well over a year as they went through high school together. His attraction to Lila was beyond anything he could imagine. His thoughts were visions of her laughing, being herself in front of all their friends. It was a vision on a loop playing over and over again. If he had the where with all to think of words, he would have been saying, "She is so beautiful. She has everything a man would want. She is so delicate. Her thin hands are beautiful. Her big, brown eyes pull me in. Her long, flowing, hair shines in the sun." As it was, all he saw in his vision was her, endlessly her.

Larry couldn't help himself. He glanced her direction. Her straight nose led to her thin lips. He then thought of her large mouth, one he would love to kiss. Her white straight teeth dazzled him when she smiled, and oh, her smile! When she smiled at him, his legs turned to jelly. Her eyes, her hair, her

smooth, dark complexion melted him. She was everything. He had to swallow hard to try and concentrate on the English, to do the work, but it was of little use, for the loop had restarted.

When the bell rang, Lila remembered her thought to help Larry. "Call me this evening and I'll help you with this stupid English assignment." Then she smiled at him.

All he could say was "OK," but his heart was thumping so hard in his chest he felt he could faint.

That evening he tried to follow her instructions on the phone as she practically dictated the homework to him, for all he could think about was to find a way to ask her out. He had never really dated anyone before, and it took him almost the entire assignment before he blurted out, "I want to take you out for an ice cream after school tomorrow." There was a pause as his mind raced around for a reason, and it just came to him,"It's a thank you for all of your help."

The little silence on the line was an eternity to him when she finally replied,"Sure."

Larry's desire turned into dependence, and over time, quite slowly, his life became entangled with hers. Lila saw nothing but happiness in having a sincere friend at school. The arrangement provided Larry with a sense of belonging, and at the same time provided Lila with a doting admirer. As the seasons passed, their life became a convenient flow of school followed by evenings on the phone, huddled in their respective bedrooms. At first it was innocently helping with homework, but as familiarity with each other turned into comfortable routines, they started talking about their families, their hopes and fears, and finally their futures.

When they called each other, neither minded the empty silences, as those provided ample time to mold their own imagination of family life into a version of domestic contentment with themselves as the main characters. After school when he could, Larry would come by the convenience store where she stood behind a counter selling ice cream, cigarettes, and candy. She also cashiered for those buying gas.

When the store was busy, he would stand out of the way and just watch her. When it wasn't busy and the manager was out, they would talk. Those afternoon conversations amplified the previous night's daydreams, and blended them into a unified vision. Over time their friends simply accepted them as a couple. Friendship slowly grew into steadily going out together, not that either really dated anyone else. Life just seemed to flow that way.

Larry worked part time at a gas station and by his junior year had his Firebird fixed up so that it was not only reliable, but also a work of art with new dark maroon paint, floor carpet and upholstery. He was very proud of his creation for it lent an air of elegance to his life. Soon he had enough money to take her to the movies and occasionally out to eat.

As they had already become comfortable with each others physical presence, their tentative kisses soon mirrored those passing affections seen in TV sitcoms. By the time they were seniors their kisses were more passionate. Each closed their eyes and melted into the others soft embraces. The others warmth sealed away any doubts of their future bliss. She eagerly accepted Larry's offer to take her to the senior prom, and by then both were feeling as if someone had poured boiling water into their loins. Nothing stood between their unspoken visions of merging that night, and they did, in the backseat of Larry's Firebird. So, it wasn't long after the prom that Lila became pregnant.

Lila had been a strong willed child even as a toddler. She would cry to get out of the crib, and then proceed to get into everything, much to her mom's dismay. To this day, a stain remains on the living room carpet where she, as a four year old, tried to do abracadabra with the bottles of food coloring. She remained defiant when her parents tried to enroll her in Sunday school. By high school she accompanied them to mass when she felt like it, but when asked to participate in the Eucharist, "I don't need any of that crap," was her curt reply.

Before she was showing, Lila had made the decision to

keep the child, and that, in turn, forced the issue between she and Larry who, being the sincere guy he was, said they would get married as long as they could move away, far away. Only she and Larry knew about the pregnancy, and Larry winced when the thought about that fact coming out in front of Lila's mom.

Larry and Lila's mom, Maria, did not get along. At first, Maria kept asking him what he was planning to do with his life, where he was going to go to college and other embarrassing questions. Larry said he didn't know, and over time their words became more and more heated as Maria would disassemble Larry's vision of domestic bliss. Maria never openly yelled at Larry, but finally Larry said he would not go into Lila's house to pick her up any more. That was when Lila told her parents that she and Larry were going to get married. They had both graduated in the middle of their class, and had continued to work. She never threw up with the pregnancy, never even told anyone she was pregnant, and wanted to leave before she was showing.

Her dad said,"Lila, shouldn't you think this over and not act so quickly?" He tried to encourage Lila to stop and consider other options, but was ignored by both her and her mom who took a much more militant stance. After that, Lila's dad had little to say as he tried to stay away from both Maria's and Lila's wrath which permeated their home with constant tension. Lila held her ground.

"It's my turn to declare independence," Lila told them. "Parents like you are too old to understand my generation. You don't know how I feel or what I'm thinking. Mom, your suggestions are just demands as far as I'm concerned, and I'm tired of your telling me how to live my life." Maria left the room crying, and it was not more than a couple of days later that Lila said she was leaving.

Lila's leaving home was done in a rush of anxiety and excitement. Lila felt an internal pressure forcing her to act, but holding it in place regardless of whatever action she took was a

fear of the future. "Is this really the best thing to do? Am I ready for this? How will I deal with a baby?" Questions like these were almost never ending, and created a constant and gnawing tension. Maria hardly showed her face, and when she did it was clear she had been crying, and Lila did not really want that to happen either. Finally, the day of departure was filled with anger and disappointment on all sides. The last scene Lila remembered was her mom sobbing as she tearfully said, "You are making the biggest mistake in your life!" Lila just walked out of the house as Larry pulled up to the curb and loaded her bags. Then she was gone. Her mom later called it a horribly botched elopement.

Neither Lila nor Larry had an interest in any field of study when in school and neither was motivated to stand out academically. Nor were they really ready for a skilled job, and they knew it. They never got married, but pretended they were as they drove over the state line into Nevada. What followed were episodes of moving from one minimum wage job to the next. At first, both Larry and Lila found jobs, so their apartment was acceptable. But when Lila had to stop work to deliver the baby they were evicted for not paying the rent. It was an embarrassing blow to both of them. Larry's income just wasn't enough to even cover the basics with a new baby. The few hundred dollars each had saved was quickly gone, and an outstanding bill from the hospital hung over their heads.

They found a cheaper apartment in a low rent section of town, but debts kept mounting while Larry's paycheck stayed the same. The second time they were evicted, they left town with the hope they could escape their debts. Besides, no one would rent to them, and they were too embarrassed to show their faces. By that time Petey, their little boy was three.

There were many times where Lila thought of writing her mom. Calling was out of the question. There would be too much turmoil. When these thoughts surfaced, the "I told you so!" would inevitably play again in Lila's mind forcing her to drop the idea.

They lived out of Larry's car as they moved east. When

Larry found work, Lila learned to spend the days in a public place, like the library. The library had bathrooms and people did not seem to mind a woman and a youngster sitting in some secluded corner. One librarian in Provo was nice enough to bring occasional toys for Petey, and a sandwich for Lila. Lila, in her turn, took Petey outside whenever he acted up or started crying. Sitting in a library day after day was boring at first. The casual glances at People magazine turned into more substantial reading. It turned out her reading became interesting, and she realized that she actually like a scientific approach to common things. Magazines like Popular Mechanics and Popular Science replaced the People magazine, but her greatest enjoyment came when she read some of the Berenstain Bears books to Petey. Those moments were filled with emotional satisfaction. It was only then she really felt like a mother. Eventually though, the money and good will ran out in Provo, so they continued east.

For a couple months they lingered in the rural outskirts between two little towns in Colorado, all of them sleeping in their car. Lila suppressed her disgust with the situation, but had heard of others forced to do the same. For a while Lila held in her growing fear and anxiety but eventually she and Larry started having quarrels. Finally, Larry heard of a mechanic's job further south, in Texas. In his mind there was little else they could do. Sure, like other things he had heard it might not pan out, but it was the best opportunity he knew of. Finally, and with great effort, they saved enough to drive there.

They landed in a dump of an old motel on the south side of a small town in Texas, which was actually ultra low housing for those who could not afford more.

The motel looked to have been built in the 1920s as a series of two or three room cabins separated from each other by a tiny carport. It sat in a swale between two long, low, brown, mostly barren hills about forty yards off the two lane highway which flowed between them. There were a few trees here and there, but for the most part, clumps of bushes and dead grass were what caught the eye. Their cabin, as it was wishfully

called, had an off kilter screen door flanked by a single dirty window. Grass was all that broke the monotony of the dirty white lap siding facing the highway. In front of each door a single three by three slab of concrete created a step up out of the dust of the parking area. The rooms had decayed into little more than dirt traps, but at least Larry had found another job at a gas station. His pay was enough to furnish the rooms with discarded furniture from the local thrift shop. Lila tried to make the place as homey as possible, and for a year life drearily passed, but Larry had started drinking to escape her sarcasm.

Earlier, while living in their car they started arguing. Their arguments were naturally about money, but now the anxieties and frustrations spread to nit picking each other, and the snipes finally became personal. Lila tried to be patient, or so she thought, but little by little it threw her over the edge. Money was again critical when Lila's anger surfaced at a boiling point.

"What the hell is the matter with you, Larry? Don't you see we need a decent roof over our heads? Your booze is not only sucking up money we need, but you act like a drunk."

"Your buying all that kid crap isn't helping." He turned away from her. His movement was involuntary as he just couldn't stand looking at her or their child anymore. He simply didn't have the stomach to cope any more. His guilt left him powerless.

Lila turned towards their boy, Petey. He was only 5 years old, and she did not want him in the same room with them arguing. So, she told him to go outside and play. Her anger had been building for some time. Larry had again used part of his paycheck in some bar, come home drunk and acted like an ass. She angrily walked up to Larry with unstoppable determination.

"I've had it! You aren't a provider or a husband. I'll accept that we made a mistake, but it needs to end here. Are you or aren't you going to quit drinking?" Her voice was shrill with anger, and her expression brooked no interference. She stood there looking him right in the eye. He didn't know what to say. Larry just looked at her without saying anything. Not a stray

word surfaced in his mind. He was completely crushed. Nothing had worked out as hoped, and the loss of all hope had just arrived. Much of his possessions were still in the trunk of their car, so he turned around, stomped out, and slammed the screen door behind him. Larry disappeared from their life.

* * *

It would defeat the purpose for a fifth dimensional being to suddenly appear in the third dimension. That is not really true in abstraction, but it hardly ever happens. Fifth dimensional beings would generally be invisible to third dimensional humans and even if they were visible as a globe of Light, people would either become afraid or start to worship the entity. Second, the being that shifted would have the responsibility to normalize the shock and equalize the mental state of those around so a sense of normalcy could prevail. Last, the entity would have no humanly physical means to manipulate matter until after the transfer. Thus, whatever happened would be seen as supernatural, unattainable, magic, like a burning bush that was never consumed (or for those of little understanding, the work of some devil). This is why those that do appear in the flesh usually do so where and when no one is watching.

Traveling to the fourth dimension was primarily to ease my shift to the third. It was thought best to remain in the fourth until I was again accustomed to a more solid form. Personally, this was an uncomfortable transfer. The reason lies in the fact that the fourth dimension is denser and less evolved. This is especially true as I had descended to the lower astral plane, not the bottom end of the fourth dimension, but rather a kind of jumping off point. Unity has been replaced with singularity: people, things, objects. Fortunately, this is as low as I went. The bottom end of the astral plane is filled with grotesque beings of uncontrolled animal or inhuman desires. Entities who had been addicted to alcohol, drugs, sex or any escape mechanism that destroyed the physical body's relationship to their higher self

existed there until they had worked through the addiction. It is what many of earth call hell. It takes a special type of consciousness to attend to the beings who sink so low, and I wasn't one of them. What usually happens is that whomever descends into those realms from a higher level exudes Light. That, in turn, attracts those desperate for relief, and they try and attach themselves to the helper. I pulled my consciousness away from those thoughts, for without effort those beings became almost present.

The higher end of the fourth dimension is a beautiful place complete with everything one needs or wants to accomplish their constructive desires. Violence is never experienced there, for none of the inhabitants project any violent thoughts. Usually, people who project their idealized life live in these areas. My goal, however, was not the higher end of this plane. Thus, I split myself in preparation.

Splitting one's self into two or more parts is not as dire as the term implies. What it means is a part of one remains where and how it was. The fifth dimensional me remains in a state of comparative Bliss. A fragment of consciousness then travels away on the thread, the antakarana. Nothing is lost on the higher dimensions *if* one can maintain the contact. Rather, a more material awareness is gained in the lower dimension and becomes the focus, and there is the danger. It is possible to focus upon matter to the point where the thread to the higher self is lost to consciousness.

As humiliating as it may seem to humans, what you are in personalty and form is an outpost in matter. Why? Because this is how the soul, the Atma, gains experience. The Atma is not complete, meaning your Atmic awareness does not yet interact with its Nirvanic environment, including more evolved entities. Therefore, the seventh dimensional part of you remains in a kind of blissful trance while the lower part learns its lessons. This leads into other areas such as who the real you is, but that is not the point of this report. In this case my traveling away was concurrent with a descent into the fourth dimension.

Chapter II

Life Proceeds

Every now and then Lila did surreptitiously attempt to see if Larry was still working at the gas station, but she didn't ever walk in there or ask about him. She never saw his car there, and after a few months of thinking about it, she stopped looking. She was determined to take care of herself and Petey. "My son, not our son," she thought aloud.

Luckily, she was able to quickly find a job at the local hardware store which she liked better than waitressing at one of the restaurants. The owner did not guess she was 28 years old as she had the youthfulness and confidence of a younger person, and besides, she was pretty.

Her boss, Franklin, was about ten years older than she. He and his wife ran the store. They first hired Lila as a part time cashier, and then increased her hours as she adjusted quickly to other tasks. For a while Lila was even hoping to move out of the old motel. But then again, the shack she had was only a half mile from work. A nice Mexican family two doors down watched Petey when Lila was at work. They had three children as well, two of which were around Petey's age, so one more didn't seem to make much difference. Petey was a well behaved youngster, though a bit shy. He had played with their children even when Lila stayed at home. Besides, Lila paid the mom a $150 per month which was more than reasonable, and they appeared to be grateful for the money as well. Lila was able to make the easy walk to work rain or shine, and Petey had a good family with other children to play with. Next year Petey was going to have to go to school, a big change.

Franklin's wife, Dorthy, already had a boy as well, Olin, who was about a year older than Petey. He was already in

school, which freed Dorthy to spend more time at work. She was what Lila considered the usual mom. She had dark, somewhat curly hair that flopped around her neckline, kindly brown eyes and was easy to get along with. Lila found out that she and Franklin were high school sweethearts and married within a few years of graduating. Thus, there was a lot to chat about. Both women enjoyed passing the hours working and talking about raising their children.

A local shipping company had unloaded a dozen cardboard boxes next to the rear door. A box of plumbing fittings needed to be out on the shelves. So, they chatted as they worked.

"Did you breast feed Olin?" Lila asked as she searched through the shipping tags. She was just trying to be friendly.

"Yes, Didn't you?"

"Oh, Well, I did the best I could, but life was hard in those days." Her mind dredged up the pains her body felt as she tried to sleep in the car while making sure neither she nor Larry crushed the baby, but she never divulged the details of those times. They still made her feel ashamed.

"You poor girl. The milk comes easier when life is uncomplicated. Speaking about that...everybody told me that breastfeeding mothers should not eat cabbage, or broccoli and the like because their babies would have gas. Did that ever happen to you? It did to me until someone told me that was causing Olin's gas."

"No, it didn't, but then again I don't like them very much, so I wouldn't eat them anyway." Her mind silently added they couldn't afford them, nor did they have a way of heating the food except on those nights when they scraped together the money for a motel, which meant then they didn't have enough money for a decent meal.

"Did you have Petey vaccinated?"

"No, I don't believe in that." Lila did not want to say they had to leave the hospital as quickly as they could to avoid more bills. She winced as she thought of the overdue bills still waiting

for payment back in Utah.

"Why? Aren't you afraid...

Lila cut in more forcefully than she should have, "Not at all. I'm more afraid that the mercury in the vaccine would damage Petey's nervous system." She immediately regretted the outburst and quickly added,"Oh, here is the box with the plumbing."

"I didn't know mercury was in vaccines," said Dorthy quietly as she lifted up a case of plumbing fixtures. Franklin suddenly appeared. He lifted the heavy box from his wife's arms and took it to the plumbing section. They followed after still chatting.

Lila admired Franklin. He was always there to help. His strong frame was stark contrast to Larry's thin weak one. Franklin set down the box and moved further down the aisle assessing the amount of teflon tape on the shelf. She and Dorthy started to load the fixtures into the appropriate bins lining the shelves. Lila suddenly remembered some of the things she read in Popular Mechanics waiting in the library for Larry. She wanted to show that she knew things about hardware items most women don't, so she slightly increased the volume of her voice.

"There is a lot more than just mercury that's bad for a baby in those things. Did you know that mercury is one of the poisons used in florescent lights? That's why they have to be disposed of by specially equipped places, and that is why LEDs are taking their place."

"You don't say," Dorthy added somewhat quizzically. "Here, put these ball valves in that bin."

Franklin moved off, and the conversation returned to babies.

So it went for two years. The store prospered largely because Franklin worked long hours, often staying late. Farmers and cattlemen were always coming in. The tools and parts that kept much of the local machinery in motion were purchased in the store. As the days passed Lila could not stop her mind from comparing Larry with Franklin. Franklin was a good father,

often bringing Olin to the store on weekends.

When Olin was in the store he had to be watched. Most of the time Dorthy did a good job of giving him enough freedom to run around and yet stopped him from getting into trouble. Sometimes, Lila was asked to watch him for a few minutes while the parents conferred over some order or bill, but Lila saw that Franklin was always watching. Often, Franklin would scoop Olin up in his arm and hold him as high as his strong arms would allow. Franklin would then say something like,"Look around, someday this will all be yours." Olin loved his father's attention as it was real affection, and Lila loved to see the happiness, grabbing as much of it as she could before her own circumstances tore her back to reality. She wished Petey had a dad like Franklin. The husband of the Mexican couple that watched Petey was a cowhand, usually gone and tired and dirty from work when he returned.

One afternoon Dorthy confided in Lila that she had finally gotten pregnant with their second child, and as the days turned into weeks Dorthy visibly slowed down. She would sit down every chance, and often sit staring off into space. Lila knew something more was going on as she was having to do all the lifting and sorting when Franklin wasn't around. Finally, after debating the issue, for Lila did not want to make Dorthy feel bad. She said something.

"Dorthy, are you alright?" There was a long pause. Dorthy seemed to take a long time to look at Lila. Her words came out slowly.

"Yes, and no." There was another lengthy pause as Dorthy decided to put her thoughts in order and tell all.

"The good news is that the baby is fine." There was a pause. "So far." Again, she fell silent, and Lila wondered if she should have asked anything, but before Lila apologized, Dorthy looked up, her eyes pleading for compassion, and continued. "The bad news is that this baby will probably be my last. There are complications, and I'm going to have to stay in bed a lot until after the birth. Even then it may take awhile before I can start

work here again."

"Oh, I'm so sorry. Is there anything I can do?"

"No, not really. It means your hours will be increased, and you'll take over my work too." She quickly added, "Of course, Franklin will carry most of the burden." She then lapsed back into silence.

Two weeks later Dorthy stopped coming to the store. Lila's work load became heavier, and so did Franklin's. They often ended up working after the store closed. The extra money was especially helpful, and she was happy being busy. Shelves had to be stocked, orders made and floors swept.

Lila often asked Franklin about Dorthy's condition, but his answers seemed abrupt, as if he were on edge.

One evening, as Lila pushed a floor broom down an aisle, Franklin walked up behind her. He started talking first.

"Lila, I know you're working late, and you have been for weeks. Over time, bit by bit, I've heard your story, and all I can say is I'm sorry you life has been so miserable."

"Oh, well." she shrugged her shoulders and flashed him a big smile. "We do the best we can."

"You deserve a big raise, but we just can't afford to give you a big one."

"I didn't ask for one," she humbly replied lowering her eyes.

"Yes, I know, and that makes me feel even worse. I want to somehow find a way to help you." His stomach was churning. They looked at each other in silence, but the pull became irresistible. Without saying a word, they came together in a desperate embrace. When they slowly pulled themselves apart, both of them knew a relationship would be part of their future.

As time passed, Lila started picturing herself in his arms, healing the wounds of a lonely, overworked man whose invalid wife could no longer fill his needs, a Florence Nightingale of the soul. She realized she had needs as well, for Larry was not a good lover, and she ached for deep, loving, caring human contact. What he had said was right, her life has been miserable. She did

deserve a husband who was strong, capable and a good father. When the thought occurred she could break up their marriage, her mind rebelled at the thought. However as the weeks passed the thought changed. She was not breaking up any marriage. She was perhaps saving it by filling a gap.

For his part, Franklin had no intention of leaving his wife. He thought of the many times she had been there for him, through thick and thin. On the other hand, with her in bed almost 24/7 he had to not only work all day at the store, but also come home and take care of both Olin and her. Sure, they could afford a maid to come twice a week to do the cleaning, but still there was little but dragging himself from one place to another. And, even before Dorthy became laid up, he was working nonstop, making a living. Day to day drudgery wasn't life, it was a test to see if he could keep putting one foot in front of the other. Now that she was in bed most of the time there was little emotional reward even in work. The thought of a vacation was out of the question. He needed someone to care, to talk to, someone to share his time with. He knew what his body and mind was telling him, but knew what he was thinking was wrong. He started desperately trying to think of something else.

Lila was a breath of fresh air, a spark in an otherwise dreary series of days. He had watched her for months. He pictured her energetic walk, her slim hips, her chin, her cheekbones, her lips. He felt guilty about paying her so little for so much loyalty, reliability. He remembered dropping her off one rainy day at that dump she called her apartment. No one should have to live like that. Thinking about it in those terms brought out his protective side. He wanted to hold her and kiss her, but he immediately shoved that thought aside. Dorthy, his loving wife, would be crushed if she found out about his feelings.

For another week Lila and Franklin only tentatively hugged as they closed up the store. Both knew the hugs were unfulfilling, but were unwilling to either move ahead or come to grips with their growing feelings. Yet, desire will always win

over reason.

Franklin had been thinking, imagining, wishing until making plans came naturally, and as they did, his worries about his wife finding out diminished. So, Lila was not surprised when Franklin tenderly kissed her on her lips and then offered to take her out. They both knew what that meant. Nor did it did surprise her when he closed the store early and took her all the way to San Saba for supper. Their hours in a remote motel released the pent up tension in both of them, and she sat snuggled up to him on the way back, dreaming her own beautiful dreams.

* * *

The fourth dimension is a place where an aware, individualized person may stand more rapidly cognizant of his creation. It is a domain where *desires* are fulfilled. Humans will soon learn that the fourth dimension is really an extension of the normal physical plane, albeit with certain changes. Although many will not understand this, you already exist on the fourth dimension, but there is a semipermeable 'membrane' between your three dimensional consciousness and your fourth. That membrane acts more or less as a blockage or a filter. If you become even more awake, it ceases to stop your consciousness from choosing one or the other reality, for you can, in certain circumstances, also see both at once. Further, you are already competent on that fourth dimension, so much so, that you recognize some of your fourth dimensional exploits as dreams, albeit more or less filtered to arrive in your three dimensional mind.

Creation is, at the third dimensional level, a process of bringing one's visions into materialization. Those visions may be thought of as precognitions, occurring first as glimpses, mental pictures, of some idealized thought, object or relationship, often seen first on the fourth dimension. Then the mind fertilizes it with possible ways to make it happen. With persistence and discipline it eventually appears in time and space. The same

thing happens on the fourth dimension except that the time frame is immensely shortened. Most humans really enjoy the experience when they get there.

Despite the dense atmosphere, heavier feel to the space, as well as a distinct possibility of errors creeping into the experience, the problems on the fourth dimension are less than a direct descent into the lower world of the third dimension. So, for the time being, I will leave the higher dimensional parts of me and reference the fourth dimensional me.

No doubt, you have already heard of people who had near death experiences reporting that their return into the body was not something they desired, but felt was necessary. Entering a lower plane is like entering a limiting shell. That is what I felt as well, and I had yet to get to the even denser third dimension! With this shift, the transfer tunnel took on a more solid feel with sparkling streaks of blue, white, green and other colors flashing by.

I adopted a male gender as there is no such thing as physical gender in the fifth dimension. Yes, one could appear as either male or female if desired. I suppose the decision to be a male was really the result of habit, if the word habit could be used to indicate an average inclination. Shifting to the fourth dimension is a form of incarnation even if the density of the matter is less than that of the third. I simply appeared, standing in the lobby of what third dimensional inhabitants would call an extremely nice resort hotel. To me it was simply a shift in consciousness and the electro-magnetic spectrum.

* * *

Fred Johnson was sitting in his car in an almost empty parking lot in front of a nondescript strip mall in a Chicago suburb a little after 9 p.m. on a dreary winter evening. He was both physically and emotionally tired. It had been a long day of trying to be enthusiastic about the pills, salves, and lotions he had to sell. Dirty, trampled down snow-slush marked the paths

between stores. Pieces of candy wrappers and other paper had blown against the lamp posts and walls only to freeze in place in the last storm. The dirty snow in the parking lot had turned to slush during the day, and here and there pools of dark water had captured paper and pop cans. He had just come out of the Walgreens drug store about a 120 feet away. After sitting in his car staring off into the empty world in front of him, he turned to find himself looking into the barrel of an automatic pistol right outside his drivers side window.

"Get out. Get out now!" Some late teen or early twenty's kid was wearing a ski mask. Despite the mask, Fred could see he was Caucasian. The robber's thin hands seemed to shake making the glint of the store lights on the barrel wiggle with each movement. Eyes bugged out of the mask's eye holes, and his lips jutted out of the mouth hole like some unspoken, obscene gesture. A part of Fred could care less about what could happen, but the robber's imperative was heeded and Fred slowly climbed out his door.

"Gimme your wallet." Fred dutifully handed over his wallet. He knew there was very little money in it, maybe a twenty and a few ones and no credit cards. By now he had learned to hide any volume of cash elsewhere. This was not the first time he had been robbed. This must be the fifth or sixth time he thought to himself as he handed the wallet over. Perhaps this was the result of working late. It made him a perfect target.

"Now turn around and put your hands on the car."

Again, with an almost studied nonchalance he turned, and as he placed his hands on the roof a swift blow with the butt of the gun smashed into his head just behind his right temple. Dazed, he fell into the dirty slush. He quickly regained consciousness as his warm body began melting the slush. It rapidly seeped into his jacket and then his shirt. The cold water stopped him from losing consciousness, and kept him aware of his situation, but he had the common sense to stay still as the robber ransacked his car which took another moment or two. He could feel the cold water reach his chest. By the time the masked

gunman ran off with a case of over the counter acne treatment he was miserably wet and cold. Fortunately, his empty wallet was lying in a pool of water a few feet away. Again, he was grateful he never carried valuables. These were lessons learned the hard way.

Slowly Fred pulled himself up holding onto the door handle to steady himself on his feet. His head hurt terribly, yet he could feel the water now draining into his shoes. All he wanted was to get back to his motel, take a hot shower and go to bed. There was never a thought of calling the police, for this was a common occurrence, and they would never do anything more than take down the details while he had to stand there dripping wet in the cold.

Fred grabbed a couple of rags he had stashed under the seat, placed them carefully where he would sit, climbed in and started to drive back to his motel. His mind wandered as he drove.

He didn't hate that young punk. After all, the way the kid was shaking he was having a rough time of life as well. He really didn't hate people either, he dealt with them day after day. But as his mind carried the thought out to its logical extension, he realized he didn't like them either. He had always been a loner, and always would be, especially since his wife died.

His mind had a flash of when they first married. His wife used to have friends who came over, but even those get-togethers left him cold. He quickly tired of chit-chat, card games and the like. Quiet reading under a nice lamp in the living room was his reward for getting through the day, and it still was.

Although the first books he liked were action thrillers, over time he shifted to Dan Brown's best sellers which offered a hint of the occult. Recognizing the potential depth of the occult was metaphysics, Fred started reading Krishnamurti's commentaries and realized how he was ensnared in the human drama. From that point on he actively avoided social gatherings, much to Marjorie's disgust. As his tastes in books spread to other perspectives, his social life even with Marjorie started to die

away, but that potential cleavage between them disappeared quickly as she got breast cancer and died within a year. During her illness he did everything a dutiful husband could do. He took her to her doctor visits and to the chemo sessions at the hospital. There were weeks where she seemed to feel better and others... Well, he didn't want to think about those. Nothing seemed to help.

Since then only spiritual books satisfied his desires for quiet and peace. Still, that quiet and peace was only external, as the more he read the more he realized that to find a deeper peace he had to release his attachments to everything he had worked for. As *The Voice of the Silence* says, "Kill out ambition."

With that thought, and the feeling of being cold and wet, he turned into the parking lot of the motel.

* * *

The Fourth Dimension, astral common area

Knowing what was expected, I imagined myself fully dressed in a nice pair of tan slacks and a white shirt with a light blue tie which I saw was a bit too formal when I arrived. The others around me were in far more colorful coverings. Yellows, reds, and a host of coarsely intense hues were a bit shocking, for the animal senses had not been focused upon such density in quite a while. The whole experience of being in form was an unpleasant jolt. As my creature senses became ever more tangible and evermore controlling, it was as if I entered a space where physicality was important.

I found myself in a secluded corner of a resort lobby. Individualism, separation of thoughts and feelings, and a strange sense of isolation was paramount here. I mentally checked in on my incarnations. It appeared that they needed some positive reinforcement. So, I sent each a thought of happier times, but when the deeper connection was made, the realization that Fred was in trouble became clear. Fred had the potential to develop

more quickly, if he could simply start to relate to other people. On the other hand his personality did fall easily into introspection. I made a mental note to bring this up with others.

Quickly realizing my business-like demeanor and apparent confusion stood in contrast to the joyful, holiday-like atmosphere around me, I mentally stepped back and allowed appreciation for all the inhabitants, their trials and joys, to flow through my mind. Adjustment came through by means of identification with the spirit of the people, and an ensuing relaxation automatically followed. My shoulders sank a bit, and a sincere smile of recognition to accustomed place and time took the place of surprise. I had been here before, many times. Here, all of the spiritual qualities which one *was* in the fifth dimension, were now thoughts, concepts. Yet, on the fourth dimension as soon as one sensed and felt the concept, the quality of the atmosphere, the interactions, and the environment quickly reflected it. The same is true in the third dimension, but to a lesser degree, for on the third dimension time intervenes to varying degrees, and one has to deal with denser matter having less inherent flexibility and fewer receptors to higher qualities.

* * *

The road to the ranch was dusty and bumpy. The old pickup truck seemed to have more squeaks and clangs than an old Massey harvester. She had been cleaning houses for town people and ranching folk in the area ever since she left the hardware store, and was on her way to a new job. Rick was one of the cattle farmers who came into the store every now and then. Out of the blue he just called her up to clean his house. The pickup hit a pothole and bounced Lila into the air. She held onto the door handle and wished that one of those hand holds existed above the door. Rick, on the other hand, had both hands on the steering wheel and seemed to be grimly focused on the dirt road.

After Dorthy had the baby and was back on her feet, things had changed. Franklin made clear his commitment to

Dorthy, who had started being less friendly to Lila. Lila was sure Dorthy didn't have any specifics about the affair, but she must have certainly suspected it. Lila could feel it. It had been too much to hope for a husband like Franklin, but there was no harm in trying, was there? She deserved it.

After all, her husband Larry, was not really her husband as they had just been living together. How in the world had he thought to bring her down here? She couldn't remember. She never asked him why he chose this god forsaken place for a job. She just followed him, always hoping life would change. Maybe she was just too trusting. Maybe she never saw him the way he really was. Maybe her mom was right about him all along. She watched the dust motes drift in the sun light of the cab as Rick and Lila bounced along. Her mind drifted along with them, mentally picturing her telling Rick about her life.

Larry, who was Petey's biological father, left both of us before Pete was four years old. He always said that he was happy doing whatever as long as he had a family. But after he had experienced enough of life as a father to recognize changing diapers and working all of the time wasn't for him, Larry finally came to the conclusion that family life wasn't for him. He then tried to hide his realization in alcohol. "It's water under the bridge now," she thought as the pickup hit another big pothole, bringing her back to the bouncing pickup.

This would be the first time she cleaned for this family. She had met Rick in the hardware store, and he had later heard she cleaned houses. She hoped this job would not be too often as this road was the pits. Almost everyone always paid cash, and that was what she needed. With her little boy in school the days naturally became filled with part time work like this. Sure she was small, but she was wiry and strong for her size. It's what single moms do, isn't it? Her mind drifted back to those days of turmoil with her mom.

She said Lila was too young to recognize infatuation masquerading as love. Lila felt her mom was too old fashioned to recognize that her daughter was really in love, and was being

pushed away by her mom's anger. It wasn't a pleasant parting. Now, Lila didn't know if her mom had been right. Lila did love Larry, but Larry changed. They both changed. Anyway, Lila had no intensions of listening to her mom say "I told you so!" even if she was right. So, going back did not appear to be an option.

A particularly big pothole made her grab tightly to the dashboard and brought her back to reality. She glanced out to see a long low set of buildings in the distance, and her mind turned to the task ahead. The pickup pulled up in front of a ranch house in need of paint, and Rick, the owner of the ranch said she should start on the dishes while he had to go off on some errand. She was left on her own again.

There didn't seem to be anyone around the dry and dusty area. Small patches of what once passed for grass dotted the area and grew up against the walls in the shade of the barn and the house. The screened door was the obvious entrance, so she climbed out with her dish brush, rag, and a plastic bucket. Varied bottles of cleansers banged around in it as she got out.

Inside, she discovered the kitchen, a long room with a plain table painted white like the walls used to be. They had faded to a sort of off yellow. Of course that could have been the grease from the stove. She remembered other places where the smoke from the grill or the grease spatters from frying made the walls so dirty that when they were wiped the dramatic difference required her to scrub all of the walls or try and camouflage the one cleaned part. The kitchen sink was piled high with dirty dishes, as well as a fair amount of empty beer cans. Fortunately, above it was a big window. As she surveyed the kitchen she thought, "No self respecting wife would let this mess build up." A wave of despair washed over her as she knew this would be a long day. Hopefully, she would get home before Petey, her son, was home by himself for too long. She looked back at the mess around the sink and realized she could at least look out the window while she washed. Through it she could see out past the porch to the barn and a field beyond. The window would be the first thing she would clean.

Rick was out in the barn shoveling manure out of the horse stalls, oblivious to the work as well as the smell. The smell and constant labor had long since become an over powering part of his environment. As he worked his mind kept churning around and around. Francie, his wife, no, ex-wife, he was going to make sure of that, was probably up in Houston living the good life while he... Rick looked down at his shovel full of dark horse manure and swore. He didn't deserve this. He felt the open pit of his stomach. "She knew what she was getting into when she married me. This was a rancher's life...'for better or worse, for richer or poorer.' Rick threw the manure towards the old wheelbarrow and watched as half of it splattered over the side back onto the straw. He felt powerless, impotent.

Washing dishes was like everything else Lila had to do, it didn't take much thought, so her mind drifted as she washed, rinsed and stacked the dishes to the side. Her mind thought back to when she was around ten years old. She enjoyed playing with the other children on the street, riding bikes and playing hide and seek. Family life was one thing she craved and now... As she put the last pot on a towel next to the drainer she turned to see Rick watching her from the door to the rest of the house. He spoke with authority.

"Now I want you to do some vacuuming. The vacuum is in the hall closet."

"OK, is there someplace in particular that you want cleaned?"

Rick just stood there staring at her, his jaw grinding and finally said, "Yes, I want you to start with the bedroom."

Lila froze, for in that instant she knew. There was no one else around, not a soul to call to. She looked at him with a mixture of pity and fear. Pity, because she knew it was most men who were out of control, driven by their animal urges, and yet, it was women who had less muscle mass to resist. The fear came from the knowledge she could do absolutely nothing to save herself in this situation.

"Please, don't do this. I've got a son and have to earn a

living."
He didn't say anything, but forcefully walked over and grabbed her wrist.

"This can be nice or it can be ugly," was all he said.

He pulled her half stumbling to the bedroom. There was no sense in fighting. He was strong and fit, and no one was around anyway. She closed her mind off, letting him force himself into her, trying at least not to get beaten up in the process. She turned her head away as he thrust his anger and frustration into her. She shed no tears, for all her life she just flowed along where ever she was led, and this was no different.

Later, as he drove her back, he warned her about telling anyone about it, for he was friends with the local sheriff, and besides, his family had been established here for two generations whereas she was a nobody. Who would believe her anyway. As she climbed out of the truck he shoved four fifty dollar bills into her hand, and said, "I'm sorry." Then he was gone. The dust settled slowly.

* * *

The place where I stood was a welcoming, spacious, open, carpeted foyer with plenty of outdoor light pouring through a wall of apparently invisible doors. There was not a single piece of discarded paper to be seen nor an errant cup of tea out of place. An immaculately clean park with broad, leafy maples and a variety of healthy, blooming trees was seen through the invisible windows and doors. One would not normally find such great variety of foliage together.
A lush green manicured lawn surrounded firs, their dark green branches nodding to a gentle breeze off the lake. Some maples leaves were gently swaying. There were no brown, dried up patches in any grassy area. Gravel walkways wound through the park leaving many open, yet secluded glens. My eyes fell upon a variety of flowering bushes where colorful roses surrounded clumps of frilly cedars creating an irregular open grassy area.

Flowers of all varieties displayed their joyous colors. Everything worked together to enhance a heavenly meeting place. That is what this place was, one of the initial gathering points for those who had just left their physical bodies behind, a reality from one perspective and a mass hallucination from another.

The fourth dimension would be considered a spectacular *place* to the third dimensional mind. Most humans consider it their 'heaven', although others would be closer to a truth considering it purgatory. To the fifth dimensional mind it is a *place,* another construct, limited in scope and having dimension, but still, very nice for those accustomed only to third dimensional Earth. Earth is spectacular as well, but third dimension creation must generally go through a period of gestation where emotions and the physical act of group creation take more time to materialize. Thus, varied tableaus are already in place, called civilizations, each one providing the entity with varied challenges and opportunities. All of these societies are perched upon a planet, a deeper mental construct from a Being of great Love manifesting a wonderful blue-green space for humanity and all other developing earth life forms to experience.

Time in the third dimension causes the entity to experience the results of thought well after the causal effects were initiated. This has a rather unpleasant consequence when the human tries to act upon the results of past decisions. It is like adding karma on top of earlier karma. Only the present, eternal now, holds the power to create. Instead of struggling with past decisions, humans should be looking to their thoughts and actions in the here and now to develop the future they say they want. Doing so would amplify Earth's beauty and help eliminate treating it as a resource to be developed, a human euphemism for destruction. It has to be already noted for the report that the human part of the equation is in the process of destroying the beauty and grandeur in a quest for willful self expression. Unfortunately, in this twenty-first century time frame many humans are enthralled with manmade technology and have forgotten the beauty of nature around them.

Indoors, to the right and left, were large carpeted passageways, one apparently leading to a large dining room from the smells and sounds heard in that direction. It is not necessary to eat at all on the fourth dimension, but as there is still a mental construct of physicality many do eat. Besides, many arrivals still like to taste in the third dimensional fashion, and enjoy the convention of sociability around the dining table. No one needed to give me a key, nor tell me which room was mine. Knowing such things without physical sensory input was common to many of the staff here. Humans call it mental telepathy. My room was more than suitable for any traveler. Just imagine any especially clean, spacious, modern, third dimensional, expensive hotel room. Being an outside second floor room, a broad balcony overlooked the park, and off to the right I was able to see a rippling blue lake through the gently swaying tops of fir trees. When the mind is clear and calm, the environment will reflect it. The staff here were doing a good job of creating a peaceful, uplifting space.

Chapter III

Suicide

Thinking about up-lifting space, it was time to check in on my charges. Connecting with Fred, I was shocked. He was contemplating suicide. Something had to be quickly done. What would be best? I had to get him out of himself. At that instant, I felt the consciousness of my oversoul watching me. This was my first real test, but there was no time, at least on these planes, to think about that fact.

Fred's suicide would be a failure on my part, and he would have to start over again anyway. Because not enough attention had been paid to him, I had not realized how close he was to making his apparent death, his physical death, a reality. That in itself, is a demerit on my record. In earth terms, it was too late to bring in some human person to intervene, and besides, that would not necessarily stop his mental inertia. I immediately contacted the administration here for some assistance. What was needed was time.

Although I could have spent the time relaxing by myself, treating the adjustment period as a vacation, my heart was bursting with concern for Fred. The excitement and compassion spilled out to not only the workers here, but also the new arrivals, and Fred would be one if something were not quickly done. Many of the staff, nor their clients know that this plane of existence is practically an extension of the physical plane. For me, it would be best to start to edge towards the third dimension via those coming from there. Thus, I contacted the overseers and joined the ranks of the Greeters, and it was within this group that helpers were found. The Greeter's job is well known to many on

the third dimension as angels who meet the recently deceased in their fourth dimensional form.

In many cases we go to the meetings clothed in the form we like to see, as ourselves, but we may adopt any form and dress in any way comforting or suitable for the new arrival. This includes taking on the form of a friend or relative. This happens almost automatically as the thoughts of the clients precede them. They see what they want to see. Angels seem to be the most common alternative, especially in the western countries. The fact that many must see angels, sometimes even with wings, indicates a reliance upon tradition, the known, and thus, the past. Part of this existence is geared to send the entity back into third dimensional life. The new arrivals often have the hope they will alleviate bad deeds by returning, thus releasing their karma. This is what would have happened had I followed my Atma here, for I am cognizant of mistakes and errors. By the way there is no perfection on the human plane, nor is any expected.

* * *

Fred sat on his motel bed and watched the blinking reflection of a neon light cast rhythmic shadows on the curtains. He looked down at the pistol in his hands. It was a heavily used model 1917 Colt .45 . The slide was worn down to bare metal in places and the end of the barrel looked enlarged from so many bullets wearing it down. The guy he bought it from wanted $500 for it because it was a genuine antique. He paid the full price because he didn't want to be around gun sellers, and money didn't matter anyway. Guns reminded him of how all machines are taking away human connections, as well as jobs, not to mention lives. This antique piece of metal will take his.

He wasn't angry with anyone. There was no financial or social need to remove himself from earth. He just wanted to go. Of course it was a sin, at least according to the Catholic church of his youth, but he had read enough to see that there was a life after this one. He felt it, he knew it. After all, the hundreds of

books full of stories detailing encounters with the deceased, visions of heaven, and other miracles created a body of proof that no scientific skepticism could erase.

He had no real friends anyway. He mentally rationalized the unthinkable, "A man my age has no future here, and I'm tired of driving around trying to stay active."

Over and over the neon light blinked, "Let go. Let go." His mind seemed to turn on and off along with the sign. All he had to do was pull the trigger. Thoughts of desolation came and went, alternating with the hopeful thoughts of an imagined afterlife. He had no real attachments since his wife died, and that was almost ten years ago. His memories of her were faded at best. Worst of all, he didn't care anymore. He was a lousy salesman. Not that the money mattered. There was a lot of money left over from his wife's insurance policy. Something inside him said, 'You could travel the world with the $200,000. Travel. Enjoy yourself.'

Visions of floating down the Danube in some grand riverboat turned into visions of him, alone in his cabin, wishing he were somewhere else. That vision then dissolved into the flickering pattern of the neon lights on the curtains. Yes, he could do things, but what would be the point. Doing things just created more ties to other humans. Here, on earth, there was nothing left to enjoy. Marjorie was gone, and gone with her was any possibility of traveling. The cancer came and took her away in less than six months. The money was really hers. Besides, money was not equal to happiness. He had already made his will out. Seeing the world's sights would be just another empty gesture. Life was just an empty vessel "...full of sound and fury, signifying nothing." The light kept winking in the silence.

He looked down at the pistol again. This was not a cry for help. No one cared anyway. At least he could end this loneliness. Maybe he would be allowed in heaven, even if the priest said it was a sin. "Priests don't know everything," he thought. The weight of the pistol in his hand brought him back to the here and now. He pulled the slide back and watched the

fat bullet slide into the chamber as he let go of the slide. It closed with an authoritative metallic click, then silence. The light kept blinking...on, off, on, off. Almost as if in a trance Fred started to lift the gun to his head.

Suddenly, without warning, a sharp knock on the door burst the unfolding drama.

* * *

Simply for the benefit of those on the third dimension, it must be mentioned that the greeters are one of the many entities on the fourth dimension. There are many layers of counselors, advisers and what I'll call administrative staff. Many entities have decided to serve, but it must be remembered that there is a wide variety of experience and ability on the fourth dimension. This includes some entities not originating from Earth. Most humans, including seasoned arrivals who serve, are still not complete, unaware of the larger scheme of things, and thus, do not realize the earth's fourth dimension is another wall around the third, another restriction, another type of quarantine of the low level, high density Earth consciousness.

The reality is somewhat different when seen from the fifth dimension and higher as the fourth dimension is also immersed in time and matter, albeit of a different flow rate and density than the third dimension. The reality is that all incarnations are happening concurrently in consciousness, each planned to maximize the development of a particular quality or set of qualities. Just as a part of me is still on the fifth dimension, so is a part of every entity. Yet, the sum totality of **you** sends fragments into the third dimension in order to perfect its understanding, making it more whole and complete. By the way, the quote, "Be ye perfect, even as the Father in heaven is perfect," is somewhat of a mistranslation. It should read, "Be ye *whole,* even as your Father in heaven is *whole* (complete)." As the cliche says, "Experience is the best teacher." It is through experience here and elsewhere where we learn to complete

ourselves.

Unfortunately, some humans use this return policy to manipulate others and put off their lessons. Fortunately, dealing with those minds is left to trained counselors who specialize in waking them up. Generally speaking, third dimensional karma is adjusted to offer them similar opportunities with a bit of a kick in the pants so to speak. If they don't make better decisions, the kick becomes a bit more forceful both in each successive incarnation and within each one as well. I left those who volunteered to help with Fred carry out their mission while all I did was observe as another greeter handled the case of Mickey.

Mickey saw himself as a rebel. He didn't want to be a normal person. He wanted excitement, preferably pleasurable, sensual excitement, something to make him feel alive, and incidentally let his truck-driving father know he wasn't going to play the game of working to earn a living. There was a part of him that knew his parents wanted the best for him. "After all," he thought, "they even hired some dumpy kid down the road with better grades to help me with my schoolwork." That didn't last long, because Mickey wasn't interested in decent grades. What did interest him was hotrods. To get his hands on one, he had to hang around guys like himself. That wasn't too bad to begin with, as he got to ride in theirs.

Mickey's first kick in the pants was when he got beaten up by his friends. They all got drunk and then started knocking him around. Being the youngest one at the time, they called it his initiation. From then on he was one of the gang which made his being there safer for him, but not safer for any kid who happened by, for Mickey wanted to show his solidarity to the gang. He wanted to show his prowess in fights. So, if the kid couldn't get away fast enough, he got beaten up. The second, sustained, 'kick in the pants' was a series of setbacks in school and life in general. Mickey was oblivious to them. Therefore, something more severe had to happen.

A third, stronger, kick happened when he got upset at his job loading 60 pound sacks of animal feed into an eighteen

wheeler. His normal frustration, a building anxiety originating from almost unconscious rejection of life finally erupted into a full blown rage. The sack he stepped on just "Sort of broke open," according to Mickey, and collapsed sending him down 10 feet to the concrete floor below. That netted him a broken arm which should have kept him away from his friends for awhile. Had he contemplated the direction of his life during those weeks he might have made a change, but he didn't. Instead, he doubled down on his drinking, and tried to lose himself in ever faster, ever more reckless driving.

The fourth attempt to get him to think about his life had him in the hospital, the result of a bad car accident, and the loss of his license due to a DUI. Mickey didn't care because the insurance he had on his old car was the best that his parents could buy. It netted him a newer, faster car. By the time he was out of the hospital he was raring to go, license or not. His mind was racing into his own self destructive rut. There was no point in giving him another attempt during incarnation. The next accident killed him.

That is how he ended up here in the astral plane, and how I had the opportunity to watch a skillful counselor meet him. The arrogant, narcissistic behavior he brought with him forced the counselor to allow Mickey to descend to his dense animal self in the lower astral. A brief sojourn there quickly brought him back, pleading for assistance. Mickey had to also endure a severe meeting with the assistants from the karmic counsel where he not only witnessed his past deeds, but also was told what would happen if he didn't try to control himself. He had no real choice but to undergo treatment in a facility away from the greeting area. In situations such as this, specialists were involved, and the new arrival was turned over to them.

Being a Greeter involved both training and a delicate ability to sense the newly deceased's frame of consciousness. There were times when a number of Greeters needed to work together to create an elaborate scene. In these cases I was simply an assistant to a trained and experienced one.

Chapter IV

Examples

Before I started to deal with clients myself, it was demonstrated to me the literally outrageous situations some people expect when they arrive. There is everything from choirs of angels singing their Glorias to battling angels, fighting for the soul of the deceased. The situation all depends upon what the client expects. Since I was; however, a transiting persona a more normal set of clients came my way.

My first client was a lady who more or less knew what was happening. As she was appearing her entire body metamorphosed into a much younger frame, complete with all of the beauty that youth and vigor can supply. She came equipped with relatively short, curly dark hair and sparkling blue eyes. Immediately speaking as she solidified.

"Well, it is about time! I was stuck in a decrepit old body barely able to breathe, much less move around."

There was little I could say as she continued her monologue without apparently taking a breath.

"Thank God for this place. Warehouses for the elderly are the pits, even the expensive ones. At least my family tried to visit me every now and then."

She glanced over towards me, looked around at the trees, walked over to a spectacular rose bush in full bloom, stuck her nose into one of the blooming buds, inhaled deeply, and again said, "Thank God."

Finally getting a word in I replied, "Yes, and that is why you had a relatively peaceful passing. You awoke here with renewed vigor, and are now ready to move ahead."

With that, a group of her family walked forward to greet her. She was both appreciative for their attention and gave a big hug or kiss to each one. A handsome male appeared near the end

of the line and she literally flew into his arms.

"We had a great time, didn't we? You must forgive me for grieving so terribly much when you left. I know you came around now and then and speaking with you always helped ease the pain."

"I was around a lot more than you recognized, and watched over you these years," was his loving reply.

After much happy socializing I was able to tell her to follow the path up to the resort where she could sign in and relax for a few days before she became involved in fourth dimensional life. Most people want and need something to do. She seemed to be more on top of the situation than most. Those who are really sick, physically or mentally, arrive in a hospital where their recovery matches their expectations and desires. Yes, I said *desires*, for all illness is the result of a hidden desire or believed trade-off. Humans simply don't understand their beliefs and faiths lead them into physical situations. This lady apparently knew more than most.

Not all of my clients were so easy to deal with. Here is an example.

I knew, of course, the basics of a young man who arrived after a terrible car crash. His name was Nolan, 28 years of age, slight of frame, and into his electronic toys. As with many youth of the twenty-first century, he has chosen to let his mind play with distractions to life. His was not the almost maniacal loss of control that Mickey had exhibited, but nevertheless was so lost in the peripherals of life that he was clueless as to life's purpose. A friend of his also died in the crash, but under most circumstances astral bodies separate to arrive. Thus, he arrived already fully intact and ready to continue the life he knew. As his form was coalescing in front of me, it was apparent that other than a frantic last second of terror, he was unaware that he was now dead to third dimensional life.

"Wow, what happened?"

"Nolan, you died in an automobile collision. Your friend was driving much too fast and didn't even see the car that was

coming."

"What???" His demeanor was greatly exaggerated, his face contorted as if he was overplaying a melodramatic part. So, I continued,"You died in an auto collision."

"Who are you?" He looked for a brief moment at me, and around at the scenery .

"Have I been given some LSD?"

"No, you are alright. Everything is fine. You are safe. Just please listen to what I am telling you. You died back on earth in an auto crash." There was silence. He started fumbling with a pocket in his jeans.

"I want my phone." He started looking around on the ground for his smart phone, "I must have dropped it."

"There are no phones here, smart or otherwise."

"I've got to connect with my wife."

"You'll learn to do that."

"What are you talking about? I need my smart phone, right now."

"I can provide you with what we call 'the zero'. It looks like a smart phone, has a couple of buttons, lights up and does absolutely nothing, sort of a placebo." He looked at me, longer this time.

"Who are you?"

"I'm what is known as a Greeter. It is my pleasure to come and be with you when you arrive from your last incarnation. I try and ease you into this next dimension."

Silence. His eyes were actually focused on me as his mind was racing around the possibilities. His thoughts were easy to pick up. Since the park with all of its beauty did not change, and since I remained standing in front of him, his options were whittled away into three possibilities. First, someone had given him LSD or something he had not taken before, and all of this was a hallucination. (Close, but no cigar.) Second, he had passed out in some accident. This seemed more likely as he did remember something.... something unpleasant. Third, he really was dead. But, if he was dead he didn't feel dead, whatever that

meant. (He really thought he should Google being dead).

Nolan's thoughts would not stop spinning around his head. He wondered where his phone was, for his hands felt empty without it. He remembered leaving work with Josh, climbing into Josh's car and then he went blank again. He thought of all the things he needed to do, and had planned. Nothing was working as it should, and he didn't know what to do. He mentally went through the procedure again. "Let's see, there are three options. One, I'm drugged. Two, I'm somehow knocked out, and having hallucinations, or three, I'm really dead. But if I'm dead why am I thinking about this? Why am I looking at things, feeling things and talking to this guy?" That series of thoughts went over and over through his mind. I gave him a moment more to narrow it down a bit further and felt when the right moment came.

"I can show you what happened."

"You can?"

"Yes, and on top of that demonstrate that your wife and baby daughter are still fine. As a matter of fact they don't yet realize that you ah, have died, and so now would be a good time to see them."

He just stood there thinking about his wife, so I mentally picked his consciousness up and we traveled through another tunnel to where his wife and daughter were at home in their apartment. In his mind he literally flew through a tunnel in his body. Naturally, they did not see us. The wife was 24 and although she did work part time at a clothing store doing accounts, she was basically a stay-at-home mom. Like any good young wife she wanted to please her family and was starting to fix a supper that would not be eaten. Their baby daughter was crawling along the beige carpet to a low coffee-table with scattered periodicals. As my client earned a living as an applied engineer, journals dealing with engineering were lying on the table.

"Look at the date on that journal," I told him.

He did so and flinched, realizing that it had come in the

mail today. He started talking to his wife who just kept on fixing supper. The baby just kept crawling. As he was being ignored, he looked over at me and I just replied, "They don't see us as we are in another dimension."

There were about thirty more minutes before she got the phone call, so I let him try and unsuccessfully interact a moment more before I told him it was time to go. He tried to get her attention any way he could including grabbing her, but his arms went right through her body. After a moment of this his mind became much more docile. He finally just stood there looking at me with a forlorn look of abject hopelessness, so again I picked his consciousness up and took him to the scene of the accident. The car he was riding in was a mangled mess. Rescue workers were cutting the roof off in an effort to reach the bodies. He started to drift towards the twisted metal. I told him that he might not want to see what was inside. He continued to drift towards the scene, but I halted his advance.

"I know you are not only anxious to verify your demise, but to also find out what happened. Still, I'm telling you to wake up and recognize yourself as you are *now*." He slowly turned as if he were in a dream. He was, but his consciousness did not yet understand his creative powers.

I continued, "Isn't this the place you were driving through?" He nodded yes.

"Isn't that the wreckage of the car you were riding in?" He turned back and looked at the twisted metal. Again he nodded yes.

"Your mind needs to stay coherent, and here now. You should not see the mangled mess of you and your friend's body. It would simply upset you too much."

What I didn't tell him was that if he allowed his fourth dimensional solar plexus to remain wide open he could possibly be sucked right back into his mangled body with disastrous results, convulsions, and another need to die in it again. The body's cells still had a lot of vibrancy and his mental and emotional attachment to his physical body could force the issue.

He turned back to the jumble of steel and saw an unmoving bloody hand sticking out of what used to be a window.

So, I forced him to look at me and said, "It is time to go back." The tunnel opened and we soon found ourselves back in the park. He just sank down onto the ground, his shoulders slumped, and his head sank down upon his chest. The tears started to flow.

John Dowland's lament, *Flow My Tears*, started running through my mind, and I could even visualize his dark wellspring opening in his solar plexus to let the emotions out. Everything he thought he had under control and everything he thought he knew was disappearing. So, I surrounded him with the Golden-White Light. His grandparents and other relatives were arriving. Their faces reflected the understanding he needed. After awhile the tears eased the pain and he looked up to see them. Again, the tears burst forth as he recognized who they were, but this time he stood up and went to them for comfort. Later, he bade farewell to those who came with the promise that they would see him again soon. When most of the relatives had left, we had a conversation that brightened his mood considerably. It basically covered the fact that consciousness is eternal. Then, I took him on a tour through the fourth dimension where he saw what he needed to see.

We slowly sailed over noble snow-capped mountains, over oceans of unfathomable depths, walked in emerald forests where immense tree tops were obscured in the glow of distant sunlight, and no humans would have ever thought of desecrating them with a chainsaw. Time stood still. For the most part we traveled in silence, letting the environment do the healing. Noble environments encourage noble thoughts, nobility of character, and calm, uplifting decisions. I thought of Earth, and the ever increasing imperative of saving the environment simply for the sake of uplifting human thought. We settled gently within a grassy glade spotted with flowers, their stems sticking up through the uneven grass. For a long moment silence reigned. Finally, he asked me, "I remember you saying that I could talk to

my wife. Is that true?"

"Yes, but first you must recognize her spirit as free as yours. Humanly, she is grieving now, and her grief is adding to yours, creating an attachment that both helps and hinders true communication. Let's go to your memorial and see all of the people who cared for you."

"But that's in the future."

"No problem. Time is another illusion. Everything is happening in the now."

The tunnel formed and we stood on a slightly raised dais at the front of a simple church with his urn on a table adorned with a beautiful crocheted tablecloth covered with bouquets of roses. There were about thirty people in the pews, mostly other young millennials. They were voicing experiences illuminating their relationships with Nolan. He listened awhile, noticed a couple of friends near the back fiddling with their smart phones, and took in the scene with less emotion than I expected. The occasion was solemn, but not morbidly so. Naturally, his wife and baby were in the front row along with both their parents. His mom was softly crying. A teachable moment was here, so I spoke to him, "Let me show you how to show your love for them without scaring or disturbing them."

I reached out and with a flick of my fingers, three of the roses on the front edge of the table fell off at their feet. His mother picked them up, handing two to his wife who pushed one into the folds of the sleeping baby's blanket. His mother kept one as she stifled a sob. His wife let more tears drip from her eyes onto the sleeping baby in her arms.

"They know what really has happened, though their minds will just tell them the roses were unstable and fell off the table." You will learn to do this and also mentally talk to your mom and wife. Since you understand life in terms of time, I should have said you will learn as time passes; however, it is now necessary for us to return to the fourth dimension and get you acclimated.

We appeared, as I had earlier, near the foyer of the resort.

Two other people were there to greet him and get him started in his new life. One would stay with him until his consciousness stabilized, as his mind accepted the situation, and the other would guide him through the beginning stages of counseling. It was not my place to intercede as a counselor, for I would have pointed out his real nature as a sovereign being, not attached to a body, but rather a part of the Infinite Whole. He was not ready for such a realization. So, I bid him welcome and told him to call for me if I could be of anymore assistance. He looked at me and said, "I thought there were no phones here."

"You are right, you simply call for the person by wanting to see them. They will feel the message." He looked at me as if I were crazy, turned to one of the others and they walked off towards the dining room which no doubt would acclimate and calm him further. Nolan's case was during the latter part of my stay in the astral plane. By that time I had learned not to try too hard to enlighten dense clients.

I greeted many clients, and most of them were simply in need of taking a metaphoric deep breath and letting go of the stresses they endured. Human life is stressful. It is designed that way, so the entity would be caught between polarities, be forced to choose, to create positively. Another reason third dimensional life is difficult is that the matter of which it is composed is more or less unresponsive to higher thought. Many beings enter into the third dimension with high hopes and enthusiasm, but it must be remembered that the human clothes himself with dense, less evolved matter. Further, the inertia of the status quo consciousness, and the machinations of some self-centered beings usually erodes the ebullience away within seven earth years, causing many complications, especially in adolescence. There is a very fine line between the obvious need for change of consciousness and a necessary stability upon which future growth may occur. Too much change too quickly creates fear and often devolves into chaos. Yet, sometimes chaos is needed to break down the mental and physical barriers holding up the status quo. Still, ultimately there is no need for physical

destruction. If only people could see the need to let go of their rigid thoughts. An example of trying to help someone change does not necessarily end well. With this in mind another one of my clients may make a good example.

This lady appeared after suffering a heart attack. She was only 52 years old in earth terms, of rather stocky build. Additionally, she was a member of a religion which perceived women as unable to act as logically as men and were thus relegated to the household. Consequently, she and other females were assigned to the domain of being mothers. It was in that capacity only where females were allowed to shine. Men ran the church, and made the big decisions. Women ran the home, bore and raised the children. Thus, her understanding extended only as far as the ministers allowed it to. As a consequence, she perceived me as an angel complete with wings so I took the part with the hope of broadening her concept of heaven, the universe, and God. I spoke first.

"Welcome!" She started to get on her knees, and I lifted her back onto her feet.

"Oh, Thank You! Thank You! The Lord has Blessed me." She started to get back onto her knees and this time I let her. For about a minute she half sobbed and half shouted out praises for Jesus. This is something I could relate to, though many clients could have other personages and gurus to shower their thanks upon. Finally she calmed down enough to take in the scene. I helped her up and guided her to a nearby bench.

"Is it time for me to meet God?," she asked with a pleading look in her eye. Her inner vision was actually of a stereotyped Caucasian, blue-eyed Jesus pictured in many white, third dimensional churches. This too was a part of the controller's blueprint, keep people believing in a savior of some sort, a savior who would, with a flick of his finger, solve all of one's problems without their having to do a thing. Yet, even Lord Buddha said, "No one can save you and no one may. The buddhas of this world can only point the way."

I had met the fourth dimensional personage of Jesus once

before, but he only nodded to me as he was too busy blessing one person after another as they were standing in a long line, each waiting to receive their personal blessing. The Jesus that met them was there, but like so many others of elevated personage was allowing only a fragment to remain on the fourth dimension to handle the demand. It is not for me to judge if He felt the benefits of blessing others out-weighed the removal of their frozen mindsets. From my perspective, most need an impetus to evolve out of human evolution. On the other hand, no one can force anyone to evolve if they are not ready. Fourth dimensional humans appeared before Him endlessly, and I'm sure that each person understood His presence differently. I felt a fraction of his Higher Presence there as well, invisible, but watching over the proceedings, sacrificing without pause for those who worshiped Him. The fourth dimensional thought-form of Jesus was empowered with Blessings, and each person received as much as their own cup could hold, but that is getting off topic. This lady believed that Jesus and God were the exclusive domain of her one absolute religion, absolute because her mind could only cope with what her mind allowed. She kept insisting that she be allowed to meet Jesus. Although I know better now, at the time, I wondered if a crack could be formed in her shell.

So, I said,"I'm sure you will have the opportunity to meet him and receive a blessing. First though, I would like you to think about all of creation. This beautiful landscape was created the same way your earthly home was created." I swept my arm in a large arc so she would look up and take in a broader vista. She followed my gesture and took in the beauty. So, I continued. "Who created this?"

"Why Jesus, of course!" was her emphatic reply.

"Was Jesus a man? Did he have a human body like yours?"

"Of course. He could be both God and man at the same time."

That, of course, was true, but not in the limited, materialistic,

way she understood it. So, I responded, "Then his form was just part of the whole, right?"

"Yes."

"I would like you to think about that, and as you do, ask yourself if God could create anything unlike Himself. In other words, could God make a mistake?" I was moving into the role of primary counselor because her rigidity of thought was creating boxes into which she was placing her equally rigid, naive concepts.

"Jesus could create anything, and He never makes mistakes."

"Would he create bad things like war and pain?"

"No, never, that is the devil's work!"

"Then who created the devil, and why?" She was starting to get uncomfortable, and had never considered being grilled by an angel. Nevertheless, she pushed on with the thought that she was being tested to see if she could enter heaven. Her passing thought was that this place was purgatory, and she would take a different tack.

"Jesus said, "I am the way, the truth and the life. No man cometh unto the Father, but by me."

"Can *you* think of a different interpretation for this..." Before I could finish my sentence she cut in.

"No! He said, "I and my Father are one. That means Jesus was God!" She sat there smugly. She did not doubt that I was an angel, but doubts were starting to arise as to my intent. Thus, I needed to draw this conversation to a close and turn her over to other counselors. Besides, there were her relatives to consider, and they were amassing in their particular, secluded section of the fourth dimension as they did not want to taint themselves with the riff-raff of non-believers.

"OK, I want you to consider the fact that you exist in God, as God created you too. He did not make a mistake." She nodded encouragingly. "I'm going to give you a hint. Think about Russian dolls." She looked at me blankly so I carried on. "You know, the ones that fit one inside another. You could say

that you and God are one." That was a mistake, and I knew it immediately.

"That is utter blaspheme! I am a miserable sinner, and even though I've done my best to be a good person, '...all fall short of the Lord.'

"Don't you think those judgments may be a matter of your limited perception and interpretation?"

Her demeanor was changing rapidly and she no longer trusted me. Thus, sadly I changed topics, and said, "Your Dad as well as your grandparents are all waiting to see you. Would you like to see them too?" There was a pause as she made the decision to trust me on this one.

Her answer was abrupt, matter of fact, "Yes, I do want to see them."

So, I told her to accompany me by flying to see them. I was hoping that she would recognize her ability to fly was an enhancement of thought. She did, for I raised myself about ten feet off the apparent surface of the grass, held out my hand and she too ascended to my height. Off we flew to her segregated mindset. I made sure we flew over a large expanse of water to give her time to adjust. The reunion was a good one, and I left her there to be guided by her counselors.

Those of insular thought have their own group of trained counselors who will help broaden their minds. The mind is not all that exists, but it, combined with desire, does guide most humans. There are those who are almost fully guided by their emotions. Others express desires of a less materialistic nature. Some humans hold the physical realm as alpha and omega. Each focus in every plane has its own opportunities and needs to be dealt with according to the laws of that dimension. Most humans think the third dimension is all that exists, but that is breaking down despite the "you have only one life to live" propaganda of the manipulators. There were many other people brought in while I served as greeter, but their stories, as yours will be, need not appear in this script. Hopefully, this chapter will give you a heads up as you prepare. Eventually, the time felt right to

descend further into even denser matter, the third dimension on planet Earth. I had made my decision regarding Fred.

* * *

Fred was in awe. Nothing like this could happen to someone like him. There *was* a heaven, and it was his for the taking. No need for suicide. No need for guilt. Angels were real. He had been in some sort of self induced stupor, but now the Light came on. This was an incredible win-win opportunity. Still, he had to think about it. Nothing was free. Maybe this too was a trick.

The angels told him he had to make up his mind in the next two days or the deal was off. They said his overshadowing morbidity had alerted them to his plight, and they knew that if they didn't come to him he would have killed himself. His body was actually needed. He could do something positive for someone else.

He looked at the two angels, and for the first time realized that they were like people. Amazingly, as soon as he realized that fact, the angels lost their wings and appeared just like two nicely dressed people someone could meet at any family restaurant. He didn't need two more days to decide.

"I'm ready to go now."

"Thank you for that quick decision, but there are some things that you need to know, and do, before we may consummate this arrangement."

"OK, tell me."

"Protocol mandates that you do think deeply about this offer. This is more than just a simple decision, for it will have ramifications for your future. When we meet again, if you still want to go through with it, then more information will be given to you in a meeting tomorrow evening right here around this same time. What you first need to start doing is to gather up all of those things forming the essential part of your life: documents, all identifications including your passport, and a

couple full sets of clothes and shoes. Thus, if you are still positive about this move, you can start preparing before we meet again."

With that they disappeared. Fred just fell back onto the bed. His hand fell on the still cocked pistol. He picked it up and looked at it, pulled the magazine out, cycled the action releasing the stubby round. The pistol was now seen as an old piece of junk. He knew what he would do. He would throw the pistol in the motel's dumpster. He could feel his face stretch in a giant smile. It had been a long time since he had smiled. This was more than the chance of a lifetime.

Chapter V

Shift Into the Third Dimension

No enough fresh insight?

Not enough pizzazz,

Depth, Commitment, Discipline?

Not enough Life!

The building that is the channel for the shift into the third dimension appears to be a building out of a high dollar movie set with a giant staircase rising into a generous set of glass doors. Everything on this plane is real enough, but seen through the lens of even the fifth dimension, it becomes just another illusion. One's inherent ability to mentally create on this fourth dimension helps demonstrate this fact. It was something many adapted to quite quickly, especially if they were not set into the concrete of their rigid third dimensional beliefs.

Because I see the further extension of the Universal One's awareness into the human's third dimension as growth, every aspect of the One must be represented. Inhabitants of higher dimensions have made their decisions, each to their abilities, knowing full well the macrocosmic, group, implications. All planes of reality are synthetic and interrelated. Those of little understanding, especially on the third dimension, believe that reality is either by chance, an absolute left brain understanding, or by some inflexible design, an equally absolute right brain organization, meaning everything is already preprogrammed by some god.

In absolute terms, everything is predestined to return to

God. This is not however, the predestination of the Calvinists who take the Divine Plan and shift it into small, materialistic concepts about some heaven. The microcosm works to extend the macrocosm, yet, both work together. Humanity, as a part of this panoply of Life should act as the physical caretaker of Mother Earth, as Mother Earth gathers the matter of this Solar System to undergo its evolution as well as that of mankind. Having a mind to use, and endowed with creative ability, many of us have willingly descended into the denser matter. I Love humanity, and willingly will again join them, for I know them as they truly are, Divine Creations and Creators.

However, being here in this density obscures the Divine intent. Unfortunately, upon third dimensional incarnation most people lose the macrocosmic view. This is especially true of being born in and having to grow up through the societal machine. I certainly don't love what many do to Nature or each other after having gone through this process. Some are trying to walk peacefully though blind. Others are trying to insure a future for their own race's form if nothing else, unable to see beyond their mental limitations. All are having to struggle with the inertia of unenlightened matter including their own chitta, or mind stuff.

The unenlightened, concrete, mind sees little but struggle and death. Some invent disasters to keep them focused in the flesh. Thus, I decided to enter as a 'walk-in' and skip childhood's programming. Going back into incarnation was a necessity if the oversoul's task was to be accomplished. Thus, it was easy to take over Fred's body. Fred, being a part of me, has a similar basic vibratory frequency, and though he had a deplorable series of experiences in this incarnation, the transfer of my consciousness into his body should go smoothly. He was verging on being elderly, but still worked, had enough physical strength, and most importantly was not tied to anyone. Further, if we can work together, Fred may develop out of his self focus, and become an active member of society. He will simply exchange places with me. I will go to his third dimension, and he will come here to the

fourth where he will be taught, a 'win-win' situation, or so I hoped.

* * *

Lila looked around her dingy living room, if one could call it that. It was open to a tiny kitchen, a puny bathroom with an old tub and diminutive bedroom with a dark window that would open, if it could, into the trash cluttered carport, if it ever could be opened. The hovel barely remained in anyone's concept of shelter, but to Lila it was all she had.

Money was the accepted way out of this situation. Still, she had little, tried to save what she could, and had no apparent skills except for cleaning houses. She still had her relatively attractive body with a glow of youth when she smiled. Learning to smile, really smile, took some time. She had to think back to her school days to find the right visions, for only with those in mind could her eyes carry real pleasure and acceptance.

After her experience with that cattle farmer, Rick, her fortunes declined. She never saw him again although she did see the pickup here and there around town. There was a boyfriend with whom she became intimate until she found out he was married whereupon he too disappeared. She never did stop cleaning houses for folks even when her income temporarily increased with a series of dates ending up in sex. She hinted at her poverty, and they responded. After all, weren't the guys just trying to help her out? She never thought of herself as a whore even when she started receiving money given like a payment. Life just seemed to carry her that direction until she finally didn't care if the occasional men were married or not. Most of the guys she knew from shopping in town or met at Petey's school functions. It wasn't like she was flaunting herself.

Fortunately today, her son was in school as she was trying to host one of her clients, Luis, a rather jolly but corpulent man of around 50 with a round cheerful face. The clothes he wore never seemed to change, blue jeans, and a short sleeved

shirt that was never able to hide his protruding belly. He was an owner of a restaurant in town where Lila occasionally worked as a fill-in waitress. His happy go lucky demeanor made him easy to talk to, so it was natural that they got to know each other over time as she still did part time waitressing. One day when the restaurant wasn't too busy she opened up and told him her unhappy story. He then suggested a way of protecting her from poverty.

Lila, for her part, never really objected to the arrangement and slid into providing him with a measure of comfort and support his wife long ago ceased to provide. As he told it, his wife simply got tired of expressing her love through anything resembling sex. He added that she also took him for granted too often. So, he was forced to find someone to show him some real affection. Lila tried to do just that. She mustered up her smile and somehow that felt right. Lila never considered finding her true self, her path of fulfillment, her dreams as these were luxuries reserved for wives like Dorthy.

After being financially forced to do this off and on for awhile, Lila recognized that despite what the married men usually said about their wives, they really did love them, but simply needed more ego bolstering than their wives could offer. The men took their wives for granted as well. Men simply need more loving support, and sex was what spelled love to most men.

Occasionally having sex with men wasn't all bad, for it gave her a sense of purpose, like a social worker who could solve problems. After all she still made money cleaning homes or doing odd jobs. More importantly, she felt her responsibility as mother over rode what distaste did arise.

Despite these thoughts, there was this nagging worry. She would somehow get out of doing this. She prayed for it. She hoped it, she knew it would eventually happen as she got up, picked up his empty bottle of beer, and set it in the sink. Two one hundred dollar bills under his bottle were deftly picked up as well. She swallowed the last of her own beer reinforced with an

extra dose of vodka. She could use the money. So she put on a happy face, and act like she could care for this guy. She pulled her dress off one shoulder and standing in front of the bedroom door said, "Come on honey, let's get this show on the road." She knew Petey would be home in 2 hours.

* * *

The steps up the portico reminded me of the third dimension. Particular incarnations were powerful thrusts of positive spiritual longings made real. Others were proverbial hells as wars and combat provide brutal lessons in choice, as well as compassion. For a human, good and evil are choices easily made in concept. Yet, there is a very large grey area where decisions are much more subtle, both in their rationalizations as well as their consequences. On a much higher level there is no choice, there is only expression, for one intuitively chooses the highest good. Expression then acts as its own reward. Imagine yourself taking every significant decision and consciously asking yourself what the highest choice would be. Then, recognize that if you were loving enough the question and choice would never be asked, for you would automatically enact the right choice. If humanity is to continue to act as mediator between mind and form, positive third dimensional choices *must* be made and *acted upon*. A cosmic point of choice is here, and no one will be able to escape it.

The foyer's marble floor was a soothing dark green resembling malachite, padded chairs of a deep shade of tan were set in groups in front of a wall of deep blue-black adorned with brilliant spots of light. Some would have called it a mural if they had walked by it unaware of its brilliance. It was not painted, but rather an actual representation of space: permanently the same, yet ever changing. As I was expected, an official of '*The Channel'* led me to an elevator and we descended to some area without windows. Another brief walk down a nondescript, off white, hallway and I was shown into an ante-chamber of a large,

almost industrial sized clinic.

There was what appeared to be an almost invisible glass wall between the ante chamber and the main room. A desk and padded chairs this time in light green were the first items noticed in the antechamber. Large pictures of planets and galaxies apparently floated in paintings on the walls. Looking into the main room one could see niches, each having what appeared to be adjustable dentist's chairs, small metal trays on steel legs with casters, and a bank of dials and lights set into the wall. A wide central path provided general access. In some ways the scene reminded me of large hospital wards with beds along each wall. The area did have about a half dozen people, male and female, seated in the chairs, mostly separated by an empty niche, and each person had two to four assistants in white lab coats. It must not have been a busy day for this facility.

The door to the hallway through which I had entered opened and three men dressed in lab coats walked right up to me.

"Thank you for coming. The council has already established the coordinates for you, and two associates are with your surrogate. Are you ready?

I nodded yes.

"Did you review the situation report? All the details are already taken care of. His bill for the room has been paid, his car is in the parking lot, and his paperwork and gift are in his room."

"Yes," was all I could reply as I felt a tremor of third dimensional remembrance become almost visceral. It was as if someone were calling me from a great distance, but I couldn't quite tell what they were saying. This was an unusual and troubling feeling, but one I had to drop, for the conversation continued with one of the assistants earnestly addressing me. He obviously knew of the councils inquiry.

"I'm sure you know the earth agreed to take all of the laggards of the other evolutions." He stopped and looked at me. It was clear he had strong feelings about the results of this effort. I just looked back at him, but he continued on before a suitable

comment was decided upon, ".. and that was with disastrous results." So, his inclination was clear, simply let earth die as did its moon. My job was to remain neutral, at least at this beginning point. Besides, I had already prepared my comeback.

"The earth is still very young as far as planetary entities are concerned, and despite the setbacks that have occurred, a solution has yet to be decided upon. Before making the decision to eliminate organic life in and on earth, let us do our jobs." He nodded and retreated a step. "So to bring this back to the task at hand," I added, changing the topic, "technically speaking, tell me what to expect."

"As I earlier said, the DNA obviously matched up well enough. His emotional compatibility factor can get complicated and involves tricky response patterns, but the transfer should go smoothly. His age is not a critical factor. Don't forget we are here to help. So, if something arises, contact us." I appreciated the professional approach. It offered confidence, but also indicated a serious situation at hand.

Even though I didn't have one yet, some third dimensional concrete mind wanted to ask a question, any question, just to delay the shift, but my fourth dimensional self took control and set aside the mind's distant churnings, replacing them with Gratitude for these workers and unconditional Love for those I was to engage. I focused on the positive attributes of this endeavor.

Though most humans aren't aware of it, the fact remains that their very existence on the third dimension *is* fulfilling the Divine Plan by allowing denser matter to evolve. The problem is that the other planets and sun are ready to evolve into the next step, but humans appear to be holding up the plan, including their own evolution. Even if Earth had to start over, lessons are being learned, and evolution of consciousness is taking place.

* * *

Fred never wavered from his decision, and now he was

entering the home stretch. Still, he was nervous. All of his personal belongings had been gathered. His car had been serviced, and was sitting outside in the parking lot. He had his most useful clothes packed and ready along with all of his valuables. He was concerned the angels had asked him to turn his wife's insurance money into cash, and with that he could not help but be concerned that this was some kind of scam to get rid of him. On the other hand, nobody, nothing could have ever prepared him for the glories he saw when he was allowed to visit his new home. A part of him could hardly contain his excitement. So, he put aside his fears of being taken advantage of and waited, expectantly sitting in his motel room. While he waited, he sat thinking about the different experience he would have had if he had killed himself, for they showed him how he would have had to be placed in the queue for immediate return to earth where he would have been faced with the same problems to overcome. With this choice a bit of poor karma was released, the immediate return queue disappeared, and best of all, he was going to be taught by the angels themselves.

* * *

The shift to the third dimension is often unstable, stability requiring a more permanent higher mental connection on the part of the one who travels there. Perhaps I should have said a less conceptualized mind. Concepts such as truth and trust are only thoughts, idealized concepts on the third dimension *until* they are acted upon and brought into form by action. If a higher connection is not held, the material world holds sway. I realized that the experience I was about to undertake was an illusion to my higher self, but it had to take form, for that is the currency of these lower dimensions. Now, I had to go lower.

My fourth dimensional body was nervous. Being in such dense, un-evolved matter was inhibiting my higher connections. What if I made some big mistake? Even positive actions are sometimes erroneously interpreted in the third dimension by

those who do not have an adequate response to the higher vibrations. This occurs because the matter with which we use to incarnate lacks enough of the finer, more evolved, matter. In other words the third dimensional antenna is too coarse. This is one basic reason humans are in the third dimension to begin with. This, again, brings up the point that there is only so much forcing that may be beneficial. Some may respond, but the vast majority may take many thousands of years. Each of us embodies free will, and many of the Earth are rebellious. Perhaps the assistant was tending in the right direction. Let me give an example to illustrate. This will require you, the reader, to honestly examine your own experience.

Trust is inviolate. In other words, it is not something that can be molded to fit circumstances. Trust is absolute. Have you ever trusted a friend with a secret? When you did, did you expect them to tell other people what you asked them not to? I do not know of a single person who has fully trusted someone only to find out later that they somehow leaked the information to a third party.

Now, if a person operates inside the concept of trust, they become angry and declare the person they trusted as untrustworthy. Most often in these circumstances personal relationships suffer and emotional turmoil ensues. Now, let us look at trust outside of that imagined concept. If you truly trust a friend, and they tell a third party your secret, you have to honor the reality of Trust. Instead of labeling them as untrustworthy, you see that they made a mistake. You still trust them. That is honoring real Trust, not the concept of trust. Further, your relationship with them is not destroyed, for making a mistake is quite different than destroying trust.

All of this works exactly the same if we are dealing with Love, except the stakes are usually higher. Humans base the institution of marriage upon it, and trust is implicit within it. Yet, what normally happens when one partner has an affair? If the abused partner operates within the concept of Love, then the partner who strayed is no longer lovable, no longer to be trusted,

and usually a divorce ensues. Often, there is much bitterness and finger pointing involved as well. For those who are able to rise above concept, Love for the other person does not depart. All of the positive attributes that brought them together may still be acknowledged, and one's Love is not tied to an expected behavior. Further, if the couple separates, it does not mean that their Love is gone. This does not mean the couple must remain together, for if expected behavior is paramount, then adjustments must be made.

Thus, stability is more related to the operation of Being, of utilizing one's life in the field of reality. Qualities like Truth and Love are beyond concept and are only understood in their being, not in an imagined thought.

"Let's do this," was the comment that brought me back to here and now.

Despite the bare walls, I could not hear us walk down the central path between the niches. Two niches away were some young women already seated in the appliances. I was motioned into one of the alcoves, and one of the men nodded towards the seat. It was almost exactly like a patient's adjustable seat in a dentist's office. As I surmised, it was extremely comfortable.

Although the niche was similar to a doctor's office, they put a distinctly unusual helmet on my head and affixed me to the chair with straps. This reminded me of alien abductions a few of the third dimensional inhabitants had experienced. This had nothing to do with aliens. I was trying to do my part. I could get out of this any time I wanted. I knew there were other people in the room who were also part of this experiment, but I needed the focus on myself. A series of events had been programmed in consciousness.

My feelings and level of awareness were neutral, unaltered except for a quiet tension permeating the whole. Perhaps this was a hint of the Death-Stress Implant network of my host 's body. I started deep breathing. I was here and the decision was made. That was all there was to it, and those disquieting thoughts entering the mind were now fading as a

calm anticipation started to build. Just the thought of entering the third dimension apparently started the mind's churning, I consciously reoriented my thought to the Infinite Light.

* * *

The expected knock on the door jolted Fred out of his daydream. He answered the door with a quivering stomach. He had been told not to eat, and his stomach was empty, but his body seemed to know something was about to happen. He couldn't stop muscles here and there from twitching. He invited the angels in.

* * *

The helmet fit like a glove, and was light and unobtrusive. The chair left my arms free and the straps acted more to hold me in one place lest my wandering consciousness leave the area. Two men were there, just to be of assistance if it were needed, but the initiator turned to me and asked if I was ready again.

I gave the consent and they added more restraints, tested them and then turned the entire chair upside down, unfolding as it turned to become more like a table. My head, torso, arms and legs were held securely and I found myself looking at what appeared to be a neutral cream-white floor. I don't know what was done as I didn't feel anything, but was soon turned back over, facing up. I could say that my body was injected with an amber liquid, but that would be slightly incorrect as my body apparently was disappearing. A truer statement would be that my consciousness was injected with that amber solution, or better yet, an amber thought.

There was no pain, nor worry. In a few seconds I perceived what I as a human would call an acid trip complete with hallucinations, but were they? I still had complete presence of mind, so I asked what I had been injected with. A long chemical name came back complete with methyls and phenols

that I couldn't remember it if my life had depended upon it, and yet it did, at least physically, if there was a physicality. The images kept coming and became more intense.

My consciousness was seen as a sphere, and from this perspective all communication became whole and complete. It was as if I had been placed inside a bubble, and the bubble became the screen for all that was experienced. The vision was soundless, and the interior surface of the bubble was filling with vague forms. Still conscious of my place within the procedure, on the table (though really floating as I no longer saw that as my position) I questioned the drug's specific purpose and immediately understood three aspects of consciousness were to be enhanced. My mind couldn't hold onto them. The words went by, and I could say that they were understood, but only as intellectual words. All ability to probe the depths of thoughts just slipped away as if greased by the momentum of the sentences. By the time the first two had passed, the recognition that I was not able to hold onto them in consciousness led me to try and write the third one down. It was *perception* itself, but how could I write that down? My mind conjured up a smooth piece of cardboard and a pen, but the cardboard was covered with beaded drops of water, (sweat?) No, the water was a symbol of slipperiness of mind. The pen would not write on that wet piece of cardboard. Still, I saw that by pushing harder on the cardboard it imprinted, the pressure of intent indented the word perception on it, albeit roughly. Pushing harder on the pen was equivalent to pushing the word into memory. This allegorical process is how this third element was memorized and able to be carried through the ordeal. Although the first point was gone, a trace of the second one lingered, I remember it as the aggregate of feeling and empathy. That is the best I can do to describe it.

Though I couldn't remember the first element, all three were being placed within my consciousness in order to adhere onto the human abilities of the one I was inheriting. Perhaps they were needed to replace the components my surrogate needed. Apparently, becoming a third dimensional human

involved losing a great deal of perception as well as feeling and empathy. I knew those qualities were never totally lost, but because I was to report in as much detail as I could, they had to be enhanced beyond the norm. There were too many possibilities, too many variables, and all of them went together swirling around in a dizzying array of moving lights.

The images were coming faster now, and as my attention turned to another panel in the bubble, I saw a gorilla sitting near me, facing away, towards the outer edge of consciousness. This symbol was a lot more complex and held many facets. He was as sentient as I, but with a different focus. He was into being cool, into the blues, a laid back dude. All of this was a perception of a fragment of myself. Was it of the one I was to become? Fred?- a partial self image, aspect, of another of my incarnations? Even if it were for the benefit of others, I would never want it to be publicly seen, it is an animal element of my personality. I was becoming mixed up, unable to follow which parts were of my real self and which parts were of the one I was becoming. I gave up. Then it hit me.

It is, alas, a true aspect. Too many lives were wasted chasing an image of self as cool, separative and aloof. For more than one incarnation I also perceived myself in the third dimension as the proverbial bull in a china shop, apparently too coarse for subtle emotional interactions. Yet, another part of me is too quick of mind for the slow responses of others. I saw my apparent lack of social skills was not really due to an inability to see the intent of others, but rather an unwillingness to play the game, hence my being a cool dude solved the dilemma by removing me from the game.

For almost all humans the game consists of various ego thrusts, parries, and blocks. These form the bulk of most social interactions. Yet, having a third dimensional form requires that some of it be played. The very energies that form the shield against thrusts also act as a blockage to one's naturally outgoing Love. It becomes an excruciating dance, one I remember as a choice between unadulterated, unconditional Love or emotional,

and often physical, survival.

The long term effects of the drug became apparent in my consciousness. The chemical is lacing together the edges of various thoughts and of the visions they produce. The visions were being cut and restitched. In other words, transitions between thoughts were being formed. Sense was being made from isolated thoughts even as the thoughts became forms. Visions of people became bound to an intellectual understanding and an emotional attachment or rejection of personalties. I was interfacing with the memory of the man I was entering. Abstract thoughts merged into pictures, imparting a fuller depth of understanding. Individuals became framed in their environment. *Nothing* could be hidden. All memories were merged, yet each visible as a whole. They became laced into the present with flaps of the edges coming together, hiding some and bringing others into prominence. It was like being inside of some gigantic soccer ball being laced together around you. Each panel represents some aspect of you, and there were many panels. One would think of a great variety of personages, but the reality was more like a great variety of *one* overriding Being. That being was me, or rather who I was, or am. Confusion ensued.

The laces of the drug were deep blue fading to light blue, and when the aspects were fully together the light blue stitches faded out of existence. I was fading into the ever increasing wholeness of human consciousness. I knew the man I was entering was leaving his body, was going to enter the astral plane in much a similar fashion as those who died, but in this case he knew what he was doing. I had found a fragment of objectivity.

My mind was becoming interested in the visions taking shape when suddenly I sensed a flurry of activity way back, back... My mind was trying to bring itself back to the transfer process on the fourth dimension, but the hold there was tenuous and fading. All I could hear was one of the assistants saying that something was going wrong, the vibrations were....

A stabbing, throbbing pain shot through my entire being.

Chapter VI

Earth

(United States of America)

Too much anticipation,

Too much forgotten,

Too much escapism,

Superficiality, ennui and pain.

"Breathe, breathe, breathe, breathe," my consciousness (or *was* it my consciousness?) rhythmically kept repeating the same word over and over. Another part of my consciousness was swirling around a center of pain in my head. A macabre dance of colored lights and swirling darkness filled my vision. It seemed to pulse with my heart beat. I felt like throwing up.

"What?"

"Breathe, breathe, breathe, breathe" I decided to follow that voice and try to put the pain in my head aside.

"Now, take a deeper breath" a voice said.

"Wait!" That last voice wasn't coming from me. It was outside of me. I decided to open my eyes.

"That's right, take another slow, deep breath."

I was looking into the eyes of the man in charge of the transfer in the fourth dimension, and yet I knew I was now in the third dimension, in darkness, on a cold, snowy winter's night, on Earth. He continued, "You're going to be fine. The man who was your transfer recipient over did his expected jolt."

I knew Fred had to create some sort of physical shock to loosen the bonds in order to leave, but this was far more than I expected. On the other hand I had half forgotten what true third dimensional physicality involved. I shut my eyes again. The pain was lessening. I heard the facilitator speaking again, "... and he intensionally slipped on the ice. Francis and I can't stay much longer, but I need to tell you that there was a flaw in the recipient's vibrational pattern not detected until his emotional body became fearful." There was a slight pause, and I opened my eyes again to see him disappear while saying he would be in contact later.

A harsh light was thrown upon my face as someone opened a nearby door with a number on it.

"Harriet, call 911. The guy in 213 had a bad fall down the stairs."

I was still groggy and said nothing. Besides, the pain in my head was throbbing and I had to focus to access the vocal chords. The first sound out of my mouth was a groan. A guy in his mid-twenties, wearing nothing but a pair of jeans and a tee shirt was bending over me.

"Just hold on. We called 911. Stay with me. Don't close your eyes. They say the first few minutes after a concussion are the most important, and we can't let you lose consciousness." I struggled to say something, but nothing came out. There was another pause and he hollered out, "Harriet, bring a glass of water."

I didn't close my eyes, but I did turn my head slightly, hearing a distinct crack in my neck that sent a flash of brilliant blue-white light like an electric shock into my brain. It startled me, but the pain immediately lessened, and my eyes were able to focus on a steel railing. There were concrete steps to the second floor. It all came together.

I was lying at the foot of some steel framed concrete steps to a second floor on a sidewalk running along a line of first floor motel doors. A couple of older cars were parked close by. I heard traffic not far away, and saw the garish glow of neon

lights reflecting off the chrome. This was an enormous load on the senses, thus I decided to immediately take control of the situation. Without action on one's own part, others perceive a vacuum and try to fill it with their actions, or was it thoughts? Managing to focus on speaking, I asked the man to help me sit up, which he did. I leaned back onto the edge of the bottom steps.

"Thank you."

There was a scrape on the side of my head, and I could feel the warm blood in my scalp so I asked him if the scrape was a bad one.

"No, it will stop bleeding fairly soon so don't worry." There was a pause and he continued, " My wife has called an ambulance just in case, and it ought to be here soon. A hospital is not far away."

"Thank you again, but things happen, and I know I'll be fine."

"Hey, that's alright. We poor folk have to watch over each other."

He was right about poor folk, for this motel was a distant cry from the fourth dimension's resort. Even with the inch or two of snow I could see fast food paper and other discards blown up against a barren brick wall of a building on the other side of the motel parking lot. In this reality it was just the wall of a store next door down, creating an enclosed space for motel parking. It was without windows and blocked all views with its stained, graffiti covered brick. The wall reflected restricted and enclosed thinking, turning this parking lot into a place where unclean thoughts could accumulate.

I slowly turned my head, testing the muscles and joints. Tire tracks in the dirty snow made the asphalt pavement glisten. The sparse traffic on a dingy street to my right ran past the motel office with its neon lights. The office, which jutted out from a line of motel doors created a single lane into and out of the parking lot. I had the impression this must be an area with strip malls and fast food enterprises. That was Fred's understanding.

My head was definitely clearing.

Just then a police patrol car rolled into the motel parking lot and drove right up into the space in front of me. The policeman in the passenger side slowly got out and looked the scene over, but by that time the guy helping me had gotten up and approached him. I could hear them talking. The policeman spoke first.

"What happened?"

"He must'a slipped coming down the stairs."

" He on crack or sumthin?"

"I don't think so."

Just then the man's wife arrived with the glass of water. Like her husband, she was in her twenties, wearing some sort of flowered robe. The patrolman sauntered over to me. "Can you hear me?" I made a point of nodding as I clearly said "Yes."

"What's your name?" was his curt reply.

"Fred Johnson"

"Where's your ID?"

"In my wallet."

"How bad are you hurt?"

"I don't think anything is broken. I'm just a little shaken up." I reached out to take the glass of water from the wife. Unlike her husband, she wore slippers which my mind seemed to focus upon. They were all cloth with a puffy flower adorning the top of each one. They would wear out quickly and were now soaking up the melting snow.

Mechanically, I took a sip and almost retched as the water tasted terrible. Too much chlorine, and probably a host of other deadly chemicals like fluoride drained down my throat. The policeman took out his flashlight and shone it directly into my eyes. Half blinded from the flashlight I instinctively pushed it away from my face whereupon the policeman responded, "You do that again and I'll arrest you for assaulting an officer."

"You're blinding me."

"Shuddap and sit still," was all he said. I sat still.

Then the cop ordered me to stand up and put my hands

against the nearby wall. I did so, but before I had even settled he kicked my feet apart and patted me down, reaching into my pants pockets and pulling out my wallet. He must have checked my ID as he put it back. There was nothing else except a half used tissue. Then he made me sit down again.

At that moment an ambulance pulled into the parking lot and idled up next to the police car. There was no great hurry to get to me, probably because they could see I was sitting up. The cop just looked at me as if I was beneath contempt and repeated, "Sit still, and don't move." He walked over to the ambulance attendant and started talking in low tones which I couldn't understand.

At that point I could feel a great deal of suspicion from the cop. I tried to see his emotional field but was unable to do so, probably due to the fall and concussion. The young man who had first helped me and his mate, the real first responders, were just standing nearby, so I thanked them again. He was keeping an eye on the police car, and simply responded, "Well, it looks like you're in good hands for now, so we are just going to go back to bed." They started back to their room.

"What time is it?" I queried.

"It's about half past three, and we're tired, so good luck." With a last look at the policeman, they turned and entered their abode. The door closed firmly behind them. They did not want to be around the police.

The cop and the ambulance assistant walked over. The ambulance assistant spoke first. "What's your name?"

"Fred Johnson" was all I said.

"You live here?"

" I have business here, so I've been here for a few days, but I'll be leaving soon."

"We had better take you down to the hospital for a check-up...make sure there there are no broken bones or a bad concussion."

"I really don't think I need to go."

"I understand, we get this all of the time, but protocol

says we have to take you in. There was a slight pause and he added, "especially since you had such a bad fall."

Before I had a chance to react the cop broke in,"What were you doing outside at this hour?" I had to think quickly as I was not prepared for a grilling.

" I just wanted a breath of fresh air."

" A likely story. Where are your drugs?"

"I didn't know what he really meant by that, so my response was simple. "I don't take any drugs." The cop's look of contempt simply echoed his internal disdain. I knew he thought I was some druggie....or worse.

I repeated, " I haven't got any drugs." The last thing I wanted to tell him was that Fred, now me, was a salesman selling over the counter drugs and vitamins amongst other things, so I kept quiet. He looked at me hard, nodded to the ambulance driver. The ambulance attendant chimed in.

"You never know about these things, and besides we need to do a tox screen. We will put you in the back of the ambulance."

A rolling gurney appeared and with the help of another attendant I was deftly picked up, laid face up on the rolling gurney, pushed to the ambulance, and rolled inside. There was no sense in protesting as I knew their procedures had to be followed. There are rules that every person in this third dimension has to adhere to, or face the consequences. The first attendant administered a breathalyzer and also shone a flashlight in my eyes. Looking up at the cop the attendant said, "He's clean." The cop never said a word. just walked back to his car, climbed in and the car pulled slowly away.

Policemen are supposed to be helping and serving the people, but instead this one saw his position as one of authority. Yet, it was also clear he was insecure, emotionally and intellectually unfulfilled. I knew that many policemen were criminals in other incarnations, although I could not see details about him now that I was in a human body. The karmic board often placed them in their positions so they could undo some of

their bad karma. Authority is one of the human hallmarks that denotes a person as special. Most choose positions of authority due to insufficiencies felt as a child. I could not blame this man, for he was simply reflecting the disdain of his administrators and creating a separation from the people he had to deal with. Further, if he didn't act with authority, then he would have been trampled into social and financial oblivion by both the criminals and his so-called superiors. Yet, with greater courage and trust he could have acted with more compassion and positive demeanor, and that would have made all the difference to those he was suppose to serve.

Every minute that passed helped me gain control of an admittedly ungainly body. It wasn't that the body was awkward or ill, but rather that I was not used to such a drastic change. I had to shift more into the position of observer. I moved my fingers, and toes. Without making much of a scene I lifted each leg and arm to make sure everything was operable. Without a siren the ambulance made its solemn way to the hospital.

The attendant spent his time sitting quietly next to me appearing to fill out some forms as the ambulance rumbled along the dark streets. He was a good man. His heart was filled with compassion in the moments when he wasn't worried about his family and their finances, but like the policeman, the rules of protocol created the first layer of walls between the server and the served. Of course, there were memories of bad experiences, brutal experiences which made him wary and weary. I was tempted to speak of the higher self, but there was also this hard edge, this formality, brought about by bureaucratic protocols and a job filled with human frailty. Further. the time in his job had created an inertia, a blockage to change. I remained silent.

A din of noise and hubbub in the emergency room replaced the relative quiet of the ambulance. It is hard to believe that at around 4 a.m. such activity is going on. The driver must have radioed ahead that my case was minor, so they lifted me onto a bed up against a wall, exchanged paperwork, and left me to my own thoughts. My connection to the crew that helped me

enter this earth was still strong, and I received the message that I was OK and would be fine. It was at this point an older man was wheeled against the wall at my feet. He was slumped in an old wheelchair, his long grey beard hanging down into his chest. Dirty, torn clothing was a clue that he was one of the indigents, and there seemed to be more of them. Some were hanging around the building outside as well. His consciousness was more or less floating, probably on drugs of some sort.

There were unpleasant groans and sobs coming from behind curtains down the hall. An obese woman in a nurse's uniform walked up to the man at my feet and took his pulse. I decided that this was as good a place as any to start my inquiry so I asked her, "Is this place always so busy this time of night?"

She looked over at me as if I had just escaped from a mental ward. "This is a relatively slow night," was her flat response.

"But there are so many people needing help." I tried to put some feeling in the words.

"They come in here to get warm. Most of them are regulars, like him." She looked to to the man at my feet, and never looking up, watching the electronic tool in her hand, she replied. "He regularly overdoses on some pills."

"Why does he do that?" She again glanced at me as if I were crazy.

"Because his life is a living hell, just like most of the druggies, alcoholics, and crazies out on the street." There was an underlying anger in her voice now. Her unspoken thought carried the hell further to include herself and most of the staff in the hospital. She must have found out what she came to test, for she turned towards me and opened up, releasing some of her pent up frustration. It came spewing out. "If you think this is crazy, you should know there's a woman upstairs in a hospital bed who is fat, broke and paraplegic. She had to come in here when she came down with a life-threatening bladder infection, and she can't leave. She has nowhere to go." There was a pause as she finally, really, looked at me, taking me in as a person, not

another crazy.

"What happened to you?" she brusquely asked.

"Oh, I slipped and fell down a couple of concrete steps. I'm going to be OK." She started to walk off. "But wait please, I want to know more about the woman upstairs."

She turned around, realizing I was someone she could talk to as well as avoid unnecessary acts of busywork and replied, "There's not much to tell." Her tone was easing off it's edge. "She came in from one of those adult family homes that usually take care of such people, but when we called the home to have her return, the owner said they couldn't take her back because the home couldn't provide the level of care she needed."

I knew the society was crumbling, but felt there must be some societal or governmental help and said so.

"Nope, the average cost for someone like her is running around $400 a day, and that is in a care home. Medicaid pays the home only about $150 a day." If the hospital could bill her it would be in the thousands, but what's the use of billing someone who can't pay? Besides, the government is trying to cut Medicaid anyway." There was a pause. She added, "They will find someone to bill."

I knew the only solution was for all mankind to completely open their hearts and homes, knowing and feeling our underlying unity. At the same time I also knew that the level of emotional and mental stability of the indigents, or even people of other cultures, would destroy the very fabric of an already fragile domestic stability in most homes. My internal musings created a longer pause in our conversation which was parlayed into a change of topic. She continued, "Did the nurse get your paperwork?"

"The ambulance driver gave her some papers. She then started to walk away when I asked, "Who pays for all of these poor people in here?"

Continuing to walk away, she just turned and said, "Our taxes," in a flat, resigned voice as she disappeared down the hallway leaving me alone. This was not a healthful place nor

was the atmosphere the slightest bit uplifting.

At this point I was contacted by one of the fourth dimensional crew, and was told again that I would be fine, but it was necessary for me to leave immediately. I queried the sender and realized that they did not want me to get caught in the bureaucratic merry-go-round of welfare paperwork as Fred Johnson didn't have any insurance. I simply got up and walked out. The clock on the wall showed 4:15, and there was yet to be any glow on the horizon. The air was thick with moisture and the lights glowed with halos, but the sky was naught but a greyish blackness. The lights and buildings were apparently under a low overcast so one could not see anything above anyway.

There was no worry about how to get back to the room. Actually it was now my room, although I had never seen it. When one listens to their higher knowing, things like finding the best path just work out. I grabbed my coat from the foot of the cot, walked out the emergency room doors, and just kept walking. There were a couple of humans slouched up out of the way on the walls between the inner and outer doors of the emergency room entrance. They were probably trying to get out of the cold and sleep without dying. I knew that hospital protocol would soon force the staff to shoo them away. My own observation indicated that the majority of nurses and some staff had good hearts and would just as soon let them stay and sleep.

I had not walked a block before I saw other people sleeping out under makeshift shelters, cardboard boxes, or wrapped in dirty blankets and rags. Actually, they were felt long before they were seen, huddled in the darker corners and alleyways. One could feel the dank darkness in the heavy atmosphere, one of despair, frustration, anger, and a host of other leaden weights carried in this city's consciousness. Layered in castoff clothes, lost in dreams, they were in their happiest time of day, their escape from the grinding, perpetual physical reality of lack. "... to sleep, perchance to dream..."

They had accepted the cold rather than continue to fight

their way up the social ladder. How many different stories could be told of poverty, lack or betrayal? In this world, acceptance, and a relative warmth, comes with the security of societal norms within ones layer of society. The many beliefs of dualism are hammered into children in schools: the rich, the poor, the smart and the stupid. Overriding is the belief, indeed faith, in a dog eat dog society, the bestial nature of man, all encompassed within the lie that there is only one life to live.

Few realize that Darwin's "survival of the fittest" is just another law of the jungle applied to mankind by those who see life in those terms. How could people accept Love if they believe man is essentially bestial or evil? How could anyone trust Love if mankind is seen as fighting for survival? Survival is their key word, and humans have been trained to think of it mostly in physical terms. Thus, humans have been turned against each other by those in control. Physical survival is not life's main purpose, quality of life, and its fulfillment is. On top of that, because the average person is fearful of being used they become wary and untrusting, just like the couple in the motel. Yet, they too are being used. The intensional stratification of society, the teaching of duality, and a host of other strategies has done the job. The illusion of a purely physical reality with all of its duality carries the day. Perhaps many of these indigents are the brave ones, suffering the consequences, refusing to play the games imposed on them. No wonder there is such drug use and poverty.

Silent in its dreams, the almost deserted street echoed my thoughts. There was no need to remain in this city for long. The scene carried its own gestalt. The atmosphere reflected the aura of a dead city. Letting my body continue on in auto-pilot, I decided to check in on another, hopefully more peaceful, environment where everyone was cared for, at least in theory.

The People's Republic of China

Chinese has a sing-song quality to it, oddly pointillistic,

staccato, and strident when angry. All of a sudden the scene appeared. It was late evening, and I was in the back of an angry crowd of people. Instinctively, I took a step back. Many were yelling at someone I couldn't see. I immediately felt this as a bad situation. Negativity dominated the psyche of all those present. Looking around, people were angry, but their anger held a lot of fear too. We were jammed into a long thirty foot wide strip of trampled grass between two sidewalks which themselves were sandwiched in front of two long, low, single story dwelling units facing each other. They were all painted an off-colored pale dusty green. Each unit had a shabby, well used front door and a soot dusted single window looking out into this half dead strip of grass some would call a median. Some people were looking fearfully out of their windows, and a few were standing half in and half out of their partially open doors, no doubt afraid that the fear and anger would soon engulf them.

For the benefit of the reader, it must be made clear that I had not transported my body to China. Rather, I had simply connected to another part of myself, one of the other observers, and allowed that person's focus to coalesce in mind. For all intents and purposes I was there, perfectly able to understand Chinese, and perfectly aware of this bad situation regardless of the language.

Bare light bulbs pushing their harsh fingers into every dirty crevice hung low on bare wires strung along the fronts of the line of apartments around this miserable courtyard. It became quickly clear a small, thin man in the middle, one of the residents of this block who unwisely had spoken out about the corruption of the communist party and its leadership was the focus of the group. I let my mind travel into the victim's for an instant and saw through his eyes a screaming female face, spewing saliva, red with righteous indignation. I immediately pulled back into my own mind. The lady screaming was the people's controller of this block of apartments. She was the face of the communist party here, and she was not going to allow anyone here to defame her superiors. My mind slipped into hers

for an instant and saw that she was playing many roles. First and foremost, she was protecting her own position as block controller. She could not afford to let her superiors think she was not on their side. If she did... Well, that was unthinkable. She was also acting as the block policeman and the block's party instructor, as it was her duty to make sure everyone followed the obligatory dictates. This was a good time to spew out some more of the party line and make sure everyone here followed it in silence, if not of one mind. I pulled back again, and heard her telling the poor, browbeaten, insolent, and lazy man that if she ever heard him, or even ever heard of him saying things like that, she would consider him a counter revolutionary, turn him and his family out of their apartment, and turn his file over to the police. I heard her mind say,"that should keep his mouth shut" followed by a mental shudder at the thought of the police. Then she slapped him, and stomped away. A few of the others continued to berate him, but it was clear they were counting coup for the benefit of the block boss. Many of the poor crowd just turned away with sad faces. They could be next. The block boss did her job.

I reentered Fred Johnson's body which was continuing to walk back in the direction of the motel where this body was acquired. This Chinese experience was not good. Who on this planet could be filled with peace? Is it to be even found mirrored in some place? A hazy glow indicated the East, but sunrise was easily still an hour away. Dingy alleyways were still havens of dark secrets, but the dirty streets remained visible in the city's garish lights. There must be some place where humans are in peace, or at least content. I tried a different direction.

England

The room has a quality of stillness reminding me of early, rural 20th century when the ticking of an old fashioned clock was

the only sound breaking the silence. Three, tall interior walls were without windows. A high ceiling was held up by plain, dull varnished wood paneling showing years of use. The upper half was vertical tongue and groove separated from the lower third having horizontal panels. All of the wood was dark from years of aging, flaking varnish. Clearly, this building was not new, and had been used for group meetings for sometime. The south facing wall was lit by a series of tall, old fashioned windows with separated glass panes hazy from years of dust and dirt. The room had been elegant decades ago, but now two rows of old wooden chairs lined the sides. Over in a corner was another dozen or so blue metal folding chairs. This was now a Quaker meeting room.

I was looking at a prim girl around thirty years of age sitting by herself. She was wearing a long, dark brown dress with a flourish of a long white scarf around her neck accentuating the lacy white cuffs and neckline. Her auburn hair was relatively short allowing generous wavy curls to encircle her youthful face. She was in the prime of life, but her expression was anything but happy.

My human vehicle was sitting across the room from her when I entered him. If you could see him, you would instantly characterize him as a distinguished older man, nicely dressed, a teacher, counselor, or at least a trustworthy confidant. He got up and approached her breaking the silence.

"You have tasted the symbol of *peace*, but that has not brought you peace. Your emotions are running rampant, and your mind is unsettled. Your belief of insufficiency is holding you back, your sadness too. All of this mental turmoil is just a focus upon yourself." There was a pause. The silence returned. She said nothing so he continued in his calm reassuring voice. "Most people think of self-discipline as physical, and it is, in terms of controlling the physical body. Not filling the lungs with smoke, not ingesting toxins such as alcohol or drugs, and not living in a manner that endangers the form. These are physical disciplines. They are the results of divine impulses that protect

you from the vices of others. This kind of discipline is a first step. You are using it well as you have a strong will, but the mind and emotions have to be endlessly watched. There is a deeper drive where one has to choose to live, to carry on the work despite the hardships. One has to bear the unspeakable torment of being separated from Source in consciousness even though glimmers of that unity surface from time to time. So, when the opportunity, or need, if one is thinking in those terms, arises to make a decision as to the next step on this plane of matter, one must gird his loins so to speak, focus upon Unity Consciousness, and receive the answer. It is not a matter of your human will. You must let the Absolute guide. Resignation is for those who philosophize, not for those who wish to move forward. This is not so easy for you, and no doubt for everyone who is living within the present chaotic tumult of humanity."

This girl was not one of my incarnations, but rather one created by one of my contemporaries, one within whom I shared my higher self. He was doing his work too, trying to assist her development by overshadowing another of his incarnations, the scholarly gentleman. Thus, the connections allowed me to unite with each.

The elderly gentleman paused, hoping that she would respond, but she didn't. Visions filled her mind with tree stumps sticking up out of brushy, destroyed hillsides, trash filled city streets, poisoned oceans with tons of floating plastic garbage, struggling birds, turtles and fish caught within plastic tentacles suffering their death throes. Worst of all were the visions of people. They were either the carefree rich who could plan their life far away from the destruction. Or the angry, spitting, trash throwing ignorant who did the bidding of the rich in order to receive a bare subsistence. Behind those visions and empowering her anger lay a knowing that an Earth filled with happy families tilling the soil, interacting with respect and joy could be the physical reality. Her desire to be within that happy vision was itself a torment to her mind and she knew it, for she was not rich.

All of this was seen through the older gentleman's mind and I realized he had to try and expose the source of the problem so he continued on.

"As Buddha said, “Desire is the cause of all becomings.” Most inhabitants don't realize the extent of that statement, for we ourselves are creating our human experience out of desire. It is true in *every* dimension and plane of existence where the separated self may express. The love expressed by our fellow humans, by Mother Earth, Father Sun and by the Infinite Spirit is just a tiny fraction of Love, for this Universe was built on its impetus. Yet, every loving thought left unexpressed details the sorrows of existence and leaves a lingering desire."

He paused again. She still didn't respond. "But you already know this. They are a part of you too, just as much as the joys. These are the facets which initiate your introspection but they also initiate your internal anger. They are just the external facts created by a separated self. It is not enough to just wish for a life of joy, the gifts of sustenance taken for granted. Every open pit mine, every clear cut forest, every death of the plants and animals, every fear ahead of the hope, every decision that puts the interests of the isolated, separated self, ahead of the Whole, is where your mind is dwelling."

She adjusted her body, looked at him for the first time and replied, "That is just it. I have worked hard to help, but it has made no difference. I am part of a generation that sees the connection of comfort and safety in one place to the destruction in others: electricity connected to strip mining, deeds of property to colonial expropriation and enslavement, and flags to white supremacy and empire."

"You are looking for results. Just give your work to the Infinite and forget about the effort. A very advanced Being once said, 'Forget the harm that anyone has done to you, and forget the good that you have done for them.' It is the mind, that revolving around itself, puts you in the middle. It is just another focus upon your lower self."

"Then, what is the point? Why must we continue to suffer

over and over, never learning the lessons?"

"Do you see how you just put yourself back into the equation with the word 'we'? Ignorance and its consequent pain are teachers, for they lead one to knowledge, knowledge of what is important and what is not. Humans cling to things of matter, but those things will deaden the spirit without growth. I read somewhere that when you can't control what is happening, challenge yourself to control they way you respond. That is where your power is. To the degree that one adheres to objects or expectations will be the degree of pain experienced. If we are aware of the lesson and release the desire, the pain may bring forth the Love that underlies the entire sad affair. The same is true of what we call our work, for we have objectified that work, that effort, in an attempt to justify our existence in matter."

"Then what is important?"

"For you, it is your relationship to your experience, including people, places and things. If we look into what constitutes a relationship, the only elements that count to you are spiritual ones. That means we look into how much Love was expressed, how much truth was allowed to manifest. If we look into those elements and see how much Love has yet to demonstrate, and how little truth is expressed we will become discouraged. Yes, we see only a tiny fragment of a Truth so vast that we see our human insignificance, and humans can not see the good without the bad. So, my lesson for you today is to stay vigilant. Watch your mind trying to put you, your human lower self, in the extreme of relationships. When you successfully do that, you will also see how the Christ can work through you. A good first step is to turn the mind to focus upon the good that you do see." He looked at her with compassion though she did not look up, so he added, "Meditation is needed."

These experiences clearly indicated mankind was unhappy. Even the best of situations seemed to be inadequate for the average person. There is little doubt the social, political and economic situation must change or there would be massive problems appearing. They would appear to come from the

outside world, but would be created from humanity's psyche, bubbling up from just under the conscious life. The average person knows their life as generally ineffective and unable to be creative anywhere their given potential.

Even as these thoughts raced through my mind, a part of me saw humanity's mass protest taking shape, and it would not be pretty.

My mind withdrew again. "Ah, here progress is being made," I thought. There was an element of Joy flowing through me, and as I re-entered my body in America, a soon to be opportunity was perceived coming towards me. Actually, I was walking towards it, for in the middle of the next block was the motel where the ambulance picked me up.

Chapter VII

A Personal Encounter

Behind the grinding, bleak, hopeless tenement houses

Lie the slums of wishes unfulfilled.

Yet, the gleaming chrome and polished titanium

Of main street reflects a stream of hurried crowds,

Stuffing their faces and minds with the effluvia

Of civilization,

Filling their voids with anything that will

Protect them from their own inner reality

Which also hides, shining in the slums.

In a few minutes I was walking up the sloping asphalt entrance past the office. I felt the need to check out the room where my body had been staying. There would be money, clothes, and other useful things. As I got close to the staircase where I had fallen, the door opened to the room where my real first responders stayed. There was the wife. Seen in the early light of day, she was tired beyond her years. Still, in her flowered robe and ice bucket in hand, she looked at me and immediately perked up, recognizing the guy who had fallen.

"Oh!, Wow, are you OK? I mean you are back here so soon."

"I'm OK, just a big bump on my head."

"Come on in and have a cup of coffee. My name is Harriet. My husband is getting dressed to go out... and look for another job." The last words came out on their own. Having helped this stranger, she could hold her head up for awhile. She put the ice bucket back down outside the half ajar door. There was no sense in hiding their status. They were one couple out of millions who were not making ends meet. She spoke as if we had been friends. These folk were not my incarnations either, so I felt much could be learned. She continued speaking.

"The best we can find now is either temporary, or serving burgers at minimum wage. Things get so bad that sometimes I have to work fast foods too... for the free meals."

She was ushering me into their room even as she spoke. I would have declined, for after all, it was just a small motel, but my intuition told me to talk to them.

The room was small with a card table set up to the side of a cheap, old dresser out of the twentieth century. The room smelled vaguely of cigarette smoke despite the no smoking sign on the door. The double bed told its story of having recently released its occupants for the day. There was only one chair near the dresser, but the wife, still in her night gown peeking out from her robe, sat on the bed and hollered out to her husband who, fortunately, was in the bathroom. Had he not been there the room would have been crowded. It soon was, as the bathroom door opened and the lanky partner came out. She immediately responded so he wouldn't have to be unpleasantly surprised.

"Honey, I just saw him walk up. Remember what we said after the ambulance took him away?" The husband just stood there looking confused, so the wife went on. "Remember what we said about the police?"

That was enough for my mind to tune in on them. Although they did differ in details their basic outlook was the same. The husband made a quick decision to trust me and came right to the point.

"We saw how that cop treated you...just like another doper. God knows there are plenty of the drunk or insane around

here, but you obviously aren't one of them, and he had no reason to treat you like you were."

The wife chimed in at that point. "Cops are bad people. They are stupid puppets of the government and care more about their paycheck than justice." I let them spill their frustration. Seeing the lone chair still unoccupied, I slowly sat down to listen to their plight. (It is often necessary to empty the spillway before even attempting a patch job.) All I could say was that even good people appear corrupted when their words clash with some preconceived value set. When that happens the values dictate the response, and a toxic stalemate could occur. They did not appear to grasp my point. So, the topic changed.

The husband's name was John, and he told his story in sad, sepia tones. "My dad was a hard working man. He and his dad before him owned 160 acres north of town, a small farming community in Iowa. The same little town where Harriet lived." He looked over to Harriet with a lot of love in his sad eyes. It was as if he was asking for support, for he really didn't want to talk about this. Their love for each other was apparent, and her nod of encouragement helped carry him forward.

"My dad was a third generation farmer, so he grew up there, just like I did, and grampa lived with us till the day he died, gramma too. It was a good life." He looked directly into my eyes. "Yeah, we worked long hours, but we saw the results of our work. Food was always on the table, and the air was clean and clear, not like here in this damn fog-smog. It was that damn bank that took our land and home away.

Success meant squeezing more and more out of the land, no matter how it affected us, the land, or the community. It meant using mechanical harvesters, industrial barns, and toxic chemicals. We had a couple of poor harvests, and then the price of fertilizer and herbicide shot sky high. Dad had to borrow enough money to get us through the next harvest, but just seemed like we could never climb out of the hole. Things just got worse and worse." He hung his head, obviously reliving some painful experience. After a pause, and another look over to

Harriet, he continued.

"When we lost the farm he died of a heart attack at 56, probably due to the stress. Now mom lives in a little house near where Harriet had her store. We haven't seen her in months.

I'm out looking for a steady job, but only part time or minimum wage burger-flipping are available. Sometimes I get a job that lasts a few weeks. The last time I had one of those the boss gave me hope of being permanent, but it never seemed to materialize. Putting a farmer into a big city doesn't work."

He mumbled along to a stop. This couple had yet to learn managers know how to dangle future prospects in front of the desperate just so they remain within reach when needed. His wife, Harriet, carried on the monologue.

"My mom and dad owned one of those little rural stores that sold just about everything. The building must have been there a long time before I was born. It was the biggest building in town which isn't saying much since the few houses around it were little homes mostly with elderly folk in 'em. It had three stories, and we lived in the top two. Looking out my window up on the top floor, I could see miles and miles." Her face brightened a bit, and her eyes glazed over. One could tell she was back in her room on a sunny day, seeing miles of sunny farmland, but the daydream passed and she was again with us.

"We didn't have a great selection, but there were a few rows of canned goods and a cooler for milk and the like. When I was small, I liked to go up and down them counting the cans so Mom could order the right amount of things. There were also tools in a lean-to section that Dad added on in back. People could buy them if they didn't want to take the long drive to the city. For awhile we also sold basic lumber too. Dad had some connection, but that didn't pan out. For years we lived upstairs and opened the shop in the morning for the farmers and their wives. All we had to do was come down the stairs and unlock the doors. Really, we were the only store for miles around, and we would still be selling stuff there if Mom hadn't gotten sick." She went on telling about how her mom ended up in the

hospital, her dad doing what he could, but just not making ends meet.

"Insurance finally stopped paying, and there was nothing to do but sell the place." Her head drooped, and she lowered her voice," It didn't matter much anyways as Mom died."

Their anger and frustration was all too evident. I could see this meeting had to come about due mostly to release some of their tension. It also helped them bring clarity to their situation and a balance to their minds. I was the catalyst.

This could take awhile, so I offered to buy them breakfast at a local diner. They readily accepted. I had to go up, shower, and get my things, but would meet them in 45 minutes.

So, I bowed out, and walked up the stairs Fred had fallen down earlier. The morning light was having trouble cutting through the smog, but at least everything was more or less visible now. The key fit into the lock and soon I was looking at Fred's belongings stacked neatly on the bed. First, a shower was needed.

With the warm splashing water, the blood and grime on my face and head came off, which was far more easily than my unease with what I had learned so far. The hot water did two things. First, it relaxed my body, and I discovered many tensed muscles. I thought if this was normal, it was probably difficult for many humans to relax. In general, I had found no one who was truly comfortable with their life on this earth.

Second, water flowing over the body is refreshing. It resets the body and mind for whatever is going to happen next.

Exiting the shower, I saw at myself in the mirror. This body was around 65 years old. It looked younger, as the muscle mass had not all turned to fat. It had characteristics of a body coming from south of the U.S. border, darker skin with a hint of Aztec heritage, perhaps Mayan. The aura of the body and the higher emanation of the spirit were not yet visible to me. There was no promise they would develop either. Like a pair of pants that don't quite fit, my body still held a tension I was not used to. Perhaps this was why I still couldn't see auras. Fred's mind, this

mind, was still tense. I tried to over-ride the uncomfortable feeling, passing it off to the recent shift.

I glanced again at this body in the mirror. It was about 5 ft. 11 inches tall and normally proportioned except for a bit of a paunch hanging out over the belt. It could pass for just about any guy in his 60s. The face was already shaved, and a bit thin, wearied with creases around the eyes and a few wrinkles on the forehead.

I wondered what disguise the occupant was now wearing, and immediately my mind shifted to the fourth dimension. A vision of him dressed in new jeans, a yellow cotton shirt, and wearing a big smile appeared. He was a younger version without the stomach. I wished him well, and thanked him for the use of this body. His astral mind heard me, and though there was no visible outward indication, I heard a returning, "No, Thank You! I am learning so much! Bless you for this opportunity!" He then faded out, but I could still feel his enthusiasm. A higher part of me saw his enormous growth was due to the trust and acceptance of a newer set of values, ones not based upon societal traditions. Most importantly, his attitude had shifted. His previous desire to remain isolated was replaced with a more out-going personality. Had he adopted it earlier, while still in incarnation, he may never have contemplated suicide. It was time to get dressed.

My eyes turned to a clean shirt and trousers on the bed. I stuffed a pair of pants and another shirt into a small suitcase containing clothes. There were assorted toiletries along with a small paper bag full of cash. Fred's second wallet was stuffed with more money in large bills, and a satchel which felt important for the future. I never opened it. After breakfast I planned to simply pick everything up as I left. I sent out a fourth dimensional query asking where all of the money came from, but received no answer. I was hoping for some sort of communication. On the other hand this is my assignment, one which is now fully in my hands. I had better get going on my own.

Chapter VIII

Breakfast, a more detailed example

We walked past a hand-me-down storefront filled with junk. Through the large windows were lamps and small household nick-knacks. Their euphemistic sign read 'Antiques.' The entire line of about six stores all occupied the same long low building with an off-white exterior front. They faced another unbroken line of shops across the litter filled street. The restaurant was little more than another storefront. The restaurant's front window was in need of cleaning, but the proprietor must have given up. 'Jim's Place' was simply painted in black on the smudged glass. Little wonder, for the daylight was filtered through a hazy grey cloud of smoke supported by what looked like fog. There was little inside to see anyway; about six or seven old style tables with metal legs and bright yellow formica tops. No one would give it a second glance if they were interested in stealing anything. Yet, the old yellow formica on the tables was clean, even if worn white in spots. The well worn vinyl floor was also clean. A couple of small, cheap, gaudy prints hung forlornly here and there, including a large, dramatic painting of a bullfighter about to dispatch a large bull. Like other Mexican tourist paintings I'd seen, it was painted on black velvet. Despite the gruesome theme, at least the operators tried for a better atmosphere inside than the street outside. I guided my guests to a table near the front window to avoid the almost claustrophobic, plain off-white walls near the back. A young 20s looking Hispanic guy appeared from a dark hallway presumably leading to a kitchen hidden in darkness further back. There was nothing but time, so we all ordered generously.

I opened the conversation with an innocuous, "Tell me more about your life together." That opened the floodgates again, but what I really heard was that their life was frustrating

and they were angry. From their perspective, the only bright light in their life was finding the internet. They had no computer, but wanted one. Some of John's part time co-workers did, and they showed him sites about how the corporate secret government was screwing them over. It all made perfect sense.

His present mindset had already been formed, memories of losing the farm linked in negativity. As he spoke, my mind turned to ideas that could help. What they both didn't realize was that their attitudes reinforced their predicament. There was no sense in outlining the part the hypothalamus plays in building peptides which reinforce thoughts and emotions, for they had already passed that point and John was living the results. I simply said, "You know that with all of this anger and frustration, you are fortunate that you still have your health, for your whole body is effected by emotions, positively or negatively." They agreed, and that temporarily settled their dialogue into trying to stay healthy.

Then breakfast came, and we spent a few blessed moments in relative silence as the first few bites went down. John had ordered an egg omelet with toast and all the trimmings and was wolfing it down. I simply observed, but noticed that Harriet was watching me eat my pancakes. So, having observed my manners she ate her stack of pancakes with a bit more decorum. After a moment or two they again started speaking about their life. John soon turned the conversation back to his life on the farm, and their present predicament.

His bright blue eyes shouted a mounting anger with each bill unpaid and each job lost. When she spoke of their search, her big brown eyes spoke of anxiety and turmoil. Their unadorned clothes also told a story. He wore older blue jeans, ones that had probably been his when they left the farm. They weren't torn, but white areas on the top of his thighs showed a lot of wear. His plain long sleeved, olive drab flannel shirt filled out his wardrobe. She had a plain yellow dress printed with diagonal rows of small purple violets. It contrasted with her dark brown hair. There was no belt, so the dress hung limply on her

slight frame. They looked the part of a farm couple in the big city. For them, they could care less about what they looked like. It was simply scraping together any job available to keep them clothed and fed. Their unemployment insurance had run out long ago.

John turned to me. "That damn secret government is the problem, don't you think?

"What do you mean? Of course it is." Harriet jumped in echoing his idea. I decided to cast my lot and go where ever it led, so I spoke up.

"Look across this entire world. The revolts and civil wars, open and covert, may dominate the news, but even where there appears to be a stable government in place people in large are not happy. Have you asked yourselves why?" Perhaps they had some insight I could quote in my report.

What I heard was they had listened to innumerable reports by bloggers saying the demonic liberal community is the front for the secret government. Naturally, the basic answer was 'yes', they knew why. Their 'yes' created a wall of generalities where their further mental digging was unnecessary. They saw the problems of corporations and governments and simply adopted the blame game as per the directions given from the right side of the political spectrum.

It should be clear to most humans that there are some who wish to control humanity, but as with any revelation like this, three points must be made. First, in the year 2020, their techniques have graduated from the crude force of the Nazis for example, and are focused upon using mind control to make the populace a willing, or at least obedient participant. Second, and mitigating against the first element, is the fact that some individuals, recognizing this technique, have gone to extremes in labeling and warping news to fit their obsession with the perceived manipulation. The last point is the most important. From a spiritual perspective, humans create their reality by belief. The more the focus, the deeper the belief and emotional energy.

Harriet took over the conversation, and I just listened. "You should really look at what Q is saying. It's really positive. People are waking up all across the world. John and I are at the beginning of a great movement. There's a book showing what Trump is trying to do. It will mean the end of the democratic party. The guy who wrote it says so!"

I had to respond, but knew this was not going to be fun. There would be no need to deal with these materialistic issues if the people involved had the ability to think more clearly, differentiate terminology, and utilize intuition rather than emotion. Then again, for most of them, none of that appeared in mind. They only understood the terminology and definitions given them which, of course was part of the problem.

Fred had seen many articles, blogs, books and TV shows outlining the political schism that had formed in the United States. He remembered this book in particular. For me, it stood out as an excellent example of separative, persuasive propaganda. It was written specifically for those who were already in the fold, the disenfranchised, the angry, and those without power who needed something to believe in, something to make their lives meaningful, and someone to point to as the bad guy, in this case the democratic party. Even if the author was only referring to the democratic leadership, there are others who would take his statements as generalities and hate all democrats or include any liberal with a 'live and let live' attitude. In other words, it too played upon negative emotions. Hating others gives both a purpose and allows one to see themselves as the saved, the elect, separating themselves from the whole. What they didn't realize was that the bulk of humanity was responding to the new Aquarian energies, and was sick and tired of being manipulated by self-centered leaders. Humanity just wasn't monolithic in its approach to solving the problem. The progressives on the left had their ideals, just as those on the right had theirs. What was needed was a coming together. Actually the extreme right, the neo-nazis and the extreme left, the antifas were already meeting in their agreed upon violence. I hoped

John and Harriet did not fit into this separative crowd so I answered blandly.

"Everyone is looking for answers, explanations for all of the turmoil."

"As we should be, 'cause things are not getting better."

"Humans are generally creatures of thought, so yes, it is expected that clarifications become available, but that is not the problem."

"Oh? Then what is?"

"The flaw in all of this is that the explanations sought are convenient ones, ones that have been given you, and fit in with the world view of those who have already decided their positions. In this case, many people are looking for bad guys, and those will be found. What facts are available will be twisted to create or further a negative scenario. The book on Q is a good example of others making use of this flaw for their own personal agenda."

"How's that?" John's question was couched in an incredulous tone.

"OK, first of all, look at the book. It is framed as an invitation, and it is. It is an invitation to place your thoughts back in the turmoil of the political world with good guys and bad guys. It is a very clever way to keep your mind focused upon this human drama, especially the negative part. It even speaks of codes and secret meanings, enough to excite the logical mind to find those secrets. Further, even in material terms, it takes your mind away from the fact that the secret government is quite easily moving its agenda forward. The secret government has made child pornography and sex rings the topic of interest.

It is clear that you now have strong, negative feelings about some people in the government, but did you have positive feelings regarding the democrats before you read the book? How do you know what you've read is true anyway? The real awakening that millions of people *are* truly experiencing is a spiritual one that will take the mind to a place of true clarity and

peace having nothing to do with duality, much less the turmoil and angst of Earth."

I had hardly gotten the sentence out when Harriet emphatically stated, "It's Obama that should have been impeached. All these guys are on the internet saying that all of the time." She went on and on.

While she was talking, I was asking myself why it was that lying is much more prevalent in politics than in normal relationships? At the most superficial level it is about obtaining and holding power, but because government was already holding political power that is not what politicians want. What they really want is to reshape reality. The present reality is a confusing mix of many differing perspectives. Simplistic answers are desired. To the folks of both the leadership and those who follow, complicated, messy, human truth is a constraint. It is also a source of fear, for who knows what probabilities will form the reality? Their response to this reality is to create a lie and call it the whole and complete truth.

The government of 2020 has done more than that. Both political parties are attempting to rewrite reality by labeling each other as fake news. Of course there is such a thing. News has become either left or right wing propaganda. Both sides want life to be different than it is, and for many of them, conservatives especially, they want life to be as it was in the past. Visions of happy, carefree days where life was simple fill their minds, forgetting that memories tend to simplify and select the experiences. To acknowledge the complexity of the present would be for them to accept their being at least partially wrong, and that puts them into the painful position of having to rethink their attitudes. I had been half following her tirade, but now it was my turn to speak.

"Yes, I have heard many of these ideas but again, How do you know it was true? Were you there? Did you see it with your own eyes? At a deeper level you are seeing a reflection of your own attitudes."

"What!?" John cut in, but I continued

“I listen to people on both the right and left saying they know the truth, but then, when they talk amongst themselves, they say things like 'Did you hear what so and so said about that?,' or 'I read about it or saw it on the internet.' Clearly, people are being greatly influenced by what they are reading as well as what peers are saying." Both John and Harriet were intently listening, so I continued.

"We manifest our beliefs." I looked at each of them, directly in their eyes, trying to find an opening. "If someone criticizes my beliefs, I feel as if they are criticizing me. If my attitude has been wrong, I feel as if I have been wrong. My self image has been broken, and that is very painful. Most people will superficially acknowledge their fallibility, but inside we rationalize our thought to make us right. It is this inherent narcissism that is the source of fake news and rigidity of mind.”

Apparently they had nothing to say, but looked blankly at me. So, I just kept going.

“Once negative thoughts take hold of people's minds, they attract similar negative elements. Like thousands of others, people make the choice to self indoctrinate by *choosing* to listen mostly to the voices of anger, frustration, manipulation and desire for power. Because 'like attracts like' they are bolstered by the so-called facts of those caught in the same mindset, or worse, those who are manipulating the news. So, these thoughts and emotions feed upon themselves intensifying the downward spiral. Then, when the emotions start to control the mind, problems are projected out into the world as events, thus changing future perception and creating a self propelled spiral of beliefs. Today, instead of both the right and the left adjusting to the evidence of global climate change for example, politicians are attempting to destroy the reality by offering useless and corrupting carbon taxes on the left or outright denial on the right.

There *is* a great awakening, but not in the way Q wants to present it. If you would really read behind the words to his intention, you will see that the author's motivation is to destroy

the democratic party, and gather power. There may be even a darker motivation to destroy democracy. We pray not, but so far this conflict is a repetition of previous coups in other countries where the leader with the military behind them become dictators. If you want to read something that has a broader, more researched position, and a deeper spiritual basis, read some of the books by David Icke." (1)

* * *

Down on her hands and knees, Lila was scrubbing the bathroom floor. Last night one of her younger clients threw up all over it. It had been a bad experience. She gagged as she continued wiping up the vomit. "Thank God Petey is in school," she thought. "I keep cleaning the bathroom, but nothing will really get clean in here, in this shack," she thought as she repeatedly wiped and rinsed her rag. "It needs to be cleaner. It needs to be cleaner. It need to get cleaner." The words kept coming, and she spoke them aloud as if someone were there. She started scrubbing harder. "The dirt is part of everything. I am part of it. They say cleanliness is next to Godliness, but what if you can't get clean, what if..."

A wave of revulsion swept through her slight frame. She leaned over the toilet and let her meager breakfast spew out. "At least that got into the toilet," she thought. She pulled the handle as she sat down in front of it. Her solar plexus felt hollow. The loss of breakfast left her empty, but that was nothing compared to the disgust she felt. Dizziness swelled up inside her, and either the floor or the tub was where she was going to land. She could hardly hold herself up. Suddenly, in a burst of strength she threw down the rag, turned, and rested her hands on the lip of the bathtub. She was not going to fall. "God help me. Please, help me." Her head went down to rest on the hard white ledge of the tub as tears slid down the side.

* * *

The conversation had not been going well. John and Harriet felt themselves the victims of a left wing conspiracy. All they needed was for someone to point a finger and they would follow it. Harriet cut in this time. "Whose side are you on anyway? We're on the verge of being destroyed by the liberals."

"By choosing a side, you have limited your thinking. Did you ever stop and think about what would happen to our society if only one political party ran this country? It would soon become a dictatorship. Those of the Republican side of the political spectrum look for a strong leader and that tends towards a dictatorship. Narrow perceptions gives the choices we alone should make back into the hands of those who want power. All the secret government has to do is define the terms of the topics, and then elaborate upon them. I'm trying to get you and everyone else to wake up and realize the deception. Take responsibility for your own life."

"What do you think we're doing?" John almost yelled the words at me. His face was getting red and his hands were tight fists. The waiter behind the counter turned to look at us. John had taken what I said and applied it to their physical struggles, not their mental approach. I was trying to project a calm attitude, but it apparently was not working. Nevertheless, I carried on in a controlled manner.

"There is a secret government and it controls everyone's mind through economics, religion, education and everything you see on TV, hear on radio, see in print, and that includes the internet. If you don't believe that then watch the video Thrive." (2)

Harriet added,"Oh, we've already seen it. Some people John met had us over, and we saw it. It's already old, but it does show how the secret government set up the system to help the rich, and what their plans are."

Harriet seemed to be more on top of the facts than her husband. So, I added, "It is especially good because every fact within it has been independently verified. It might be old, but

people who don't believe in the secret government should watch it and make up their own minds. Besides, the examples it uses are those which every average person in America has already read about or seen. It also asks us to turn our mind into a reflection of how we were originally created, perfect in the mind of God. That means thinking about respect, kindness, compassion and a host of positive qualities which this movie also covers. Being good takes time, patience and a calm mind, none of which are allowed those who are made to follow social and political thrusts and counter thrusts. Those are diversions really." I stopped and looked at them.

Both John and Harriet were looking at me as if they did not understand what I was saying, so I hesitated and Harriet spoke up. "Are you some religious nut?"

"No, I'm not religious at all. Dogmatic religions also tell you what to think. They also tend to allow followers to see themselves as separate from the rest of humanity, becoming the saved, the elect, having the only true path to salvation. The path to freedom is much more difficult and messier with decisions falling upon individuals where they belong. If people could calmly assess the situation, there would be no concern or worry about who was right or wrong, good or evil, because everyone's decisions would be based on Love. There would never be any need to attack anyone's positions. No one can effectively legislate morality, and no one who really loved humanity would do anymore than offer suggestions. In contrast the secret government would simply dictate decisions as they are doing now. Q is an obvious and apparently successful attempt to bring you and others into the right wing fold by making you appear to be a part of an inside group. It draws you into their camp by making you believe you a part of it. It inflames your passions and makes you think you are someone special having a part to play in some gigantic unfolding drama, a drama they control. Your interest in spirituality becomes eclipsed by more politics. It also inflames your emotional body. Q is probably a secret government psy-op. Besides, Q does what all of the other right

and left wing bloggers do, they cherry-pick their examples. Any contradiction to their mindset would be answered either by attacking the person pointing out the fallacies or by the inevitable 'We have really looked into this and researched the facts. This is the way it is.' However, life is never the way it is perceived. All human perception is in reality an interpretation."

This was too much for them. At that point my mind flew back to the mistake I made with the dogmatic religious lady back on the astral plane. I had to tread carefully.

Harriet half snarled, "If you are so damn smart, then tell us what you would do," They both looked at me with anger. Their silence and their stare told everything, a contempt for people and a contempt for those who would have a free idealism as a guiding light. Perhaps it was their pain, their need for the basic necessities of life, their insecurity or impotence that brought this outburst. I hoped it was not based upon an inability to be introspective. I smiled at them and continued.

"Let's look a little deeper into this. Even if everything you heard were 100% true, what good is that doing? You could run out and tell as many people as possible with the hope that they, and you, could throw these demonic liberals in jail, or you could recognize that all you are doing is helping to create chaos. Chaos is a symptom. Has believing what you do allowed you to feel peace or comfort, or does it tend to make you feel powerful, knowing you are right while everyone else is wrong? Think about this. As truth is lost in studied words, so life is lost in concepts. What is needed is a Love for all humanity."

They looked at each other. A common thread ran between them, one that said they did not relate to what I was saying. John spoke, but his voice was calm.

"Thank you for taking us to breakfast, but we don't like your political propaganda. We are reasonable people, so politics should be kept off the table."

"This is one reason why I'm here. Thoughts of chaos can not grow without doing something." They were quiet. So, I continued on. "You are more than reasonable people. Didn't you

come out and help me when I fell? Didn't you perceive that the policeman was not doing the best he could? Your hearts are in the right place. Politics is not the only area where the secret government is attacking your good nature. There are networks of lies woven throughout society, all societies, and this network keeps those who listen to it in check. Let me give you an example that is not political.

The first big lie is that you only have one life to live, that your consciousness dies with the body. That, by itself, makes you feel as if you have little time to do anything. It creates anxiety. Even if someone believes in a soul, people have been taught the black or white of a hell or heaven. Think of all the ways this thought has permeated your life. People hear things like, 'First take care of number one.' Isn't it clear you not only desire things, but also fear for your own physical well being? Aren't there many other people doing the same? How can Love be expressed if you are focused upon the safety of yourself and maybe the ones you love to the exclusion of others? That is not Love, it is self interest.

Harriet spoke. "OK, maybe this is more than politics. It's just that Q gives us hope and maybe have a life. That's all."

"You think I'm here to influence you to ignore the bad things which are developing. I'm *not.* As a matter of fact I honor your realizations and commitment to find better ways. Many of us are going to have to put our lives on the line, for humanity, all of humanity, our children and ourselves. What I'm trying to do is to stop the polarization of humanity, and an unnecessary swing of the pendulum back into vengeance and violence. I am trying to foster the realization that all of humanity is in the same boat. There are many people, who, upon realizing what these sociopaths are doing, are going to become immensely angry and lose control. What you need to realize is there are many good, honest, and upright people who you and others are demonizing who are simply asleep. A deeper hope comes from your spiritual side, a side we all have. It comes from the Love in your heart, as well as the integrity and clarity that comes from making good

choices, Loving choices. You can't do that when this whole economic system appears to be one of dog eat dog competition. It is not just really poor folk that feel this way. This has been made into a predatory society, a capitalist society. Even if you see capitalists as really benevolent, they still control the means and production which means everyone else is just a worker bee to them.

Even the owner of this shop feels the way you do, and he and his family have a more stable roof over their head and adequate food to eat. There is a gnawing sense that life could be more fulfilling. Internally, you sense a bigger picture, a happy one, one where you have more free time and your needs are met, but most importantly, where life is lived in a fulfilling environment of Love. But the dog eat dog system is still in place, and you are not getting anywhere. This makes you mad. It could make anyone mad. Even the rich see others trying to take away what they have. Why do you think it is this way?"

At that point Harriet broke in with a tirade about the media. "Everything on TV shows happy people." She spit out the words happy people and kept her anger growing. "Even regular shows, if they are not happy, at least they got food. The Jews can do whatever they want because they control TV and the money. The secret government and TV are one big group. They show nice homes, good food, nice cars, and all the things everybody wants. It's like they're holding some great carrot in front of us while we poor folk keep the treadmill running." She ran out of air as her monologue increased speed. So, after her rush of words silence prevailed.

Again, her generalities were along the right path, but they were not putting two and two together and going beyond to the next layer. I wondered why humans are so geared to taking generalities and running with them. I thought of the many Jewish people who are sincerely trying to do the right things in life. They would have taken offense at her remarks, and rightfully so. On the other hand, many Jews insist on perpetuating emotional anger and the horror of world war two to

garner sympathy for present interests, not just remembrance. Then there are the manipulative Zionists who wish to model the world to their liking, but these also are generalities. The fact exists that humans must use generalities to communicate, but constructive action must deal with specifics lest further errors creep in. 'The devil is in the details.' But my musings stopped as I had to respond.

"I am not here to support the democrats, the Jews, or anyone else. Much of what you just said has a lot of truth in it, but let us not turn generalities into truths. Yes, people, called liberals, have problems as well. Some foster a bread and circus mentality. This is seen with the hype put into spectator sports and the emphasis upon celebrities, not to mention the excessive fears about pandemics and other problems. These attitudes have been crafted to direct citizen's minds away from solutions, keep people separated from the clues which would lead them to start putting the puzzle pieces together. Worse still, agents of the secret government take noble left wing ideals, such as the need for respect in relationships, and twist them into outrageous policies. An example of this is seen by the positive effort to encourage respect for everyone, including homosexuals. Then that ideal is warped and carried further into schools by encouraging even young children to question their gender...as if young children had developed brains, which they haven't."

"Amen to that," John replied. Since I had found a topic they were in tune with I continued.

"I have even heard a gay man on NPR estimate that the total population of the LGBQ community in the US was about three percent. Even if it were five percent, it would not justify the continual references to homosexual sex in the movies and TV. For that matter, and despite knowing that sex in advertising sells, the topic of sex forms too much of the media's dialog. It is filling the minds of the young with a warped understanding of life. Just as radio talk shows and blogs go to evermore extremes to outperform their competition for higher ratings, so many people blindly follow those extremes in their own lives.

Immorality goes hand in hand with self-centeredness. Politicians also use this technique. They voice outrageous policies and dictums. When the issue resolves itself to a lesser, but still extreme position, those with more balanced views breathe a sigh of relief that the result was not worse. Nevertheless the center point has shifted. Some people call this normalization. By these means we, and by we I mean humanity, has moved deeply into the chaos of this Kali yuga."

The conversation needed to be steered back to more universal issues.

"Wouldn't you like to be those people you see on TV with a comfortable home, responsible employment, good friends and at least a comfortable retirement to look forward to?"

"Yeah!"

"Well, then that is what is driving you, *desire."*

"You say that like wanting them is a bad thing."

"Not at all, but desires for most people are uncontrolled, and often the desire is so compelling that people will commit heinous acts to fulfill them. Further, competition is what makes the system nasty, also implying that to see others gain, you have to lose."

"Our desires are not nasty or uncontrolled!" Their anger was just below the surface.

"Yes, but you missed the point. You have been taught that if you are not winning, then you are losing! It is the result of a reliance on competition. People have been taught to run after things, all the while believing others are achieving financial, sexual or emotional satisfaction at their expense. The puppet masters have replaced real freedom that people so desperately want with things, both real and imagined, a concept of freedom. The spiritual is replaced by the material. Those were the points I was trying to make."

"Puppet masters! You mean the secret government, right?"

"Yes and no. The governments of this world are secondary puppet masters. As I said, I am not here to support the

democrats. Most democrats are no more the secret government than are most republicans. Government officials control the laws and the enforcement, and for the most part are easily controlled in the same ways you are. They too desire something. In their case, and despite the fact that most politicians are mostly millionaires they have other desires, *power*, for example. This was all covered in Thrive. The spokespeople you hear are just the well-paid mouth pieces for the darker forces behind them. As George Orwell said, "Political language...is designed to make lies sound truthful and murder respectable, and to give the appearance of solidity to pure wind."

John cut in, "You seem to know a lot about the secret government. Why don't you simply list the leaders names, and we can take them out." There was bitterness and a bit of accusation in his delivery.

"It is never the leaders who pull the triggers. It is never the leaders who evict homeowners, and never the leaders who build the bombs. Leaders stay hidden and simply direct their puppets in the military or police. Actually, practically all the government bureaucracy carries out their broad policies. In one sense this kind of person could hardly be called a leader at all, but rather a master manipulator. Their minds may be intellectually brilliant, but they lack one basic thing that you have, compassion and love. If all of the people of the world refused to work for any military, or to kill or harm anyone, the system would fall apart."

That seemed to calm them down a bit, and Harriet leaned over and grabbed John's hand. My whole being wished they could take this moment where love predominated, even if it was partially motivated by fear, and then simply drop this entire focus on the political arena. Yet, they didn't, and I didn't expect them to, so I continued on without skipping a beat.

"They would have never tried to be compassionate to me as you did when I fell down the stairs. Most people would see them as sociopaths. If they did help me, it would be because there was some agenda they had for doing so." There was a

longer pause. I was not sure my point was made, so I again kept going.

"It would do no good to take them out. There are a dozen more who would step into their place. The dark forces behind this whole system already control the world's means of production and distribution. Imagine what it would feel like to know you are an authority in a place which, as far as your life was concerned, was the center of the world.

Prominent political people not directly involved with the secret government may have the best intentions, but since the system of dog eat dog is working well for them, their family and friends, why change it? Thus, despite their words about reform, renewal and change, they will simply add more layers of laws, and more confusion on top of other laws instead of cutting to a core of simplicity which should exist."

* * *

The altar was bathed in flickering light from the candles. Little light was coming through the dense stained glass windows, for the glass had been muted in the overcast afternoon. Yet, the faces of Jesus and the saints, painted in lighter shades, looked benevolently down upon her as they emerged from the darker areas. She wondered if they could see her turmoil, her sins. Lila had been waiting in the church for the last of the people to leave. She watched them enter into the confessional one by one, her anxiety increasing as each one left. Most of the parishioners were older, if not elderly. Now, the last white haired lady was in the confessional. The church was still, silent, and seemed to be expectantly waiting, just as she was. Her heart seemed to be pounding in her chest as she sat alone in the hard pew. There was time enough to leave. Yet, she knew she had to gather courage for what she was about to do.

"I am so ashamed." she thought. She reached for her scarf and covered her head. When she was younger, other women had done the same in church. It gave them an appearance of being

more religious, sincere, and she hoped it would do the same for her. Besides, it kept her face more hidden, not that anyone would have recognized her anyway as she was not a regular in church.

In fact, coming today was a well planned move with phone calls to the church office and consulted schedules. There seemed no other way to cleanse her guilt. Laying awake at night, prayers were her first response to the realization that something had to be done. She no longer could hide the fact that she was prostituting her body. Maybe she was killing her soul as well. A dark, menacing vision passed before her mind and made her shudder. The realization appeared to her quickly, but the pain of it had been subconsciously building, hiding itself in her hope that the men were being kind by supporting her and Petey. It wasn't until younger guys came around, drunk and obnoxious, that facts had to be faced.

The squeak of the confessional door jarred her back to reality. She watched the last lady limp away, out of sight. It was now or never. With determination she rose and climbed into the confessional.

"Father, I have sinned, and don't know what to do."

"Confess your sin and you will be asking God to look upon you with renewed grace."

Like a bird caught in a room, flying in circles, trying to find its way out, her mind flew around the basic issue. Yet, there was no way out that she could see. She lowered her head and almost whispered, "I have had to sell my body to support my son and I. It's a sin and I know it, but I don't know what else to do." Perhaps, the priest had heard this from others. Perhaps, even some of the women here had made the same mistake. The silence was excruciating. Finally he spoke.

"Know that God loves you. Your confession of your sin shows that you love Him." He paused. "There are a lot of options, the first of which is to come to our service and meet the people here. We have an outreach program that just might solve your dilemma, including some money to start your quest for

purity."

He droned on for awhile about how Jesus or Mary would save me, but my mind was already made up. I would come to church, and I would see what the outreach program had to offer. He told me to start doing the rosary regularly. He also told me to meet him in his office later. His last statement, the quote from the bible, was "Go, and sin no more." I silently thought,"That was easy for you to say, but I need the cash."

As soon as I left the confessional, I sank into the nearest pew feeling a sense of relief and gratitude. It could have been worse, much worse, and now at least there is a glimmer of hope. The stained glass saints still looked down benevolently, and I hoped they wished me well.

* * *

John and Harriet were good people. I sat back and looked at them, tired of talking. All of this conversation is only superficial and the concepts are available to anyone who observes and thinks. Besides, here I was talking about politics again. There is a need to carry this dialogue into deeper water. I had to keep going.

"Humans have yet to develop the ability to look deeply into themselves. Why respond to angers, fears and fallacies?" I caught myself speaking as if I were an alien. The truth was that now, I too was one of them at least in their minds.

"Are we examining ourselves deeply enough? Remember what I said about concepts replacing life? You can talk about Love and Truth all day long, but it is in the actual living of it that those qualities are found. The first effort must be to turn our minds around."

John spoke up,"What you say sounds right, but we have to do something. Donald Trump is doing something, but some people don't believe it."

The way he said this was ambivalent. I could not tell if he was aiming at me or not. So, I replied,"This is the result of

looking at him as the hero who is supposed to be getting rid of the secret government, or the narcissist who is simply destroying our democracy. It is just as inappropriate to label him a hero as it is to call him a demon. The two view points appear mutually exclusive, and there is little wonder that the discussions become heated by those of differing allegiances. You are right, he is doing something, but the positive result of it may well be to get people thinking, *if* they would think more broadly and objectively. Everyone wants a stable, representative and just government. By holding firmly to one side of the political spectrum, or its opposite, a lop-sided view takes shape and governs the perceiver's attitude and decisions. Further, by focusing upon the immediate actions and reactions, the bigger picture is lost."

"What is the bigger picture?"

"First of all, there are many more similarities between people than there are differences. Second, let us be honest. Past governments have not solved the basic inequalities seen in the legal system, the financial sector, nor the social milieu, and neither is this present one. Despite the bloggers who claim he is exposing the secret government, look at what the reality actually is. He is a republican, and both the house and the senate were controlled by republicans for the first two years of his tenure. If he wanted to, he could have canceled our part of global climate engineering and eliminate the chem trails. He could have eliminated the FED. Wouldn't some solution have been forthcoming if one were desired? On top of that, could a person who is trying to do good actually withhold food and medicine from children, or really from anyone regardless of heritage? He claims to be a Christian, as do many others, but actions speak louder than those empty and insincere claims. True Christians follow Christ's example.

Don't forget one of the biggest actions the secret government could do is to create and sustain chaos. Tell me, what do you see happening now?" I knew the question was a rhetorical one, but it makes the point. So, I kept going without

an answer.

"Many governments of this world do this by constantly increasing the sense of peril. Do you realize that we are still in the longest running war that the U.S. has ever had? Even if most of our forces are pulled out, do you really think people will stop getting killed? Wars keep your attention away from solutions by creating a series of crises: political, economic, social and if those don't work, then the threat or reality of larger wars or pandemics fills the news. The solutions they talk about, if any, are no more than band-aids over previous band-aids, and they always have been. Now the wounds are festering underneath them and treatment is becoming unavoidable. No one should wonder why there is so much turmoil, and not just in the U.S."

John broke in, "Yeah, you're right. We have to bring the whole mess down. Its going to take a civil war." His anger was surfacing again, and I saw and felt his vision of storming the capital arise within him. Harriet was sitting there watching him, and becoming animated by the violence he was feeling. Thus, it was necessary, again, for me to step into the breach to deflect the building anger. Agreement would be a good place to start.

"The present destruction of our government, actually, all monolithic governments, is necessary because the perception of both the leaders and followers is one of being right or being wrong. It keeps Love totally out of the picture. Our thoughts and actions should be geared to bring that Love forward until it is the motivating force in all of our lives."

"We are Christians, and follow Jesus," Harriet said. Her delivery was that of most who claim that title, lackluster and by rote.

"The Christ has a different name in every religion even though His work is the same regardless, but that is getting off the topic. Christ consciousness needs no government because eventually the Christ consciousness will internally govern each and every human's mind and therefore all actions will naturally be loving and kind. The hierarchy of the dark forces simply will turn the mind of each person into a controlled element all under

the manipulation of controlling leadership. Citizens will then be puppets. Thus, people are going to have to learn to stand in righteousness on their own initiative. It is a choice each of us must make. That means honesty and reliance upon the Christ within each of us, the hope of glory, and I say this knowing full well that it sounds naive to many people.

"It is hard being good. We don't even get enough money to live on," John plaintively murmured.

"You are right, but look again at the kindness you have shown me and others. Keep your mind on Jesus, Krishna, Buddha or whomever idealized personage you relate to. Focus on them, their divinity, not on the evil. Assistance comes to those who deserve it. You probably know the Bible verse, Matthew 6:31 'Be not therefore anxious, saying What shall we eat? Or What shall we drink? Or Wherewithal shall we be clothed?' Doesn't it say to seek first his kingdom and all things will be added unto you? It is we ourselves who must live the truth of what we espouse.

There are many obstacles which must be swept away. Some are individual and some are systemic. To those who think this is impossible, I say the very obstacle of that thought leads to the refusal to move in this direction, and indicates the control the dark forces already have on you and the political system. Obstructive legislation such as Gerrymandering remains in use. The electoral college is another..." I started to list others, but John broke in again.

"Yeah, we agree, the laws are screwed up, and not just the laws, the people who make them!" His excited interjection had Harriet nodding her head energetically. I carried on.

"Regardless of how one views them, the president, the congress, and the supreme court are all, right now, doing their parts in bringing the system down. Let us hope it will be nonviolently. This is proper, for it is the people who should arise into enlightened *self-governance*, individual and collective, and they are. Slowly but surely we need to learn every pain suffered is telling us something, being a lesson. Do not get caught up in

violence. Violent civil disobedience and civil war plays right into the dark forces' hands, for then they can impose martial law, turn people like you into criminals and lock the system in place. Although everyone says that life is important and killing is wrong, war and violence seems to characterize this planet's activities. All of this violent thinking being espoused, especially by reactionary radio hosts, is going in the wrong direction, for people really don't have to explore civil war and conflict in order to bring an end to problems."

"But how are we going to get rid of them?"

"You forgot that desire is running rampant amongst everyone. It is driving you, making you unhappy and angry even as it makes them desire more power and control. The cycle is unending until one sees how everyone is being driven. Step back and look clearly at the controls being used against you. As soon as you, or anyone, says something like "Everyone needs to have an equal chance", or "Let's bring about income equality", the puppets of the secret government will say, "Those who espouse equality are out to limit your freedom, take what you have away or force you to become a communist." The list of fears can be endless. In a way they are partially right, for to have a more basic equality, everyone now living a life of riches will have to give up their opulent life style, and who is willing to do that? Only those whose Love of humanity exceeds their self interest. It was Jesus and others who actually lived that ideal. Desire has to be replaced with gratitude, charity, and a focus upon living one's own ideals."

Their gears were turning, so before one of them felt the need to reply, I continued.

"We all need to realize ***no system of government is perfect or better than any other because every government is run by human beings.*** The success of all governments is dependent upon those in positions of power. Even dictatorships, including theocracies, operated by benevolent leaders can provide good governance such as the Tibetan government in exile under the Dali Lama, or in contrast, poor governance with rigid, self-

serving dictatorships such as in Iran.

More importantly, are those governed having their needs met? At present, very few people believe the U.S. Government is operating in the best interest for all. The cause of this is the perception of differences based upon past experience in duality coupled with a desire to control people, places and things. This causes one to be either right or wrong, a winner or a loser. The more self-centered the perceiver, the greater the contrast. This is shown daily in our relationships with those we disagree with, both individually and nationalistically. Additionally, emotional entanglements prevent an honest unbiased look at what is needed. Thus, the root problem is a lack of conscious synthesis. Yet, there is hope, for this is exactly what is emerging in millions of people today regardless of party affiliation, and its foundation is far more secure. It is the great awakening you mentioned."

Harriet excitedly cut in, "You should be president!"

"No, I'm just another voice. To follow me would be to give your power to someone else to use. It is you that must hold your power and put it to positive use.

As our self awareness, knowledge, and understanding increases we recognize those thoughts which lead us, and we see how those same thoughts turn into actions which leaders could use to fulfill *their* desires. We should be able to see those patterns within ourselves, for if we don't, we will continue to follow a downward spiral.

Everyone has been indoctrinated to a greater or lesser degree. Citizens have been offered a kind of unknowing brotherhood in the secret government, a separative calling some call service or friendship, on top of a basic sustenance. All they have to do is to to become the organic robots of the military, the police and other uniformed personnel of any country. They are used to control those who get out of line, or stand for change. These are only the active robots. Not everyone has gone that far. Many are forced by financial need into the national guard for example. The majority simply fall prey to the passive

propaganda which tells them who the odd-balls are, the wackos, the violent who must be controlled. For most of society those who get out of line are simply ridiculed back into place. The military and police are reserved for those who actually do get out of line. The unfortunate part is that now it is a crime to think independently, especially if it threatens or negates the official line.

For older folks, the danger is not just that as followers we emulate, but rather find certain of those concepts appealing, unthinkingly calling them tradition, loyalty or patriotism. They are like familiar guideposts. In short, almost everyone has bought into the system and accept its implications. We may not like them, but we know them, and like a soft well-loved security blanket, we ignore the resulting chaos as long as we are not affected. Fortunately, there are many young people who see the system for what it is and its dark roots."

Neither John nor Harriet responded, but looked at me in a confused manner. I should have seen the internal conflicts going on, but decided to carry the idea to the next level.

"Some of us may have a propensity to be a bully, to dominate, to be an actor, to have simplistic ideas, or to inspire. Thus, external leaders may become dictators, demagogues, mirrors of populism, or teachers. We may act to divide in order to control, eliminate competition, go with the flow of popular opinion, or demonstrate values in life by living the example."

I stopped there for a second because this may have taken them too far too fast. I needed to somehow get them involved again, so I asked them, "Do you recognize those different qualities within your own mind? If you do, then you must make the conscious choice to choose the highest you can." They were remaining silent, just staring at me. I hoped their gears were still turning, so I continued.

"If you do, then you are ready for the next step. The realization that you are capable of enlightened, kind, compassionate thought and action without others telling you what, why, and how to think and act. It is only then the Love

within you can be manifest. Let *us* look to our future rebuilding upon a greater synthesis."

John and Harriet continued sitting there staring at me like I was an alien, which one could say I was. Perhaps this was too much, though I had barely scratched the surface of spirituality. Evidently they had not considered becoming introspective to this level. They obviously had not realized they were more than their bodies and personalities. That made them think of religion. Their calling themselves Christians was an opening which could be used to ask how a true Christian should live; however, I decided to weather the uncomfortable silence and wait for one of them to speak. John spoke up first.

"I don't want to be a president, but I do want one who will be fair and just. That's why we voted for Trump. We thought he would be fair, or at least bring the whole thing down."

"Trump knows all about the secret government, for he is part of it, even if unconsciously, and he is playing his part perfectly."

They looked shocked, but now was not the time to back off. There has been great emphasis upon the destruction of child pornography and sex rings. It captured the interest of all of his followers, for who could deny the importance of cleaning up that mess? There has been news claiming progress in that area, but it has kept the mind focused upon that particular minor element as their agenda progresses in a far larger, global scale. Further, they are absolutely ruthless. If anyone screws up in the secret government, even management, they are eliminated. Just ask Jeff Epstein. Besides, how do you know he was not set up to take this fall?

One can always spot the dark lords of management, for they always create chaos, just as Trump is doing. Engineered chaos becomes the perceived problem, and the prepared solution waits in the wings. That solution may be the election of a democrat who further clamps down on the rights of the people. Their solutions are forming an ever tightening grip of the populace. The real hope are those who are waking up, especially

the youth. The systemic problems lie within the grasp of each of us, simply by rejection of the status quo and the adoption of responsibility. Some will say that he is destroying the secret government, and building a new society. I ask you to consider if that is possible at this time. Further, what do you see happening? Is it the destruction of control or rather the enslavement of humanity through fear?" Consider the case of Millie Weaver who was going to put out a documentary called Shadow Gate which outlined the artificial intelligence program on the net that gathers every bit of information on every person on the internet. It then allows the controllers to feed people news and other blogs telling them exactly what fits their profile, what they expect. When I had a right wing individual tell me this, they said it was feeding the stupid BLM (Black Lies Matter) people Marxism and socialism. They may be right, but what they refuse to see is that it is also feeding the right wing glorification of Adolph Hitler and the dictatorial right. What do you think going to happen? They remained silent.

"Unfortunately, and more to the point, most humans are generally a willing populace. Because of their rigid stance as to *being* their body and personality with only one life to live, they have sold their mind and body to the highest bidder, joining the forces of darkness as willing sacrifices. Thus the puppet masters can simply order them to kill or enforce economic ruin, all without the dark master's actual responsibility. What happens to the minds of those being led? Is there understanding, compassion or love? For the present majority, nothing happens. Those qualities are left to evaporate in the chaos of the mind.

To recognize why we are attracted to leaders we must again follow our own thoughts. Do you see how the anger you felt helped you vote for someone who seemed to mirror that feeling? You thought he would at least bring the whole thing down. You, and many others, internally want this whole system to collapse, for intuitively you recognize the system as a series of blockages. From a more spiritual perspective, it is. To remove the blockages, become free and sovereign, we must evolve our

own consciousness first. As Jesus said,'Take the beam out of your own eye.' Otherwise, we become simply destructive puppets in the game. The desire for destruction belongs to the spirit of hatred, not Love."

At this point, the server, who was also the same young guy who took our order walked over from behind the counter. He wore a red T-shirt emblazoned with a blue peace sign, and was carrying one of those glass pitchers that fit under a coffee machine. It was mostly full. It must have been hot as he held it with one end of a white towel tucked into his jeans.

"Everything OK? Anyone want a refill?"

I responded,"No, thank you. Everything is fine."

I glanced around the room. So far, only two other people had walked in. They both sat up at the counter and had ordered coffee. I wondered if our conversation was their entertainment. I hoped so.

He addressed Harriet and John, "Do you folks want a refill?"

Both John and Harriet had theirs refilled, and John asked for some cream too. I was not used to the caffeine, and realized I had been going on and on, perhaps to their dismay. I needed to calm my personality down. After he had walked away I turned back to John.

"To finish up, I want to say that we see and understand everything outside of ourselves because each and every one of those qualities is already within us. At the moment, we are loaded with the meanings society gave us. The external human society tends to favor certain impulses which may be as benign as following our taste buds to chocolate, or as damaging as following our insecurities into heroin addiction. Let me give you an example of how this is used against you.

In the name of security, your own security has been *eliminated* every time you go through a security screening at an airport or government building. Further, you are thus deemed guilty until proven innocent. Both of these examples are directly opposite the freedoms in the constitution. Some states have

already passed a law requiring a special ID which you must have in order to fly on an airline. You think this is valid because they have infused you with fear, and you have accepted it. Security is the cover for another, deeper agenda, the willing control of citizens. This is one reason why the news is filled with disaster and pandemics.

The stories we resonate to and believe reflect our learning, the instruction given us by the puppet masters. Most people never think about the fact that the information gleaned by the government not only gives them an edge in knowing who you are, but also becomes a tool in excluding those who are not willing to follow the party line. This heartless stance is not who we are, and many people are waking up to that fact. If you look within yourself, really look deeply, you will see those parts of you that have been negatively impacted. They show up when you become frightened, anxious or even irritable. They act to make your thoughts rigid and inflexible, basically unloving. The test of real morality is seen in moments of stress. In reality, you are a spiritual being, a child of First Source, God. That is what we need to be focusing upon, for if we truly did, these human problems would dissolve."

Harriet was looking thoughtful, and I was tired of pontificating. So, I kept my mouth shut and waited. It was Harriet who broke the silence. She turned to John, "We never went to church much, did we?"

He just nodded no, so she continued addressing the next question to me. "Is it important to go to church?"

All I could do is to smile at her, for such basic understandings should really come from within. Yet, she was asking, and one's duty is to serve. "Going to some church is not the important factor here. *It is most important to discern if we resonate to fear or to Love.* Only through introspection may we discover what impulses drive us, and only then may we act with a conscious intent. This human experience could be distilled to a single question. Are we, through our words and actions going to choose to be negative or positive? Are focused upon God, or our

little human travails? Do we choose Love or fear?"

The atmosphere went quiet for a minute. Yet, I realized they did not want to leave. We sat in silence for a brief moment. It was clear that their gears were turning, and the right moment was approaching, but they were the ones who had to initiate it. I knew the question was coming, so kept quiet.

"OK, if what you say is true, then what are we to do?"

"I, nor anyone else, can answer for you. You are the one that must look into your own mirror. You are the one who has to decide. Letting me tell you what to do, leaders tell you what to do, or the media or corporations tell you what to think or desire is not shouldering your own responsibility much less living one's highest ideal. Besides, those things simply limit your freedoms and your ability to choose." I paused, and added, " Meditation helps us do that wisely."

* * *

"Well, Lila, are you studying your bible?" Father Joe sat behind his heavy, carved wooden desk. His elaborately carved, high backed chair padded in soft black leather was designed to be taller than any other chair in the room, especially the two more common old wooden chairs that were opposite him. One was empty and the other occupied by the new member, Lila.

"I'm reading it," was all she could muster. She kept her gaze downcast as she felt she was supposed to do.

"How far have you gotten into it?

"Only up to chapter seven of Genesis."

"That's not very much. Do you have any questions?"

" I don't understand a lot of what I read. It doesn't make sense."

Grabbing his handy bible, Father Joe asked,"Where does it not make sense?" He handed the bible over to Lila who took it hesitatingly.

She flipped to the beginning of Genesis and scanned the page. Almost immediately she saw verse 26, so she read it

aloud. "And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness." She stopped there. "If God is one being, then why did he write *our* image and *our* likeness?"

"Oh, that's of no importance, probably some error in translating the original into English."

"I've read that there were a race of giants called the sons of God, so maybe these giants were thought of as Gods and that's why they wrote that."

"No, no, no. You see, this is why it is necessary for educated priests to be out among the people. To set things straight. If we didn't do our job, people would have all sorts of strange thoughts like yours about the bible, and who could decide what was right or wrong? Let's try another part."

“I'm going to just continue at the same place I left off. "... And let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all of the earth..."

"And we do, don't we?" the priest interjected.

"Yes, we do, but it doesn't say we are to kill all of these things and eat them."

Father Joe crinkled his brow, and thought how this poor girl was already lost, but before he could speak, Lila continued on.

"It says just a little later that 'I have given you every herb bearing seed, which is upon the face of all the earth, and every tree, in which is the fruit of a tree yielding seed; to you it shall be for meat.' Doesn't that mean we should not be killing animals for food? Shouldn't we be eating nuts and the like? Besides being given dominion over all the animals doesn't mean we have been given a license to kill them and eat them does it? And the earth... shouldn't we be like caretakers, not greedy destroyers?"

Father Joe looked at her for a few seconds and said, "I tell you what. I want you to join the classes we have for the older children. I'm sure that by the time you finish them your questions will be answered." He picked up some papers and read down some list. "There will be a meeting of the outreach group

Wednesday night. I want you to come and present your case to them. You don't need to tell them what you felt forced to do, but instead present them with a list of your needs. I've got to deal with some other church matters now." He stood up. "We are really pleased you are coming to Mass on Sundays. Keep reading your bible, but don't be too concerned about those difficult spots. OK?"

With that he ushered Lila out the door which closed firmly behind her.

* * *

Back in the restaurant there was a short moment of silence, and then John turned to his wife and said, "We have to get out of Toledo. There is nothing here for us."

She replied, "I know, but what can we do? Where can we go?"

There was another short silence. He turned to me, "You have been so kind, and we really want to thank you for this good breakfast. What you are telling us rings true. I, for one, and I believe Harriet too, enjoyed our conversation. I feel I want to hear more, so maybe tonight we can meet down in our room and continue this." He looked at his watch. "Right now, though, I've got to get to the employment agency and see what's available."

Without missing a beat, Harriet turned to him and said, " Didn't you hear what you said just ten seconds ago? We gotta to get out of here."

John sat stunned at what just took place. He recognized his thought was scattered, torn apart by his habits and fears. He was not able to be present. There was a moment of silence and then he said,"I'm sorry, it was like I forgot."

At that point they started talking about their predicament as if I didn't exist, so I slowly played with and pretended to eat the invisible scraps of food while they talked about where they could go, what they could do, and how to pay for it. Finally, Harriet turned to me and again asked what I thought they should

do."

"Again, don't ask me to take the place of your own mind. It is good to have an overall plan, but only as a direction in which to go. Too many things happen in life where flexibility and a broad awareness are more important. First, stop thinking in generalities, and applying them to specifics. For example, if you say that you have experienced many politicians lying to get power and then ignoring their promises, is it logical to say all politicians are liars? Wouldn't it be better to ask what foundational thought should appear in this political reality? What is the basis of the emerging synthesis? If you want my answer read First Corinthians, chapter 13.

'Love is patient; Love is kind; Love is not envious or boastful or arrogant or rude. It does not insist on its own way; it is not irritable or resentful; it does not rejoice in wrongdoing, but rejoices in the truth. It bears all things, believes all things, hopes all things, endures all things. Love never fails.' This is the foundation upon which we should build. None of us are living everything that this verse implies, but we must begin...now. Second, stop acting on generalities. If you believe politicians are bad, then perhaps you should run for office. Maybe you *are* morally superior."

I wish I had not spoken the last sentence. It tended to support separative thought, and harshly threw the burden right back on them. Like many Christians, it was clear they felt themselves miserable sinners. Was I reaching them? Fortunately, Harriet changed the topic. "Where are you headed ?"

I did not elaborate and did not answer their question as to my next stop. The lessons they needed had to be learned through the school of life. They were again trying to lean on me for their direction. It is the same for the majority of humanity. Rather than rely upon the higher part of themselves, they search and hope for some savior to do the work for them, be it a Jesus, a Krishna, Buddha, or the Galactic Federation. If humanity can not break this cycle of laziness, pain will ultimately drive them to find another path, for Mother Earth is starting to rise and

shake off the human virus. All of a sudden Sura 80 from the Koran entered my mind, "Man destroys himself: how stubbornly does he deny the truth."

All I felt at this point was the desire to be quiet, for this body to be immersed in healing Nature. I pushed away from the table. It was time to say good-by. I thanked them for their help, but told them I needed to go to my next appointment.

Chapter IX

Onward

As I left the city, I could feel the despair and darkness dissipate with every mile. I liked to drive slowly, as there was no need for speed. I could drive fast, very fast, but what was the point? People around the cities seemed to forget common decency on the interstates where many would cut into traffic and zoom around anyone driving the speed limit. So, I became accustomed to meandering down country back roads. Besides, they were almost always more attractive.

The next couple of days I slowly drove towards the southwest trying to camp in whatever empty land was found along the way. Usually, I had to find a developed campground, for fences were jealousy guarded in practically every open scrap of land. Possessiveness is a major stumbling block for many. On the other hand, people should be more responsible with their own behavior. Thus, a greater, more inclusive responsibility must take precedence before communal ownership could become a working reality.

There is almost no camping space in the Midwest, so my new path led somewhat southeast towards the Appalachians. In the many stops made for food, gas or simply rest from driving, there were moments where a connection was made to average citizens throughout the earth. By far, most of them were experiences similar to my meeting with John and Harriet. The majority were not caught up in the conspiracies, rather they were so engrossed in their own life, with TV and the absorption of the mainstream thought handed them by the media, their thoughts need not be recorded.

Most were kind and generous people. If the machinations of the dark lords were removed, humanity would blossom into the bright flowers of wisdom instead of now being cut off as

buds. I kept thinking about John and Harriet. They, like so many gullible others, both Republican and Democrat, have stopped judging each idea by comparing the pros and cons, and instead have chosen a side, making every other position wrong. They refuse to realize their own minds are then controlled by those feeding them chosen information. The real question is why they allow this skewing to take place. Those few humans who have awakened enough to compare wisely and, more importantly, to demonstrate the unity of greater love and freedom will probably be hunted down and isolated, but since life is eternal they will find a way to exist in the relative freedom of the mental plane until humanity wakes up, and the dark lords are healed or at least removed from power.

It is not that humanity holds the same political, social, or cultural views, but rather they are so immersed in their human life there appears no glimmer of expansive thought, no real dedication to live idealistically. The most difficult of spiritual activities is the changing of one's own attitudes and beliefs to a positive outpouring of innate divine gifts. Humanity lives under a thick blanket of sensory inputs, forcing a myopic vision focused upon their lower self. Occasional glimmers of light penetrated, but there is little impetus to throw the blanket off.

After a week of wandering I ended up in Tennessee, continuing southeast. Spring was beginning to be felt in these lower latitudes. Since the vehicle that Fred Johnson owned was an older Ford Explorer, I just pushed some of the boxes to the side, put down the back seat, and relaxed this body on an old mattress. A few worn blankets from a thrift shop and one old blue sleeping bag kept me warm. Sometimes, a small fire near the car warmed the food, and my feet before turning in.

There is great freedom traveling without schedules. One's mind more completely attunes itself to the environment, and Earth's environment is not only beautiful, but also well attuned to human development. The countryside is especially beautiful along many of the lesser roads, and the spirit of Spring is now being reborn into the sleeping forms. It was time for humanity to

follow. Budding life, now partially hidden beneath the inhibiting snow is returning to conquer darkness, just as the emerging Aquarian energies are melting the brittle bonds of crystallizing Pisces. The further south and east I went the greener the land became. The brown, dead grass had fallen besides newer shoots, and bare bushes were starting to leaf out. Small farms with wooded hills left me thinking about the need for a less technological lifestyle, once more in touch with Nature. Little do humans realize the energy, the spiritual voltage being impelled into living form by the devas, the angels, and the spiritually advanced on their behalf. Human trash along the roads proved that point. Like babies, they were fouling their own bed.

The beauty of the land stood in bold contrast to the small towns of coal country, which all had a dark desolate depression hovering over them. I drove through towns with one or two gas stations and a block or two of old storefronts, a few garish McFood eateries, and a host of run down, sometimes vacant, buildings. Many old houses clustered around the town centers had runs of flaking paint or dilapidated stoops for porches. Run down trailer houses dominated the rural landscapes.

As I went further south, I recognized the depression as an actual heavy, grey atmosphere: the result of minds dominated by despair, escapism, and the other opioids of consciousness, another vicious downward spiral. They are the result of fear, not just a direct fear, but one built upon not only the lingering consciousness that created the slave south, but also a fear of change, a fear of inadequacy, of failure: not a failure of materialistic ambition, for there are many here who base their worth upon their possessions, but rather a failure of a broader moral courage and the fortitude to intelligently face a rapidly shifting foundation of beliefs.

In the South, the word tradition is often used to support the established cultural and social conditions, but no one down here takes the time to look at how this word has shaped them personally. For many it is a mixed bag of positive traditions, such as loyalty to family and nation. Yet, even these are

sometimes taken to negative extremes, like chauvinism. Other traditions such as white supremacy and rigid religious dogmatism, often hidden, are traditions just as ingrained. Many of those who don't openly support the latter still tolerate others who do. These unexamined, unchanging beliefs established patterns of religion and values all geared to maintain the old self, the status quo, a false foundation for the KKK and other right wing hate groups. As an example, many within the right wing of political thought believe slavery was never the cause of the civil war. Instead, they point to unfair tariffs and taxes imposed by the North, and they can back up the fact with quotes from Lincoln. They ignore the growing abolitionist movement of the time. Why? Because their left brained assessment of reality does not include the same degree of compassion and empathy as those on the left. On the other hand, in 2020, many left leaning liberals ignore those taxes and only refer to slavery as the cause of the civil war. Both sides support their beliefs by ignoring the whole complicated picture and portray a simplistic portrait of the situation. If a generality had to be expressed regarding the civil war, one could say the economic inequalities became eclipsed by the growing recognition of a higher moral stance culminating with the end of legal slavery.

The few individuals trying to break out of those ingrained patterns push hard through the inertia, but the task requires a geat deal of perseverance. Many growing up in such an environment usually give up and turn on the TV, but the tide is turning, and those who hold to the old south are screaming and fighting as their perceived world collapses. As a generality, the people on the political right seem to be more aggressive in their stance, more ‘do it my way or else/’

Those whose vision is geared to creating a stable and equable world are being labeled everything from radical terrorists to communists. If humans would simply come together, and step out of their fear based mind the world would change overnight. It made me think of the over-whelming power of the masses of people in China. They could easily be free to

explore infinite varieties of freedom, yet most are willing to be told what to do, where to go, and live their short lives within the walls of pre-screened thought handed to them by their own set of puppet masters. This is the path that the U.S. and much of the world is apparently on. The problems are systemic, but the ultimate solution lies first with the individual. All that needs to be done is to accept the responsibility of being homo sapiens, a man of wisdom. Yet freedom, especially mental freedom, is exactly what is being slowly and carefully removed step by step as the mass media takes hold of their minds.

As I traveled the South, the signs of rigidity kept popping up in homage to tradition under the banner of family, friends, nation or state, perfect tools for the puppet masters, for who would dare to question traditional family values? The best example is religious dogmatism which dominates the thinking of the masses. Another example are confederate flags standing proudly as an emblem of unfettered individuality, of those lacking the wisdom of unity, but filled to overflowing with anger and fear. They think they are the rebels and they act the part, dragging chaos in their wake, but are blind as pawns in the game. The name of their illness is separation, perhaps the only true sin of consciousness.

These were not the only things noticed. Perhaps it was the depressing aura of the South, or maybe my higher self had still not fully engaged this body, but the negativity of this place was somehow finding foothold. I was falling into the same trap, becoming immersed in the endless fluctuations of mind focused on matter. Spiritually based physical and emotional sensitivity as well as intellectual acuity is a basic necessity. One of the problems is that each of those capabilities can run away with the human machine if allowed to, and I have been finding this mind being distracted by them. A certain self-discipline is necessary. Self discipline explains why thousands of us have overcome the coarser aspects of human living. Am I finding another, deeper, layer of the onion within myself, or is it Fred? Regardless of the problems, I must file a report.

Chapter X

Summary Report

It is for *you* this report is written, you and all of the other human inhabitants of the third dimension on the planet you call Earth. Of course, most people, and perhaps you, will ignore this report even if it is thoroughly read and understood. It may appear to be a fictional story. Yet, it is based upon deeper, often abstract, truths which some call intuition. If your heart knows something and you reject its advice because it creates fear, is inconvenient, or not in accordance with your human plans, then you are being willfully ignorant, ignore-ance. Nonetheless, the people of Earth, you included, are the ones which will be affected the most if anything near what I suggest will be implemented.

Why do I have the right to suggest anything? The answer is a part of this story. The kicker to all of this is the fact you and I are really in the same boat. We are all part of the One energy that animates this universe. The only reason I can write about ignorance is the fact that I know what ignorance is. This does not mean I am perfect, for in truth there is no perfection, especially in the lower dimensions. There is only growth. I certainly made enough human mistakes to hammer real knowledge in, quite often the hard way. So, in a manner, I'm trying to help you bypass the pain and suffering to which ignorance leads. Of course, I can only point the way. It is you who must follow the path.

With the age of Aquarius dawning, a series of new, different energies was made available, and the 2012 date offered the possibility of humanity breaking free into the next higher vibrational level as the first tendrils of Aquarian influence reached humanity. Around 6 to 10 percent of Earth's population actually embraced the vibration and reshaped their lives. The

majority of these also responded to the earlier harmonic convergences. Another 20 to 60 percent felt the new energies, and in varying degrees broke free from a few of the imposed fears and mental restrictions. This was not enough as many soon slid back into the arms of inertia, not having adequate mental staying power, emotional positivism, or will. Yet, this larger group had internal realizations which started the breakdown of established cultural and social norms, but without the necessary structures being replaced with higher, more idealistic models. Why? The bulk of humans are lying to themselves, concocting pretenses and rationalizations allowing them to hold to past models.

For example, although many people are idealistic at the higher level, most operate their lives on the Machiavellian principle, 'The end justifies the means.' This is seen in all parts of life. In economic terms it becomes the right to act competitively using any means to out-perform a supposed rival. Additionally, the law of 'supply and demand' assumes people's self-centered nature. In political terms, even in the so-called democracies, the belief in each person's right to pursue their dreams has been eclipsed by a 'survival of the fittest' mentality, pursue your own dreams even at the expense of others, and that includes other countries. Believing in 'the greater good' humanity kills people and animals to test drugs, cosmetics, medical techniques and even attempt to gain knowledge.

Yet, the more equitable Aquarian energies are sweeping away the old patterns leaving humanity adrift in their old belief systems. This mass awakening of consciousness has taken the form of protest, against the richest 1%, against the many political machines dictatorial and otherwise, against the racial and ethnic prejudices, and against the limiting and bounded beliefs of religion and education. Yet, these individual uprisings have been mostly ignored by the masses or snuffed out. Remember, this report is dealing with human life, in form.

Humanity's disease is two-fold. They are unwilling to break out of the chains because of inculcated fear or simple

inertia (which many characterize as laziness), and they are assisted by the dark forces who control the economies and the mass media. Even if they see the chains and want to break free, most of them lack the self-discipline necessary.

Three examples of societal inaction should suffice. The first is the inability of the government in the U.S., theoretically under the direction of the bulk of the populace, to bring their economic house into order with balanced budgets, the national debt now being in the trillions of dollars and climbing. The U.S. is the world's largest user of natural resources, and if the whole world were to live at the same standard of living, four earths would be necessary. Everyone knows this, yet the few attempts to bring the party to an end fall on deaf ears. The second and third examples are global. No effective action has been forthcoming to reduce pollution or carbon emissions, to purify the earth. This, despite the knowledge and clear evidence, both are harming the entire planet and those upon it. The third problem is understood best with the fact that every major scientific breakthrough has been quickly weaponized including nuclear fission which alone has destroyed hundreds of thousands of innocent lives and still hangs over the head of all humanity. Any one of these problems may bring down the human house of cards. Yet, nothing of direct import is being done by governments although some farsighted individuals are moving forward in the face of governmental resistance.

Worse still, this disease is temporarily spreading. Dark lords of materialism, commonly called the 'one percent,' are increasing the electro-magnetic density of the atmosphere which is interfering with and absorbing higher inputs, as well as increasing their normal misinformation and fear while the Divine Plan has nevertheless remained consistent. Their latest effort is to install what is known as a 5-G network which is capable of instantly being used as a microwave weapon, surveillance or propaganda, all under their control.

The matter of this solar system was intended to evolve normally, in multidimensional ways as have the past systems,

expanding the frequency bandwidth of consciousness as it evolves. It is still attempting to do this. The puppet masters know this, and are already aware of humanity's multidimensional nature. They keep this material fragment, the human machine: body, emotions and lower mind separated from the higher, more spiritual components. They have done this by inserting their negative thought-forms into the shift between higher mental cognition and the human brain, thereby usurping the control of the human experience. Mind control is the human term used for this manipulation. Their overall technique is fundamentally based upon creating dualities which keeps the mind choosing sides, and seldom able to perceive the Loving, Holy, Unity that lies ahead. At the time of this report, they are the externalization of humanity's major stumbling blocks.

A rapid solution would obviously be to stop the dark lords from engaging with this planet, but that is not an option, for they provide the dark portion of the dualism found in this universe. They are like the resistance in electrical wires, and foster a resistive consciousness. Yet, they are as necessary as the white brotherhood. This is a free-will, open-ended universe and having choice is mandatory. Their inclusion in the activities of this planet act as a type of timer, a mechanism whereby humans finally evolve, usually through painful experience, to the point where they effectively grow through sensual, animal pleasures, materiality and ascend to fifth dimensional soul control. The concept is already known to many humans through the abstract understanding of religion, but concept alone will not carry one to the portals of the next plane. What is lacking is good will and discipline in action, both facets of a more inclusive Love.

Thus, if a rapid upward movement in consciousness is desired, I recommend that the gods of this solar system increase the present 3-D consciousness with more humans attuned to awareness of the higher aspects of Love, especially in the expression thereof. This is, of course, the major effort now being made. The next root race is already growing, the race of tan; however, as the rest of the solar system needs to immediately

advance, no more Earth time should be pressed into an effort to stop the rest of the solar system from shifting up. Under no circumstances should the bulk of unevolved, diseased, human consciousness be allowed to contaminate the next dimension more than it already is. The Will aspect of First Source should be brought to bear before that happens.

This universe is a free-will universe, and even at the human's highest level, the multi-I awareness, the bulk of present humanity is relatively unevolved in more absolute terms. Thus, this painful existence will have to be played out until the flowering of Aquarian energies about a thousand years from now. Those souls unable to accept the higher frequencies should quickly be moved to a new planet especially geared to handle those to whom service to self is paramount. Other, timid souls, geared to unquestioning obedience to detrimental orders might be considered as well.

Perhaps in another thousand earth years mankind will have learned to grow up. Since time is non existent in higher realms, the development and destruction of self-centeredness may be a necessary aspect of the Creator's universal thought-form coming out to be healed; those negative parts being presently imperative in a dualistic universe and forming the present test. If so, then the transmutation of human consciousness will take place in the future of earth's time. In either event, until action is taken, humanity will continue at this point in time and space to move into ever more self-imposed suffering as past consciousness continues to crystalize.

For many humans, the present red herring resides in the thought that technology is the savior. It is a thought not worthy of a reply since technology is the means whereby this Earth and its inhabitants are literally being enslaved. The present deception being the increased frequencies of the global electronic internet. Of course most of us on this mission are attempting to wake them up, and it may yet occur before humans are completely cyborgs. Each of us is doing our part, and no matter how small a piece of consciousness we may be, it does affect the whole.

However, it appears that even knowing of the conspiracies creates further chaos as few, if any, humans realize themselves as divine and are able to detach from the negative aspects of the manipulations.

Last, one has to put a human face on this report, a personal stamp of recognition including the shortcomings of one observer. This observer feels the need to express a more human perspective. How can one explain the nature of one's small, apparently insignificant third dimensional existence in simple terms? You can't, because it is only more fully grocked within its true context of Being, a context so large no average human mind will be able to understand it except in intellectual, conceptual terms, and even that is part of an infinitely larger and unbelievably complex web of consciousness leading all the way to First Source. When a human grocks their immediate place in time and space, they are faced with the task of putting that fragment into context within an infinite open-ended puzzle. Then, of course, they find all they ever thought they knew had to be completely revamped in order to even contemplate a tiny portion of a small part of... What? The Absolute is beyond the capability of the present human mind. Can any human even fathom the multidimensional breadth and depth of this universe alone, not to mention the multiverse?

Having written all of this, it is imperative that the reader also recognize that being in form the author has, from a higher perspective, committed a grave error. In order to understand the error, it is important that you ask yourself, "How do I view the world?" What *should* it look like? Answer that question before continuing.

As you answer that question what you are doing is looking upon what is inside yourself, for it is very difficult as a human to not formulate a mental picture of your own. Your vision is, hopefully, a very positive one. The chances are extremely high you are seeing the deficiencies of this reality as compared to your own idealized picture. At this point you have to ask yourself, "What needs to be done? Please, realize what

you have just discovered is a form of trying to control this world yourself, all from the perspective of an isolated individual. When that happens you see yourself and can not see the Love which animates All. Can you then understand the requirement to release the lower self, the human ego, and join other consciousnesses?

Many bodies and fragments of Mind are needed to get a more complete picture. It is one thing to stand back in a detached manner, intellectually, and watch the whole, and quite another to be involved within the torrid, toxic sphere of consciousness making up this fragment. True understanding only comes through living it. Thus, we must look separately at the human emotional component as well.

If one were to look at mankind as a normal human just standing in front of you, you might see two eyes that were taking in an objective world with all of its nuances, all the Light-filled potential as well as apparently indiscriminate, brutal devastation. Yet, behind that mask the bulk of mankind is crying because all of this chaos has had, and is having, an effect. I have had to objectively determine if the flotsam and jetsam of humanity is acting to enhance or at least preserve an island of spiritual consciousness.

From a higher vantage point, Divine Love is controlling life and all outer events. Thus, it is entirely possible that what most people see as destruction and pain is nothing but the Presence of Love being made manifest. That this is not understood is very clear. Since the majority of the inhabitants believe that their bodies are their only expression one would think there would be a greater effort to preserve their form or at least the form of a healthy planet upon which they depend. Alas, for the majority, that is not the case except in empty words.

The sanctity and purity of Earth's precious soils, water and air are allowed to become just more commodities to be manipulated for the benefit of the few. The euphemism of development has replaced the actual destruction that is occurring, and humans let it continue. As for their own human

forms, just read their news. Look at those who are economically depressed, the throwaways of a disposable society. Paradoxically, because they are poor and abused, it is often they who have a developing sense of morality, and consequently, heart. Despite the leadership's self-centered obstruction and destruction, the bulk of humanity knows in their heart the mistake they are making. The bulk of humanity has a sound heart, and all they need is real leadership, spiritual leadership. Yet, the last Avatar was generally ignored. Instead, sociopaths become political leaders, and though often quite intelligent, work only for themselves. They do not even fall into the same category as the bulk of humanity as their hearts, if extant, are completely unevolved, being in the thrall of the materialistic forces.

In every sense of the word, mankind is crying, because the majority know the beauty of even this dimension is not comprehended or treated adequately. A smaller group is additionally crying for the lack of the global leadership's will, and personally crying for the joy of experiencing the richness, the overflowing effulgence, the ever changing details of earth's beauty. Yet, many humans think they have to turn their minds away from thoughts of sharing earth's bounty and beauty just to survive (a successful project of the dark lords). The contrast of Nature's glorious gift with man's indifferent, self-centered response is not a positive comparison. Many humans exchange exquisite beauty for more plastic junk, and often kill each other just to claim it. Other inhabitants believe that to survive, Nature's precious gifts must be torn to shreds to provide ever more roadways, more strip malls and throwaway plastic for their insatiable desires (uncontrolled desire being another successful project of the dark lords).

Some humans are praying for mankind, and for themselves as a part of humanity forced to behave as automatons. At he same time they are crying internally for all those locked in decisions, patterns established not just by earning a living, by embracing the culture and society, but by the

very matter in which they find their third dimensional consciousness. Those who are more aware are crying with gratitude for every step that humans take to break out of the imposed limitations, every step of self discipline freeing them from bonds imposed by a barbaric consciousness. Some are crying because no matter what form humans may choose, it is one that carries its own inherent limitations. Those even more awakened are pleading for the infinite everlasting Love, extant everywhere, to be made completely manifest. Sometimes even this group becomes despondent because Love's shadow, agape, is warped into passion by humans.

This report is now complete. It may be viewed as cynical because it was created within a human cynical world. Yet, the potential remains positive. Love will prevail! It ends with a recommendation to send the less advanced humanity to a less evolved planet for future development. This should allow the remaining people of this Earth to more quickly evolve, and Earth join her sisters in making the step into the next higher dimension.

Chapter XI

Report Completed

To put it in human terms, as the Earth itself is also a multidimensional entity, the physical human sharing its dense third dimensional space, much will have to be sorted out. Those who will remain through the turmoil of the transition will wade through the many karmic liabilities being set in motion now. Many unawakened minds are refusing to accept even personal responsibility. Seen from a higher perspective, people will be occupying a time and space when the human consciousness will have to learn it is creating the physical outer expression. and do so responsibly. In other words, grow up. Do not forget, thoughts are things, and emotions create experiences.

With as much positive wisdom within the collective human psyche, the most encompassing Love we can project, and persistent, diligent endeavor, people may mitigate the worst of it both individually and globally. As always, it is in our hands.

As for me, it is necessary to contemplate my next shift, one that, hopefully, shall have me recover what had been left in higher consciousness. Yet, something in thought seems to wedge itself between my mind and this brain which seems to have its own agenda. Having adopted a body, it appears as if a part of Fred's old mind remains attached. Many of us observers have already had enough of the third dimensional experience. Yet, decisions must be made. For some reason, every time a decision of consequence needs to be made, I find myself torn between the human and the spiritual. I must think in broader terms and plan a human future in case something has gone wrong. (Although from a higher perspective, nothing is ever wrong regardless of the illusion in which one finds himself).

My mind seems to lose its focus as observer. There is a part of me that attaches itself like a magnet to the rigidity and

narrow mindedness of these people. I should really leave the South lest the grey aura suck me down. At least I am able to see this happening in myself. Perhaps it is some sort of vibration caused by my entering earth through Fred. As an exclamation point to this thought, I realized I was thinking about Fred and his experiences. Now, the very fact that this was in my thinking created the realization that there were other times when this mind became attached. I had just not noticed them. It is this intermittent lack of awareness that is troubling. This concern has to be meditated upon.

That night, after meditation, lying in the back of the car, I was able to send the people of earth heartfelt love and acceptance, not as Fred, but as the soul. A blanket of peace was temporarily restored, at least in my own consciousness. Thus, meditation fulfilled a basic part of its task. Persistence is necessary, for now this body appears to be on its own.

One has to continually remember this third dimension is nothing more than a rough-hewn outpost, a peculiar point in time and space. Yet, its effects are felt in other parts of the universe. This dimension is utilized for basic lessons, lessons which its inhabitants for the most part believe are fate, and in a warped sense they are, as karma still dominates. It is true that, "No man is an island," yet Life has a way of forcing individuals to live the values adopted. A transitory self-centeredness is their island, apparently the stage most third-dimensional humans personify and pass through. I choose not to follow this thought into this body's future, but rather offer my lower self, for as long as I have it, to try and express a higher vision. Just thinking along these lines seems to lessen my apparent attachment to the human mind of Fred.

Humanity was once aware of its own multidimensional natures, but the craftiness of the dark forces are closing off even the ability of most humans to recognize them. You don't believe me? Then ask yourself, is this just a science-fiction story, or does it ring true?

Book Two

Chapter XII

Advance in Revelation

Somewhere between light and dark,

Yesterday's despair and tomorrow's hope,

Now and infinity, lies our little lives.

Lost in likes and dislikes,

Gnawing anxiety and sublime elation,

Somewhere between ecstasy and torture.

After the original Fred shifted to the astral plane, he met his wife who had dropped her body earlier. The meeting took place in a beautiful wooded glen. He was as anxious as a schoolboy on a first date. She walked up to him, and they gave each other an affectionate kiss, but she turned her head so that his lips met her cheek. There was no passion. The relationship had changed. He could feel it, and a part of him died as another part watched.

He realized that life is change or stagnation. They each still had affection for the other, but life had moved on. Each person should change for the better, and yet each has to do this their own way. She had realized her cancer was the result of unhappiness and stress. No one dies without the higher mind's acquiesce. So, they sat down on a nearby bench and started talking. Later that day they parted again, still feeling love and affection, but no longer partners.

That was a turning point, for him. He devoted himself to

what at first he thought of as church, but quickly realized that instead the impetus was towards a much broader spirituality, one that did not preach anything but instead, taught one how to learn to control one's mind and emotions. He started attending spiritual lectures, classes and most importantly, found himself attracted to certain spiritually oriented people. He quickly learned they were not people in the normal sense of the word, but rather guides. He started gearing his time to being with them. He realized spirituality had to be a way of life. It was impartial, objective, and most of all Loving. He realized higher Love was a useless word for humans, too often used, too little felt, certainly not emotional, and too little understood.

Over time, his sincerity and effort gained him an experience of touching ***absolute Love***. Nothing could have prepared him for such an encounter. He did not know the experience was coming, nor did he knowingly prepare for it. It arrived in the middle of a mundane activity.

There is no way to explain the experience, despite it being very brief, for there are no words, feelings, human or astral experiences even remotely similar. He saw and felt his fifth dimensional soul, and it *was* Love, unconditional, fully flowing, without blemish. The encounter taught him no human consciousness knows what Absolute Love is. He came away with an overwhelming desire to touch it again, to be in its presence, and that steadily grew into a desire to merge with Love. He knew everyone would have to experience this. Every conscious experience was to be seen in its relationship to that Light. This comparison accentuated the gulf existing between the fragments of love and Absolute Love.

He knew one's life then becomes a series of efforts to bridge that gulf. Great courage is needed to even attempt to live a greater fraction of that Love. Yet, Fred was intent on accomplishing it. There was guilt he had to face, especially the guilt of being aloof from his family, and by extension, everyone he met. He realized his brother and his brother's family did not reject him. He had rejected them simply due to his own

insecurities. That is why he seldom went back to Modesto after Vietnam. His was an assumption of rejection which he now saw was a wall to hide behind.

Of course, other guys coming back felt more or less the same way, as none of them were hyped up as the conquering heroes as are those returning from the Middle East today. He thought of the misery of war, of Billy, of the body bags and would have rejected the hype anyway. It is nothing more than propaganda meant to keep war palatable to the masses. How could any of this have happened? It wouldn't have if Love had been known.

A gnawing impulse grew within him. He needed to remedy the damage of exclusion, especially to his family. He knew his was a mental malady reflecting on his emotional body. Thus, he countered every memory of pain and abuse with the knowledge that people who did bad things were asking for help in the only way they could. From that standpoint it was easy to forgive himself and others. He just needed to forgive himself first. There were many here ready to help him, and they gave that help selflessly and with Love.

* * *

Day after day of driving caused me to wish for exercise. A human body needs to move. Besides, I needed to clean out the car. So, I decided to spend a little money on a motel room. I could spend a day washing clothes, taking a warm shower, walk around, and leisurely eat a hot supper. Just the thought of these things made my body feel itchy, and anxious to get into a shower. The plan had worked as far as I knew, but no one had told me how to turn this experience off. There was no contact even from the fourth dimension. Why? Life is a group endeavor, and the other parts of me certainly know... Know what? Maybe something else is supposed to happen, but then they'd tell me... Right?

The weather had turned cool again, and a front had

moved in so the afternoon sun was obscured by a high layer of clouds. This mind had turned into putty. So, I shut it off by making the decision to stop driving.

I pulled into an older, but clean looking motel on the way to Moultrie, Georgia. This motel was not one of the modern, corporate run boxes, clean and sterile, but rather a leftover of the days when place had a character of its own. A single row of units set well back from the highway had their simple roof lines broken by the addition of a solid facade painted to resemble crenelated battlements of some mythical castle. An apparently round tower stood attached to the far end. A large office and apartment with its own taller tower stood guard at the other end near the drive. The architecture would have been garish, but somehow made me smile. The grey faux exterior was good contrast to the dark, leafy green of the oak trees. Those half comical features were not what made me pull into the motel's drive, but rather the giant oaks themselves.

A dozen large, mature oak trees were scattered between the motel and the highway. Giant trunks rose out of the earth and spread into expansive limbs intertwining into each other. It made me think of the interconnectedness of the universe. I could not judge their height because the limbs were weighted down with grey Spanish moss resembling hundreds of upside down Cypress knees which gently swayed in the breeze of the arriving front. The ambiance of the trees and bushes created a deep green park reminding me of the real charm of the old south. A picnic table stood empty under the trees. A vision of a joyful family summer outing with children running among the trees flew through my mind.

The motel clerk was a black lady in her fifties who evidently had been doing this for quite some time. No psychic was needed to tell she was tired of her life, but the bills had to be paid and her level of energy did not include breaking out of her self imposed circumstance. My heart wanted to brighten her day, but I was strangely at a loss for words.

The simple room was neat and clean, but despite the no

smoking sign the room had the odor of old smoke. Places like this were bulldozed into rubble to make room for the corporate boxes. I allowed my mind to wander on with the question of why so many people ignore the request to not smoke. The answer came immediately. On top of the addiction was a nervous habit, one that kept the fingers busy while providing a shield of detachment. It helped the mind avoid the anxiety of the present. Yes, smoking is an addiction, but the deeper addiction was to an anxious mind bathed in confusion and insecurity.

A soggy gray day greeted me when I got up. Looking out the room's glass window, I saw little need to start driving. This body was getting hungry, and I had left my sack of fruit in the car. I sauntered out into light rain, the small drops penetrating Fred's, or was it my thinning hair? As I was pulling the sack of fruit out, my higher self told me to go brighten the owner's day, so I took the sack and started walking over to the office. I was thinking of chatting about some of the sights around Moultrie when my mind froze with a vision.

A migrant shack, one used to house passing farm workers, came into focus. The land gently rose up behind it. Other shacks dotted the area. I didn't see it, but I knew there was an old unused railroad track behind them, and behind the railroad was an old brick school building off to the right. My vision suddenly snapped back to the front of the shack as a boy about 5 or 6 years old walked out the front door followed by his mom. His dad, carrying a BB gun, came out last. That boy was me, not the walk-in, but rather the boy whose body I had inherited. As the realization dawned upon my consciousness, my vision went inside his mind and I saw through his eyes.

The BB gun was a gift for my boy-self, but my father wanted it just as much. We were going out to the woods to shoot it, and Mom was just tagging along. We climbed into our old black Ford sedan and drove away. Fields and trees flowed past the backseat window where I sat until we turned down a rutted dirt lane. Pine trees grew in jumbles on each side of the red dirt road, and in a short while we parked in a wide open area around

an old wooden building painted white. It seemed to be a church. As we got out, I noticed that there were about four old and worn concrete steps leading up to double front doors with a cross over it.

I wanted to shoot, but before I did, my dad wanted to shoot, and he did, immediately shooting out two panes of glass in the old windows of the church. My mom ran up and grabbed the gun out of his hands. A terrible verbal fight ensued. I just stood watching. Mom took the BB gun and smashed it over and over into the concrete steps bending the barrel. I knew it was the end of that gun. The vision ended there, but the feeling of the event hung like a cloud over me. What was the meaning of this vision? I found myself back in adult Fred's body looking at the door to the office. I walked in, still puzzled.

The same office greeted me as yesterday; however, this time a door behind the desk was open and the lady I saw yesterday, considerably more positive, was sitting with her husband at a round table eating their breakfast in their manager's apartment. She got up and came to the desk where I told her I was from around here many years ago, and wanted to try and remember where things were. I offered her the sack of fruit, and we started chatting. Her demeanor changed when she heard that I had lived nearby, and with more than a show of gratitude, she invited me into their apartment and offered me a chair at the table. I accepted.

"Would you like some toast? We are just eating our breakfast before we have to start cleaning."

"Thank you. I'll eat a piece or two." I sat down and continued. "It was in the early 1950s, I think, when I partially grew up here."

"Oh? Well, we were growing up here then too," she said as she offered me a piece of toast on a plate. She pushed the butter dish towards me. "Would you like a cup of coffee too?" These folk were really nice. Their genuine smiles and generosity spoke to their simple openness. There seemed to be a genuine interest in what Fred had experienced. They trusted me. Perhaps,

that was due to their better skills in relating to other people than did John and Harriet. Trust was the difference. A voice in my head added,"Trust must be the foundation of human relationships if humans were to evolve."

All I said was,"Thank you, that would be very nice. It is so kind of you to invite me in like this. Do you treat all of your guests like this?"

"No, can't say we do," the husband answered. "Of course, there's not many folks that tell us they grew up here either. What did your dad do for a living back then? Did he work at the airbase?"

"Oh yeah, I think I remember that base." the wife offered. "They used to teach military guys how to fly, but that was a long time ago during the Korean war. They had airshows every now and then too, acrobatics and stuff, but we never got to go."

"Our family never went either." He kind of hung his head, and it became immediately clear that because he and his family were black they were excluded, not by law, but by the unwritten law of keep to yourself segregation.

It was at that moment I decided to tell them the vision. They were good people at heart, and though I did not want to upset them, it was clear that some karmic debt had to be at least exposed, or paid back.

"Listen, I just have to tell you something that happened when I was a child here."

The story spilled out just as I saw it. Their eyes were wide as I told them, but nothing was said, and no questions were asked. So I continued, "I simply have to make amends for what my father did back then. It was wrong then, and it is still wrong now. We all bleed red, and we are all God's children."

Tears started flowing down her cheeks, and the husband got up, grabbed a box of Kleenex from the front desk, offered her a Kleenex and gave her a hug.

As he sat back down, he said,"We went to that church back then. It's gone now, and we have a much nicer church. I don't remember ever seeing or hearing about someone shooting

out some windows." Still dabbing her eyes, she added, "Neither do I. We must have been too little to remember."

I looked at them objectively. The husband was a muscular black man with short white, curly hair. One could easily imagine him as a young man lifting heavy boxes with ease. Now some of that muscle was turning to fat, for he, like his wife were in their sixties and had settled down to run this motel. There had been pain in their life, but they were going to make a go of this motel. A part of me cheered them on, but before I could say anything the wife carried on.

"Back in those days we black folk all had the same church, and it was back in the pine woods off the highway, so it had to be the same place." I pulled my wallet out, and they saw what I was about to do, so the husband reached out, put his hand on mine holding the wallet, and stopped me, saying,"What happened was not your fault, and we forgive your dad. That is the only Christian thing to do."

"Yes, but you must realize how I feel. It is like a weight on my shoulders too. So, please accept this offering from me as a minuscule token for what he did. I'm not offering it to you personally, but to the church where you go now. All I ask is that you tell some of the older folks my story and tell them to send a prayer to my dad. Maybe they will find it in their hearts to forgive him too."His hand moved away, and he said,"Why don't you come on Sunday and give it to them yourself?

* * *

Lila heard the dried leaves whispering as they scuttled along the sidewalk. She was expected to go to this evening's church social, but she much rather have stayed in the shack. Petey was with the Padillas so at least he would be spared being around boring adults. She wore one of her two best church dresses, both bought from the local thrift shop. They were great bargains, and one may have even been new. It was coal grey, but the one she wore this evening was a deep blue. Wrapped in her

jacket, also from the thrift shop, she felt insulated from the cold wind.

Lila's prospects started out beautifully. The church provided her with enough money for food, and rent. On top of that, Petey got some leftover clothes. She was free of turning tricks for a living, but there were other costs.

If those costs had been Lila's own she would have been more resolved to weather it out; however, they started with Petey not able to find friends to play with in Sunday school. Whenever she called one of the other mothers, their children were always doing homework, going to visit their Aunt, or just plain busy. It didn't take long to recognize their intent. She felt obliged to attend those boring, pedantic and often uncomfortable bible studies as well as the church socials. Father Joe further insisted Petey come to catechism class. Even these would have been bearable if it weren't for the tendency of everyone from the priest down through the church secretary to tell her what to do and think. It boiled down to an awareness of the extent of social control and of the established pecking order within the church. Her place, as well as Petey's, was at the bottom. She recognized that in their mind accepting their help reflected her willingness to accept things as others presented them to her. It galled her for some reason, because she knew herself to be just as important as anyone else in the church.

This was the third social that Lila had come to. Socials were more of a public event than were the outreach meetings. She never told anyone but the priest about her secret life, but as she walked towards the church, she started having doubts about how well her secret was being kept. She could see the church up ahead, and knew there would be good things to eat.

Having finished setting up the social, Louise and Alisha were chatting as others arrived. The table was covered with a nice white table cloth which, in turn, was covered with colorful plates of finger food. Popping a Rondele covered cracker into her mouth, Louise was trying to impress Alisha with her knowledge of the new girl.

"Poor child."

"Poor Lila."

"She hasn't had an easy time of it, you know. Her husband left her destitute in that rubbish heap south of town."

"It's almost like she is cursed." With that statement Alisha picked up a radish cut to resemble a flower, crunched into it and added,"It takes more than youth and beauty..." At that instant the door opened and Lila walked in. They turned to look at her walking through the far door.

"Look at her, still trim. No wonder..." They both abruptly stopped their conversation as Lila headed directly for them.

"Hi ladies, I'm Lila. It's Alisha and Louise, isn't it?"
Alisha answered, "Yes, I'm Alisha and this is Louise here. We were just saying that we need to get some more napkins and plates for the table." They started walking off towards the kitchen, leaving Lila standing alone near the delicious looking finger food. She started to tell them that the table looked really nice, but they appeared to be engrossed in chatting as they moved away, so she turned and started helping herself.

There were a lot of interesting choices, and Lila was helping herself to seconds of miniature sandwiches with some fancy meat and mayo-mustard combination between tiny triangular pieces of rye bread without crust.

"Have you tried a fried cheese and potato crisp? It's crunchy on the outside and creamy in the middle."

She turned to see a big muscular man with a weathered, tanned face smiling at her. She knew instinctively that his handshake would be strong and firm, but what captured her was his deep blue-green eyes.

"I'm Charles," he said propelling her to respond with her name, but her throat seemed tight, and she was barely able to mutter, "I'm Lila."

"Pleased to meet you. Are you a local? I mean, do you go regularly to this church?"

"Well, I've just recently started coming."

"I don't normally attend church, and was invited to this

tonight by a friend." He looked around the room, and continued, "I'm glad to see such youthful and beautiful people here. I was expecting a boring meeting."

Lila was nonplussed with such an unimaginative pick-up line so she responded flatly, "That's because you haven't been to these before. The people are mostly church members, but others come too. I'm sure they want to increase church membership."

He smiled at her and added,"Well maybe I ought to come more often. After all, we live in the same area and should get to know each other more intimately."

Before she could say anything else, a tall thin woman walked up. Ignoring Lila, she spoke harshly, directly to Charles.

"See if you can hold yourself together." She glanced at Lila and continued, "and see if you can think about your wife and family for once."

Charles just smiled, looked at Lila and as he was being pulled away added, "She shouldn't keep her emotions so bottled up."

The woman grabbed his arm more forcefully, and jerked him away leaving Lila standing there alone again.

Conversations came and went with some of the other mothers and Lila, but were always superficial. Some errand or chore always took them elsewhere. On the other hand, the men seemed to take an interest in what she was saying, but only as long as their wives were busy elsewhere. Near the end of the evening she felt like an outcast and was certain her secret was out. She excused herself early.

The following week she had a meeting with the outreach board to assess her progress. She had not found another job, nor had she been adequately enthusiastic about her Bible study. She certainly asked too many questions. As far as she was concerned, the outreach board started sermonizing to her, ending with the implication that she have herself and Petey baptized in the church or the assistance would stop. Now, there was nothing inherently wrong in being baptized for Petey or herself, but this meeting was more of a grilling than assistance. She knew if she

accepted their terms, more demands would follow. The tenor of the entire situation didn't feel right. She told them she would think about it, took the next check and never returned. She let phone calls go to the answering machine.

* * *

The blacks in Moultrie had a nice church, a modest single story, newly painted building. It wasn't new, but it was clean and well kept. The service was anything but modest. Its outgoing music and enthusiasm was often loud and raucous. Their black heritage came rolling out in hand clapping, foot tapping gospel music. I could not help but feel the release of woes and sadness in the sincere and emotionally honest performance of the musicians and the congregation. On the other hand, I had seen other performances of both white and black ministers and singers who, having the spotlight shine upon them, become self important, insincere caricatures of religiosity.

The sermon was about forgiveness, and it was appropriate, for the blacks, especially those who stayed in the south, were treated poorly, to say the least. The resurgence of the KKK and other white nationalists get the news along with those moments where the police or other officials lose their self control, but these days there is little overt public racism by the average white person. Instead, a more subtle, yet just as pervasive, attitude of separation is driving a new form of segregation, one where the races, on their own, mostly find company amongst those of their own color. The statistics regarding arrests and poverty are undeniable. Blacks suffer the most.

The preacher was finishing up his sermon when he stopped before the last song, and said, "Someone is here from out of state who wants to share his story with you. " He looked directly at me and said, "Fred, come on up here and tell us your story."

I was hoping for a simple meeting with him after the

service, but realized this as an opportunity. So, I nodded and walked up to the podium, turned and truly looked at these people. Their choice to incarnate as a black in the southern part of the US took courage. My heart started growing, swelling with the compassion I was feeling. It was being reflected back. Everyone appeared to be intently listening.

"As you all know, there is a racial divide in this country. It has been handed down to us by our forefathers, but it is we, ourselves, who have to deal with it here and now. Most of us are kind and forgiving just as your minister has been saying, but we have to realize that some of us are also angry; angry because the world doesn't seem to be going the way we want it to, and this anger does not know or care from which race you descended. Both whites and blacks can justify or rationalize violence and further injustices, and worse still, use those rationalizations to unleash other frustrations. We cannot let our frustrations or anger guide us. We have to move forward in Love and forgiveness in this world, right here and now, and that is why I'm here today."

At that point I told my story with a little more detail than I did at the motel. The story's moral was that violence was always counter productive. The congregation was silent and attentive. I did not mention the money I was going to give, but ended the talk with the request that they send a prayer not only to my father, but to all of those who through fear or anger cannot control their violent thoughts and consequent actions. As I finished there were a few 'amens' and a generous round of applause.

The end of the service brought many people wishing me well and offering their appreciation. Later, the minister humbly accepted the money I gave him, and said it would be used for upkeep of the building. Using the end of church as a springboard, I bid farewell to everyone including my motel hosts who had graciously let me stay an extra day free so I could attend their church. It was time to move on.

* * *

"Fred, we are glad to see you in class again, Sit down and join us. How are you adjusting to being here?"

Fred moved over to an empty spot. "This place and all of you are fantastic. It is everything one could want, except...well...I know there is more, a heaven to this heaven. If this place exists, then I want to go there too."

"You will, it just requires you to free yourself first, which is a good segue into the quote I was about to tell the class. The teacher adjusted her robes, and studied the group. "This quote is from the last human Avatar, Satya Sai Baba, who focused his work on and in India. 'When you are afraid of someone or something outside you, remind yourself that the fear is born, fed, and fertilized in your own mind and you can overcome it by denying it."

A female across from Fred raised her hand. "I tried that, but just by claiming something, even over and over, nothing seemed to happen. Why?"

"There are a couple of points that will explain this. First, focusing upon a problem, either individual or global creates a thought-form. That thought-form has its own life and quality, and because it is negative in nature (for after all, you were working on a problem for some reason) it starts to permeate your consciousness. It is the same thing as drug companies putting out advertisements where they list symptoms and problems, all the while telling you their drug will solve them. The symptoms permeate your own consciousness, and those subliminal perceptions alter the neurological pathways, which then alters the perceptions. This is why repetition is necessary for a 'big lie' to find a foothold. As the media keeps filling you with dire predictions you unconsciously adopt them. So, in some ways one actually instills and feeds the negativity even as the words disclaim it. To deny it is to not allow it fester in your mind. Replace it with what you do want. Envision what is desired, and drop focus upon the negativity. It also explains why people of a

like mindset find others in the area of a like mind. They reenforce each other.

The second point is understood by the fact that obstacles are given for you to overcome, not simply by parroting words, but by your actions in life. In the Christian Bible there is a statement in James 2:20, “Faith without works is dead.” In other words you must demonstrate what you understand to be the truth. Now, one could also use other words from the Bible like, “Trust in the Lord with all thine heart, and lean not upon your own understanding,” but in these cases you need to recognize who 'The Lord' is, for if you place 'The Lord' outside of yourself, then you could start worshiping false idols. Ask yourself, “Who is the Lord?”

Without warning Fred understood, and it hit him with such force that he almost screamed. He knew himself as a fragment of God, not his body, but his consciousness. The concept was whole and complete, but incapable of being understood without tearing it apart into words. His higher self was another, albeit larger, fragment of God, and the Path up was endless. To move up all he had to do was to identify with the higher part of himself. All That Is divided itself up into layers upon layers, not only vertically, but inward and outward at the same time, a unified, cooperative whole.

* * *

That afternoon, I was leisurely driving down a back road when a hitchhiker stuck his thumb out. There appeared nothing around but farms or ranches. His auric projection was one of relative innocence. I still could not see auras, and had accustomed myself to that fact. Yet, I was gaining confidence in feeling situations. This young man was tall and lanky, clean, in his early twenties, had a backpack on his shoulders and needed to go somewhere. How long he had been on the road was unclear, but he had on a pair of clean jeans and short sleeved shirt. I pulled over and saw him running to catch up with me. He

leaned over and spoke through the passenger window.

"Where are 'ya headed?"

"Where are you going?"

"God knows..."

"Well, get in, and let's figure it out."

He threw his backpack into the back, climbed in and made himself comfortable. I could only glance over at him as he talked, but he more or less kept looking over at me as I drove. I asked him why he seemed not to know where he was going.

"Do any of us ever know? I was in a relationship, and it just ended. That's all I can say. Now, I'm moving on."

"Where are you going to spend the night?"

"Oh, I'll just climb over some fence and sleep under the stars."

"What about food?"

"Well, there are little towns scattered between here and Florida. I'm sure I can get some work. At least enough to cover my food while I figure out what I'm going to do."

I didn't reply, but something told me he was religious. I thought about that perception for awhile. Finally, I said, "The universe is in God's hands, but we should not sit with our own hands folded, believing that the world does not need our help. Human effort is essential."

"Oh yeah, I agree. I plan on getting work and not being a burden on society."

He had misread my intent, and applied the statement wholly to himself and his own predicament. He must have thought I expected him to join the ranks of those who expect a welfare check. So, I added, "I was thinking about the part all of us must play to raise mankind up to the point where we can see what is going on around us, for if we can't do that, then we will be simply be under the control of whoever wants to control humanity."

All he said was, "Oh." So, I decided to hold off speaking about humanity's needs for a few moments, and try and come at it in another direction. We passed through the next little

settlement, but he told me to keep going. He wanted to put some miles between his last life and the next one. After a while I spoke up.

"What do you think about the world situation?"

"It's the pits."

"Why do you think everything is falling apart?"

" I dun'no." There was a silence for a few seconds while he collected his thoughts. He then continued. "The people in Washington don't know what life is like for the rest of us."

"Why do you think that is?" I replied.

"Because they are all rich and have everything they want."

"What if I told you they were really beholden to the people who are sending them to Congress."

"Yeah, and who are they?"

"The people with the real money, the owners of the corporations, the one percent."

"So what?"

"So, do you really think that the rich are sending them to Washington so as congressmen they can enact laws which are in the best interest of everybody..." I didn't wait for an answer before saying,"... Or do you think they want something for their money?"

"Well, its just human nature to want what you want."

"Did you ever stop and think that their desires are not in the best interest of everybody, but rather in their own best interest?"

There was silence as the fields and farms slid past. He finally replied, "Yeah, you're right." More silence ensued. Finally, he added, "That is why things are falling apart."

"You are on the right track, but did you ever consider just how far they will go to make the world into what they want?"

"What are you...some kind of conspiracy nut?"

"You might call me that, but have you ever considered how easy it is to label someone a conspiracy nut, and then forget the whole thing as if labeling them solved the problems? It

seems to give closure to the mind. By the way, did you know that the use of the word conspiracy regarding the things the government has been doing was coined by the CIA just to put a questionable label on people who see what is going on? Through the media they have also been able to label people 'crack-pots' and worse, just for not believing what they had been told."

He didn't say anything, so I continued. " I believe we each must use the strength and skill that God gave us, that he endowed us with, to help humanity. We have to proceed with the work to clear the minds of everyone of the dross and fear being pushed on us today. Of course, the responsibility of success is God's."

"Yeah, I see what you mean."

His response was positive enough for me to carry on. So, after more silence I added,"The beginning of my own realization that all was not right with government happened with my experiences in the military. I came to realize the military and police forces are here to primarily enforce orders and those orders were often contrary to doing good. I'm not just thinking about those devastating events like Baker Co. wiping out about 600 men, women, and children at My Lai. Indeed, orders more often are geared to supporting what is euphemistically called national interests."

I looked over at him. He was looking forward through the windshield, and he didn't seem to want to speak. Nevertheless, after a few seconds I continued.

"I then found examples where the government intentionally lied or misled the public. This goes way beyond telling those poor black folks in the 1930s that they were being given a treatment for syphilis when actually they were being inoculated with the disease in order to study it. Big, horrible lies, like the one where 'we were attacked in the gulf of Tonkin' in order to get us into the Vietnam war. Thousands upon thousands of people are dead as a result. Now, of course, since most of those leaders have passed on, the truth is relatively easy to find and have acknowledged. The same is true of going into Iraq since we

were told they had weapons of mass destruction. I quit the military, and hope those still in uniform to wake up and remember the oath to defend us against all foes both foreign *and domestic*."

He cut in, "I don't know anything about all that." I could feel some resistance to what I was saying.

"Well, maybe you are too young to remember those, but look them up. I'm not giving you anything that is not already known and available in the newspapers. Perhaps you remember what caused the government to start imposing restrictions on travel."

"Naw, I don't know about any of that either."

He seemed to be getting agitated, and I wondered why. It reminded me of John and Harriet. Was something wrong with my delivery? Maybe he was just too young, or too isolated. I decided to carry on, for every citizen should know what path they are being led down.

John and Harriet had a basic attitude. Everything they read or saw like the news, entertainment, even relationships were concentrated through their filter that 'proved' their beliefs. If kept up long enough, no evidence offered to them would be able to disprove it. It was just a matter of human until suspicion of others would grow into distrust of even those who were trying to help them. Then they and many others would be forced to live through the ensuing turmoil. I had to keep talking.

"A big shift in my thinking occurred with the destruction of the twin, World Trade Center towers in 2001. The official version is a deception, so easily seen as falsehood that I can not believe so many people bought into the big lie. Fact upon fact demonstrates the buildings were brought down intentionally, using thermite. Yes, planes hit the buildings as the excuse for the collapse, but no architect who values his integrity would claim those brought the towers down.

I looked over at him, but he was still staring out the windshield, doing his best to ignore me.

"Two facts stands out as proof. Three buildings, not two,

were taken down, and the last one, a mere 40 something stories, was never touched by the airplanes, *and* if you'd take the time to watch some of the reporting, the building was still standing behind one reporter even as she was saying that it too collapsed. Last, but not least, many testing labs, including the University of Alaska, *have* found the thermite on the beams that managed to escape being hauled away. Many people, maybe even you, would not even take the time to find out what thermite is, much less know it is an explosive designed to destroy metal structures.

"Listen mister, talking about this makes me uncomfortable."

"OK, but at least let me finish." I paused a few seconds. "Since that time many specific and general facts have arisen all pointing to the fact that the destruction was an inside job. On top of them I have personally seen a growth in the manipulation of news, often in how it is phrased, the terms used, and the avoidance of any real in depth discussion of what I would call the pros and cons. Now, when I watch or read the news, I look to see if it is written to create further separation, more polarization, or if it is simply giving all the facts. Further, I have seen not only a growth of immorality in entertainment, but also in education. This is by design as immorality goes hand in hand with manipulation."

"Gosh, mister, I don't even know if I want to think about what you said. It is too scary."

"Do you know what cognitive dissonance is?"

"Naw, never heard of it."

"It comes up when we are confronted with facts that seem to challenge what we have been told and accept as truth. What happens is that we get uncomfortable, and don't want to face them."

"Are you saying that is what is happening to me?" "Its a possibility."

" Listen mister, I said it is too scary to think about. So, let's drop it. OK?"

"Well, I understand, but if you don't stand up for truth, don't expect things to get better. Besides, I'm not telling you this to get

you to fear these people, but rather to simply wake up to their manipulation."

Silence ensued. My delivery was too harsh, too negative, too 'in your face' for this young man, indeed, for most people. I should have learned this from the lady in the astral plane. Still, my delivery was not the whole story. I had fallen prey to those unevolved portions of my psyche, or was it Fred's mind? In any event, my thoughts had been channeled into fear. Perhaps it was the fear of humanity and their mass consciousness. Perhaps it was a fear of humanity being further enslaved. On the other hand maybe humanity's consciousness needed to create this challenge, these fears, to provide a focus, a barrier, to be destroyed. I decided to say something positive.

"The solution to all of these problems lies not in attacking the one percent, but rather by loving everybody, doing good works, and expressing goodwill. I agree with you, let's change the topic."

"OK, but now you are talking about doing good things. I'm a Christian, and I follow Jesus."

"If you really follow Jesus, you'll look at this world more carefully. Spirituality seems separate from you, but look at the effects of what you've learned from Jesus. You can judge how much you've learned by examining the effect you bring to life around you. Are people waking up to the source of the problems when they are around you?"

At that point, I felt a shiver run down my spine, and the voice of my oversoul very clearly asked, "What does *your* presence bring to this young man?"

He obviously didn't hear the voice, but it certainly made me feel uncomfortable, for the question clearly showed my lack of true connection. What happened was a recapitulation of my conversation with John and Harriet, but with my own twist. My mind had been imprinted with all of their energy. It had been easy to see how their thoughts had been formed. What I had missed was how those beliefs had permeated my own mind as we talked. Their reality had become accepted and invisible to

my consciousness. Or was it Fred's consciousness? At any rate, all of this was human mind stuff to be sorted out by conflicting and confused human minds, a test in its own right.

What was I bringing? Was I creating more chaos? Just as my mind had been altered by their words, their ideas had been altered by my mind as I retold them. I kept my mouth shut for awhile. At the very least I should change topics. A few miles went by in silence. By then I had decided to try and shift my focus into a new channel. It is one thing to recognize when you are caught in a negative rut, but quite another to refocus your inner being on reflecting Love.

"I tell you what. It's getting near evening. I'll treat you to a supper in the next little town."

"OK. That's right neighborly of you."

The next town was a bit larger, and had a couple of fast food outlets, but something told me to choose a more standard restaurant. As we climbed out of the car, I noticed that a bible had fallen out of his pack.

"Is that your bible?"

"Yep."

I had one of those feelings that seemed to replace my seeing auras.

"Bring it in with you, I think it may have some instructions for you."

"You do?"

"Yes, I'm sure of it, so just trust me."

We went in and found a good table next to the front window. It had a view of main street. He set the bible down next to his place setting, and looked at me quizzically. He asked, "Are you a preacher?"

"No, I'm sorry to disappoint you, just someone who knows how to get information from the universe."

"Well, I'm game. Tell me how to do it."

"I will, as soon as we order." I could see the waitress walking over.

We both ordered simple meals. I could tell the sun was

near setting as an orangish glow reflected off of the building across the street.

"You know...evening is one of the times when it is easier to connect with spirit, so I feel confident you will find your direction. Now, the first thing to tell you is that before you try and divine the information you have to do two things. First, you have to have a clear idea of your question. You can't use an open ended question. It needs to be specific. Second, you have to choose the right book to ask. Not any old book will do. Your bible is best for a couple of reasons. First, it is yours, and you have a relationship to it. Second, and more importantly, it is a spiritual book. No one could easily get an answer worth having from reading pornography or other trashy material. The more spiritual a book is, the better your answer will be. Follow me so far?"

"Yep."

"OK. Now think of your question."

"Should I tell you?"

"No, it’s better to have your mind focusing on the question. My thoughts may cloud your thoughts. Besides, if you do come up with something, you should know it was you and not me that did it."

There was a moment of silence. I could hear glasses clinking and a soft conversation at a table near the door. Two men walked in and sat in the booth behind us.

"OK. Now what do I do?"

"Take the book into your hands and think about the question. You are literally asking God to help you through reading what you need."

He picked up the book, closed his eyes and sat still.

"Now open the book with the intent of letting it open to where you will be guided."

I could see his bible fell open to Psalms.

"What does it say?"

"Well, it came open to Psalms 23. This is a place I have read before."

"That's good. It should have more meaning for you then."

"It does, but not specifically. I want specifics."

"You are looking for specifics you will seldom find. What was your question?"

"I asked if I should try and find work here in this town."

"As far as I'm concerned, you got your answer. This is a positive response."

"It is?"

"Yes. What part of 'He maketh me to lie down in green pastures' do you not get? You can't expect to read something like. 'This is the place, go to the corner of 2nd and Pine street and find your fortune.' Those kind of answers have to come directly to you, directly to your mind, and that takes practice. This verse is letting you know you will find a good place in this town. This type of answer is general, for the specifics of the answer come with what you do with the information. For you to find some work, honestly ask yourself what skills you have, and then put your faith in what you just read."

"I'm a good carpenter. I learned by working on a crew building a number of homes up north. I also can do some concrete work, but all of that ended when I followed Jean down here, and now that has ended."

At that point two things happened. Our supper came, and as soon as it was set on the table, one of the men who had come after we arrived got up and walked over. He came right to the point.

"I heard what you just said. My name is Elliot, and I have a construction company that is looking for workers." He held out a card. "Here is my card. If you are interested, give me a call tomorrow."

With that he moved back and sat down with his friend. My young companion was almost in shock. All I said was "See what I mean?"

Before we left, he told Elliot that he was definitely going to work for him, whereupon Elliot told him where to be bright and early tomorrow morning as he would get picked up.

We both stayed in a nearby motel that night. I paid for his room and gave him fifty dollars to help him out even though I felt he had some money of his own.

* * *

The next day, I had not driven 50 miles before I was told to turn west. The voice was a simple, straight forward request, without a please, almost a command. It came through to my mind as if it were a direct line to the speaker, but it was not my oversoul. Florida was not that far away, and I had thought to go there, but when an announcement comes like that, you had better follow it. So, I turned west and later intersected Highway 84 towards Dothan, Alabama, but the highway was too busy for me, so I cut off near Brinson, and spent a quiet night in a park near the Alabama border next to the Chattahoochee River.

The next day I followed Florida Highway 2 westward without incident. There was no indication of what I should do, so I kept my car aimed westward. As usual, the following evening I left the highway to follow some side road. That road had other, even less traveled driveways and unknown roads leading back into the woods. I took one with the intent of camping on some deserted track.

The woods were dense, and more shrub-like. Driving down some dirt track it became ever narrower, and I was searching to find a place to turn around. Finally, I found a spot was barely wide enough. As I was attempting to turn around, I found myself staring down the barrel of an AR-15. The bearded man behind it looked as if he hadn't taken a shower in a month, and his clothes not been washed in two.

"What the fuck you doin'?" It was a question that really needed no answer, but I did.

"I'm trying to turn around. This road got too narrow."

"What the fuck you doin' on this road anyways?"

"I was looking for some place to camp."

"We don' want no god dammed Yankees down here. You spyin' on us?"

"Do I look like I'm spying? No, I'm just trying to find a place to camp."

"Well, there ain't one. Now git the hell outta here, and don' come back!"

I ended up heading north again, back to Highway 84 and spent money on a motel, for I didn't want a repeat of that evening's excitement. As I lay in bed, I thought about the paranoia of some of the people in the south, and their reliance on guns as the first answer to any dispute. Guns are the material manifestations of fear, pacifiers for the insecure and defiance in the face of change. Of course, there are other ways to inflame violence. I remember reading of a peaceful demonstration in Cortez, New Mexico where the angry menace the protesters by racing their jacked up pickups at the protesters, including young children, dumping their toxic fumes on them by coal-rolling their diesels.

From watching the news, it appears people of like mind are starting to come together in conclaves. Extreme conservatives have formed two major pockets in the U.S., one centered around Idaho and Montana in the northwest, and the other in the deep south. Connecting these is what is known as the Bible Belt, a misnomer if there ever was one, for their reliance on weapons far exceeds their reliance on God. Further, those areas are fertile ground for fostering violent bigotry and hate.

A couple of days later, and before leaving Alabama, I found an overnight camping spot right off the highway near the Coffeeville reservoir. I went up about a 20 foot embankment on a power line maintenance road, and was able to stop in a muddy but cleared area not far off the highway. A few bushes and small trees shielded me from the highway. I found out early next morning I had stopped in a staging area for hunters. A gate into private hunting property was close by, and a bunch of young, noisy guys pulled up to it about 5 AM. Not long after I heard

shots. Thus awakened, I left earlier than normal. Later that day Highway 84 merged with a NE-SW freeway going through Laurel, Mississippi, and I got another dose of noise and hectic life as I decided to follow the signs rather than worm my way through the dense areas around the town. Later, when the congestion cleared, some of Highway 84 was four-lane which was nice as faster cars could easily pass me, so I continued along it.

It took me a long week to get across Alabama, Mississippi, and Louisiana. I was chased off of more camping spots than I care to think about, and although not all of the people were as bad as that first one in Alabama, those who chased me off weren't kind. Whatever feelings I had about the deep south and its grey aura were doubled in these states. It was more of a black aura, one that was shot through with the red of anger. Worse, those who were carrying this black aura were becoming more rigid and inflexible as the descendants of the slaves gained more stature. This is not to say all of the blacks were hospitable either. Some carried gigantic chips on their shoulders, and were curt when I asked them directions. This experience was reinforcing my report, and I wondered how far west I had to go before whatever was supposed to happen, would happen.

The eastern part of Texas was green, but as the days and miles slid by, browns started to dominate the scenery. It was an early afternoon when I heard the same voice tell me to turn south. So, the next asphalt road south shifted my route away from the flow westward. About two hours later a small town appeared in the heat waves off the pavement. There was nothing to denote the town as special in any sense of the word.

I was just on the verge of departing the other end when a voice said,"Turn in here." A dilapidated motel sign told me it was the "Destination Inn." I thought this was an example of someone's joke, for at the same time the voice said, "This is your destination." Learning to follow the voice of one's higher self is a necessity, if that is who the voice is, but at times, especially

when one is learning, the mind really can't figure out what is going on, and this is perplexing.

The walls were white once upon a time, but now were kind of a tan color, the color of the dusty soil. The walls became even darker closer to the ground where they simply blended into the earth. Of course, a lot of the paint had since disappeared, and the parking lot was nothing more than a strip of barren soil the color of the dust on the walls. A few old cars sat in front of a long, low row of square, squat shacks connected by what used to be carports, but now were mostly storage sheds of full of junk. There were about half dozen children running up and down the lot playing. This was not a normal motel although the sign seemed to indicate it. Rather it was low-income housing, really low-income.

Because I was now inhabiting a body appropriate to this time period, a wave of repulsion was noted. My body did not want to be here, and a part of my mind did not want to be here, but I was overriding them. A lot of people seem to ignore the fact this world is built with duality in mind. They have forgotten that good is only good in contrast with bad. Very few have realized both the good and the bad form a united whole. Thus, the majority scramble all over each other in an effort to experience the good while escaping the bad. All of it has to be accepted, none repulsed. Thus, the repulsion was noted and released.

What is the reason for my being here? I did know something would take place. Long minutes went by as I stood next to the car looking around. Finally, deciding I might as well try and get a room. There appeared to be little distinction between the rooms, but after asking some of the children here who the 'hefe' was, I was directed to the larger unit at the north end of the group.

By obtaining this body, I had lost the ability to see auras, but I was still quite capable of reading situations, and this manager, the boss, was more than just suspicious. One could not blame him, for what traveler would want to stay here? Certainly

not one who appeared to have enough to go elsewhere. I could understand his wariness. After all, what was a guy doing here in the middle of nowhere, with a bunch of throwaways and even asking for a room in a dump like this? I had to search for a logical answer. His voice was incredulous, "You want a room? Here? Go back on this road for about 20 miles and turn left. There will be some gringo motels in a town about an hour's drive."

There was something about this guy that was not honest, so I lied. "I'm a researcher from a big learning institution, and I'm doing research on Mexican migrants. So, I thought this place would give me access to interview some of the people around here."

As soon as I said this, I knew I was betraying my higher self. But why? Was it because I was in the presence of a liar? There was no time to think about that now, for he was becoming animated.

"Are you calling me a migrant?" He pointed his finger at me and said, "Yeh, give the police an excuse to come and start asking questions. Who the hell you think you are?"

"Wait a minute! I have nothing at all to do with the police, and as a matter of fact am trying to help people. How do you know who here might have the ability to become a famous scientist or a famous president? Just as importantly, most Americans want to get along with people from other cultures, and that's why I'm here, to help people get to know each other better." He looked incredulous, so I continued. "After all, who brought Mexican food to the US or organized the farm laborers? It was people like yourself." That seemed to calm him down a bit, but to cement a room I added, "Just to show my sincerity and honesty I'm willing to pay a little extra up front. After all, the university will be paying for it."

That seemed to make the difference, especially since he never said what the going rate was. It turned out that I had to pay even more to have his wife clean out a tiny, dirty room, find a bed, and put on clean sheets. The only benefit was that the small

room was well away from his larger, yet also dilapidated apartment. There was a revolting bathroom and a homemade, bare wood, two by four, open framework holding an old stained sink shoved against the back wall. The whole thing was ready to fall apart. I guess they called it the kitchen. No matter what, I felt this was where I needed to be.

While waiting to have my room made up, I drove back into town and picked up some cleaning supplies. After they had left, I took over where his wife left off. The first thing cleaned were the filthy windows. The bathroom was a mess in more ways than one, and my body revolted at the state it was left in, but by the late evening was acceptable. All of this was necessary, not just for my own comfort, but to set the stage for my interviews. Holding an interview would give me access and time to find out what this experience was all about. The next day it didn't take long for the children to show up.

They were more curious than willing to communicate, at least at the beginning, but I did find out that there were six families living here. Most of them had a father who worked on one of the ranches nearby, but there were two single moms as well. I let the children know know I wanted to interview the parents.

That evening as the sun's glow slowly dimmed behind an almost barren ridge behind the motel, I took a rickety, wooden chair outside and sat in the shade of the shack. Leaning up against the dirty wall was one way to catch cooler, or at least fresher air. Expecting air conditioning was laughable. Nor was any cool, fresh air expected by anyone who may have pulled in here.

Chapter XIII

Destination

The main road was paved though little used, so when one of the old pickups pulled into the motel's parking area, a cloud of dust sent me back into the room. I had intended to wait inside until it had settled, but began my meditation instead. I never noticed the sun's disappearance until it was dark outside. So, I opened my windows to let the cooler air into the room. The air was not much cooler, but any movement created the illusion. I had been reading a practical spiritual book, *People of the Lie*, by M. Scott Peck, which was convincingly proving one basic fact, people who create bad situations lie to themselves before they create a lie for anyone else. This was making me feel guilty as I had given the manager two really big ones. As Krishna said, "The mind is the slayer of the real." It is a shame people do not encourage their children to read classics such as this one, and I wondered if the publisher could get people to start reading it again. It is certainly relevant today.

As I was lying on my room's lumpy bed, I noticed a couple of vehicles coming and going about two doors down from me. That started me thinking about what specific reason was needed for my presence. I knew only good could come of it, so I fell into a fitful sleep in the still air.

A feeling of claustrophobia with an element of anxiety seemed to pervade this room. I would have to do some psychic cleaning as well.

A shriek woke me up in total blackness. That was followed by a distant child's cry of "Mama!" As I quickly dressed, a vehicle sped out of the dirt lot onto the highway. To my surprise there was no crowd gathered outside the only open doorway. A single light shone through an open door illuminating the barren dirt. The dust from the pickup was settling. Naturally, I went down to see if any help was needed.

When I reached the doorway I saw a woman in her late

twenties sagged into an over-stuffed chair with a boy about 8 or 9 years old kneeling on the floor crying into her lap. She had been beaten up. Her ripped, thin, cheap dress half covered her small breasts replete with scratches and bruises, but her face had taken the brunt of it. Without a word, I grabbed a wet cloth from the old kitchen sink and started wiping the blood off her upper lip. Her nose had bled down the front of her face and onto her dress. I took note of her condition as I wiped.

She was a small thin person, just the kind of body a man would like to dominate, for she would be powerless before him. Her face was attractive with chiseled features: a sharply defined nose, gracefully tapered eyebrows, and a large mouth with full, but now bleeding lips. She must have been knocked out or passed out, for she made no attempt to move as I continued wiping. Twice I carried the wash cloth back to the kitchen to rinse. Maybe she didn't even realize a different person was in front of her. Perhaps she had been beaten to the point where she didn't care any more. Her eyes were shut and her expression was one of acceptance. There was nothing she could do and she knew it.

As I again wiped the blood off her half-dazed face her eyes slightly opened and she started to take on a semblance of surprise and confusion followed by a swoon that seemed to take her consciousness away again. By this time, the little boy had moved back out of the way, and tearfully watched me pick her up and carry her to her room. She smelled like cheap whiskey. I decided it was best just to set her down on the bed. I hope she just needed to sleep it off. If I could get the boy to go to his cot and lie down at least a semblance of balance might be restored. His bed was a fold up cot up against a wall in the living room. Fortunately it was already opened. At least he was spared the worst of the indignity of having his mother work her trade in front of him.

He told me his name was Pete, but his mom called him Petey. It took a half hour before he was showing signs of sleepiness, and most of that was due to the exhaustion of trauma,

not my soothing voice. By the time he closed his eyes it was late, and we all needed to sleep. I quietly got up, turned the light off and closed the door behind me. The still air was finally starting to cool, and I filled my lungs with it. As my lungs reached capacity, I held my breath. There were no cars on the highway, and the atmosphere seemed to hold a sense of anticipation. Was this what I was here for?

I took in another big breath and let the air out with a woosh as I started walking back to my room. I looked up at the stars, so distant to humans. Their light sends an infinity of healing to this weary world. The dark night sky holds peace beyond human comprehension. Without the moon, the mind briefly touches peace through contemplation of infinity. With a focus upon TV and life indoors the subtle rays and vast depths are lost to consciousness, and wandering, materialistic human thoughts fill the mind's spotlight blotting out the higher energies. People should sleep out under the stars more often. It was my higher self commenting, and I found myself agreeing which was strange since I was supposed to be the higher self for Fred.

With the thought that she probably has no other way of earning a living, I realized Fred seemed to have some strange connection with her. There was a part of me that knew I did as well, but being in human form seemed to be mixing things up. After all wasn't I led to take the highway here? Didn't I pull into this motel on a directed impulse? Something unusual was happening. I shook my head as if the motion would clear out the growing cobweb of thoughts and feelings. The thought that one of her clients, probably drunk, beat her up in a lustful rage came to mind.

I entered my dusty room, but was repulsed. I sat outside under the stars until another pickup truck rumbled through the dust, and reluctantly put myself to bed. Still, sleep wouldn't come, and I lay thinking about passion, sex and lust. It came to me it wasn't so much lust bringing that poor soul to beat her up as much as it was frustration.

Most people use the word lust to refer to passionate

sexual desire. It is always indulged in with a spirit of egocentricity and a feeling of isolation. It is 'I want' without any understanding of the necessary mutual interaction a mature Love exhibits. Thus, it never really satisfies, even if the immediate urge is fulfilled. People caught in lust may sacrifice to the partner in an unconscious manipulation to achieve their perceived goal, usually the sexual act. In this particular case the woman was prostituting herself for financial reasons while the male deceived himself into believing some element of love was exchanged until he woke up and realized that too was a lie. He could not get his way. The drive for sexual union overpowered the rational mind. That realization created an inner frustration releasing a violent rage upon his immediate lover. An aware person can come to terms with the original realization of a need for love, but will never be fully satisfied with the craving, secondary, substitute need. Alas, this thought would probably never enter the mind of most men as the sexual act alone has become a symbol for love.

The next morning was bright and hot, but neither she nor her son came to see me, a curious fact, for she knew what had been done for her. However, a teenage girl from a family further down the line did come. I felt she was sent, even though she also seemed to have a great deal of curiosity. So, I interviewed her in a formal sense, dutifully taking notes.

"Hola, habla usted Ingles?"

" Yes, my whole family does."

Smiling to break the ice, I answered,"That's good, because No hablo Espanol." Saying it in Spanish made her smile, which was a good sign.

"Please, relax because I'm not here to spy on you. I come from a place where we are just trying to gather data on immigrants. To prove it, I won't even ask you your family name. OK?"

With that statement her body posture relaxed a bit. So, I asked a few general questions such as where her parents originated, and found out that her mother was from Venezuela

while her dad was born in Arizona. She was beginning to become uncomfortable. I started to ask about her mother when she interrupted me by saying, "You don't need to know any of this. My mother sent me here today to tell you something." There was a pregnant pause and then she continued. "The woman you tried to help last night... her name is Lila. She hasn't got a husband, but sells her body to make ends meet." I just nodded, so she carried on.

"That wasn't the first time she has been beaten up, and dad says it won't be the last because she has no other way of supporting herself. We feel sorry for the little boy, and we have talked to her. She needs to change her ways. We don't want you to think everyone here is like that. I came to tell you this."

With that last sentence she stood up and said, "Please don't involve the authorities. They cause us nothing but problems. No one here will interview with you for fear of being turned in. Anyway, not everyone here is illegal. It doesn't matter if we have the right paperwork, the government is here to hassle migrants, keep them in their place. You should not waste your time on the whore."

With that she left. I watched her leave, and without any premonition an alien thought entered my mind that there was no human way for her to know the whore and her child was the reason I was here. In some regards that was news to me as well, and in another strange way it seemed natural, for I had finished my report and had relaxed into primarily being a human again. Not that this was wanted or expected. There was no information coming in from the fourth dimension, or higher for that matter. So, I was free to do what I usually did... try to help people.

Later that morning I took the car into town and had a leisurely lunch at a local Mexican restaurant. Groceries would be needed by the mother and her son, so I made a stop at a local supermarket which was in no way similar to the mega stores in larger towns. The unpainted concrete floor was somewhat uneven, the aisles narrow, and the selections were limited. The store seemed to be a metaphor for this town, limited in selection

and scope. Nonetheless, I bought the essentials, some fruit, milk and cheese along with a loaf of good organic bread which seemed out of place in this store. I also bought food for myself. By the time I had finished the bill was about sixty dollars.

* * *

Pain was swimming in liquid dizziness. The room came into view, a blur of wall and dresser.

"Focus, focus, focus... I shouldn't have had that last drink, the third, the fourth? It doesn't matter. My stomach..."

Quickly I staggered out of bed and stumbled to the toilet letting a fountain of vomit spew into it as I went down on both knees.

"Mama, mama," The sorrowful tones of my little child cut through the daze. Petey was there standing behind me.

"I'll be alright. You should go back into the living room and wait for me." I looked at him in his ragged play clothes and started to cry. I shouldn't have asked him to leave. I pulled him to me.

Looking into his tearful eyes I sputtered, "I'm so sorry, dear son, so sorry." He helped me up, and slowly walked holding onto my torn dress back into the bedroom.

"Now, you should go out and put your bed away. I'll be there as soon as I get cleaned up."

"But Mama, you are hurt."

"It's not as bad as it looks, and we just need to keep going. Now, go out and put your cot away. OK?

Pete slowly turned and looking back once, left me to myself.

Lila looked at herself in the mirror over the dresser. Her torn dress was covered in blood and spots of vomit, probably not worth washing and repairing. She didn't want to spend her precious savings on another, and it might be useful as a rag anyway. She threw it towards the dirty pile near the door. Her mind was rerunning the previous evening.

Randy was a cowhand and smelled like it. His dirty jeans still carried spots of dung and dust from the cattle he had to move around. He had shown up unannounced with a quart bottle of whiskey and wanted her to screw all evening long. Fortunately, Petey was still outside playing with the Padilla children. She needed the money, but he was so repulsive that at first, she tried to drown her disgust with the whiskey. Finally, after more drink, and still feeling repulsed and guilty for the entire situation, she said "No, no more!" and that started it all.

Of course he was drunk, and accused her of using him to get the whiskey and money. The hollering soon escalated into her being pushed around and finally forced into the bedroom where the real fight began. She shoved him away and he stumbled into her dresser. He loosely swung and hit her chest with the bottle. By this time Petey, having heard the commotion, was cowering near the door to the bedroom.

"If you hurt Mama, I'm gonna call the police!"

Randy just laughed with a sneer, and hit Lila in the face with his fist, whereupon Petey ran out hollering "Police, police!" Randy stumbled after him. Petey was not only faster, but sober. Enraged, Randy staggered back and was hit in the head with a flashlight Lila had grabbed. He then punched Lila in the stomach, and she went down.

The pain in her stomach was augmented by the pain in her solar plexus. She remembered gasping for breath and hitting her head on the dirty floor. Randy just grabbed the bottle and left. Petey, who had run outside, rushed back in, sobbing "Mama, Mama," and helped her to the old chair in the living room where she passed out. And then... "It couldn't be." She thought, "I must have been too drunk. Still, I've got to find out. I had heard about that guy, but who would talk to him anyway."

Lila finished cleaning herself up, put on another dress and told Petey they would have to walk into town this morning to go to the thrift store. It was there she would buy another cheap dress, and maybe another pair of pants for Petey. At any rate, it would keep her mind occupied. She took Petey by the hand and

they walked out.

She noticed the new guy's Ford Explorer, and on an impulse walked over to it, reached in through the open window, and pulled down the registration clipped on the visor. She looked at it, not expecting her experience to be true, but...It was true! She took in a deep breath and shuddered. How could this have happened? She thought about it as they slowly walked all the way in town. Later, when they had returned and found food on the kitchen table, the note proved it.

***

Many people would have been upset or at least concerned about the situation shaping up around me, but I knew the answers would come. All I had to do was to remain free of the mental turmoil. Early that afternoon, I went down to her shack and knocked on the door to no avail. I looked in through the window, and seeing no one there, took the groceries and set them on her kitchen table with a note asking her to see me. I signed it Fred, as I was now used to calling this body. Later that afternoon she and her son appeared standing outside my screen door.

Petey stood by her side, his skinny arm uplifted to hold her hand. His whole body looked thin and emaciated. As I walked to the door, I wondered if he was thin due to a lack of nutrition or just genetics. His eyes looked inquiringly into mine without a trace of fear. Somehow, I knew these people as a part of me. An overwhelming human compassion centered on these specific people flowed out of me. In my higher state compassion was universal, but here there was a real identification with these individuals, their pain and emotional suffering. It was an alien feeling, one I thought had been left behind.

Little did I know it, but this was another wedge being driven between spiritual being and material understanding. Unusual, but perhaps my higher mind thought I had forgotten this human trait. So I invited them in and thanked them for

coming. My ability to operate in the multiverse had shifted to the local without my intent. I filed that fact away because it was clear she had something to say.

She wore a short sleeved, plain white dress that allowed the bruising to appear here and there on her bare arms. She wasted no time coming to the point.

"Why did you come here, Fredrico?" Her stance and voice were strong and almost accusing.

I stood there dumbfounded, for I had never given my name to anyone but the proprietor. Something was going on. I suggested we sit down. That gave me a moment to try and connect. Try as I might, my higher connection seemed to be gone, The only thing I felt was a compassion for this woman and her son. So that is just what I said. Then it was her turn to sit there and stare at me. After a moment of silence she spoke, spilling out the words as if they had been waiting for a lifetime.

"How did you know where I was? Did Papa send you?" She looked at me as if I was supposed to answer, but not a word came to mind, so she took the plunge and relaxed her body. "I am so sorry for the trouble I caused all of our family..." As she spoke I realized that "Fred Johnson" was her father's brother, one of the oddballs in the family who was seldom around. Her story continued to flow out. As far as she was concerned, she left the family in anger after some dispute over her choice of boyfriend, who at the time she thought she loved. Her mother kept telling her not to listen to her boyfriend, and that she would end up as a tramp. He left her with a baby, and her life had just gone downhill. Now, she felt like a tramp, just like her mom had predicted.

She continued talking. She was sorry for this, and sorry for that, and simply could not bring herself to admit her mistake, especially to her mom. I started to only half listen to her justifications for her present life. Finally, I decided to cut in.

"There is no need to explain everything. We are all family, and knowing that is enough." My saying that did not make much difference, for she kept talking. She was letting out

years of pent up frustration. I was someone to talk to who theoretically was part of her family. The strange thing was, I felt that way too. I knew this meeting was not a coincidence, and I knew I was going to help her and Pete, but this feeling of being a part of a human family again was strange. Perhaps I simply didn't recall what being a human fully meant, especially emotionally.

As she spoke, there arose in me the growing realization I was to play a big part in her life, or was it her son's life? I was still not connecting with my higher self, at least not to the point where I intuitively knew what to do, and that in itself should have been unusual, but as this experience continued was actually becoming normal. Finally, she ran out of words to say, and it was my turn. There was no point in beating around the topic of her present life.

"You are in a precarious situation. Petey needs a better example to grow up with, and you need to stop your present, uh, employment. If you stay here you will simply continue being beaten up until you lose your youthful beauty, and then what?" She dropped her gaze to the floor in a mock appeal for mercy. Although the boy was looking at me with his big brown eyes, hers remained downcast. So, I plunged ahead relying on my heart to speak the words.

"I will offer you a way out, but you will have to trust me. It has been many years since I saw your parents. It's God's grace that sent me here, not your parents."
With that she looked up with tears in her eyes and spoke, "I have not been to mass in a long time, and even then I rejected the church. Why would God want to save me?"

This was no time for being esoteric. "There is no one who God has forgotten, even the guy who beat you up yesterday, nor the most evil person you could imagine. All are God's children, and all will be saved. You must forgive yourself first, for only then will you see that forgiveness is your path out of guilt. It is also the path back to love, love for yourself, love for your son, and all those who have never stopped loving you."

"I love my mom and dad, but I can never go back. I'm too ashamed."

"Being ashamed is just another indication you have not forgiven yourself."

"If it's God's grace that sent you here, then you must have a better relationship with Him than I do. Will you teach me to forgive?"

"There is nothing to teach. It is a matter of your making the decision to forget the past and dwell in the present. There never has been anything to forgive. We all make choices, and those choices have consequences. No human is without mistakes: not sins, but mistakes. As you move forward there will be opportunities for you to correct past errors, and as you do, the mistakes will first be seen to fade away, and then, over time, disappear. You cannot move into a brighter future without doing the right thing in the here and now.

About my having a connection that is better than yours..." I stopped, for the relationship of my separated self to the infinite was more present than hers, but that was only because I focused upon it more than most humans do. Still, it appeared to be getting worse. It was not worth explaining at this time so I left the sentence hanging. "... We are all children of God. You could have as good a relationship with God as I do, or even better if you would simply work on healing your own problems."

"Then I have hope." She looked down at her son and added, "Now we have hope."

It was time to follow my impulse despite not being fully connected. There was still this strange alien-like feeling. I let my heart do the talking.

"We are going to leave this place, and never return. Have confidence. Take this afternoon and pack your essential belongings. We will leave tomorrow morning."

Her eyes got bigger, and she seemed to swell, half out of fear and half out of excitement. Her boy's eyes also showed his surprise.

"Are you sure you want us? Where will we go?"

"What I want is to have a poor situation be made right, or at least as right as one can make it. So, yes. You both are loved, and at this time, you are special and important. We will go west." There was a brief pause as her face showed confusion, so I added, "Now go, and start getting ready."

Lila's mind was spinning. She wondered,"Was this the chance? Is God going to really save me?" Her mind turned a dark corner, and the disgrace of her life came spilling back. Memories of sexual lust, of violence, of embarrassment turning to shame came roaring up out of the depths. I could see her face darken.

"Lila! Stop those thoughts. They lead you back into hell."

Her negative spell was broken, at least temporarily. She simply looked at me with wonder and said, "Yes, we will trust you. Bless you. We will go start getting ready." With Petey still holding her hand, they left.

As she walked back to her rooms, I watched her stride become longer, her steps more secure.

When Lila entered their rooms, she felt the despair-filled, dirty, dingy apartment morph into nothing but a simple dirty room. The feeling of desolation dropped away. Then her positive feeling of hope started to flow beyond the room, encompassing the entire line of dead end dwellings. The walls stopped projecting the dirt and dust, and became simply walls, walls soon to be left behind. The dusty floor was just another dusty floor, no longer a necessary fixture of life. She could look beyond it now. They could look beyond it, for now there was hope for Petey too. Life was starting to change meaning. Seen from this vantage point, the path ahead became clearer. The decision was easy.

"There is so much to do," she thought.

Chapter XIV

The Path Forward

At ten o'clock the next morning we were still trying to find ways to eliminate accumulated stuff. It was hardly what one could call morning as the sun was already feeling hot and the dust didn't want to settle in the parking lot. I told Lila only a few items could go, but there seemed to be a question as to which ones. A lot of things went to the Padillas who had helped her watch Petey.

Lila wanted Pete's things to have priority. I wanted to have both of their accumulations gone through in order to discard those of lesser importance. The matter was fixed by the size of my car. Still, the less we carried the more room there was. After all, I had to buy a tent and some camping gear.

Clearly, a real break from the past had to occur. The most important point was to immerse us in nature. Motels set a wrong example in consciousness, not just because of the money, but more importantly because a completely new experience needed to occur where all connections to the past were mentally placed in the past. Camping would do that, for both the mind and senses become engaged in the tasks and experiences involved. Hopefully, their minds would place the past before the camping experience. All that would take place after we arrived in California would be seen as after. Besides, the fewer the items we carried the easier for Lila and Petey to forget them.

Because we took so much time loading the car, the proprietor, El Hefe, showed up and insisted knowing what was going on. When I told him we were leaving, he blew what little serenity he had, and demanded we pay him extra as we gave him no notice. This was clearly one of his greedy ruses. Cars and pickups came and went from his apartment most hours of the day, and the people who showed up were not ones I would

choose as friends. So, I decided to lay the facts before him.

"You know, as well as everyone else in this place, what a dump you run. We cleaned the rooms far more than you had before we arrived and besides that, you charge too much. On top of that you will get all the furnishings from Lila's room. So, be content with the situation."

By this time a number of the children were playing around the area, so I increased my volume. "It is you who are being unfair to these poor tenants. When did you last paint any of the rooms? When did you ever even think of offering to put a swing set or play area in back for these children? Everyone here deserves better."

He started getting angry. His face reddened, and he seemed to fall back into some sort of role he was used to playing.

"Listen gringo, you don't know anything. You come here from some great pompous university, and expect everyone to bow to you. If you don't pay up, I'll call the sheriff."

"OK, do that, and I'll make sure the people here know you have brought in the authorities, including ICE. Then perhaps you'll recognize how lenient these folks have been with your behavior." It didn't take much effort to recognize that he was a mid-level drug dealer so I added, "Perhaps some of them are aware of your hidden life. Don't you think it is time to step up and do the right thing for them?" That threw him a curve ball. Perhaps he had something even more to hide from the authorities.

"What hidden life?"

"The one of your selling illegal drugs."

His eyes became slits, and his anger became dangerous. Thankfully, he simply stormed off. I didn't want to hang around to see what happened next. Fortunately, it was only a few more minutes before we left in a cloud of dust.

There was very little talk while we slowly drove back north to the main highway. Lila's son, Petey, stayed quietly glued to the window in the back seat. For a boy of about 9 he

remained unusually quiet. He certainly had lost his childhood in the turmoil of his mother's life. His life was one of acceptance. There was little to nothing he could do to change things, so he simply tried to flow along with whatever happened. My heart went out to him, and I decided to try and be a good father figure for him, to bring at least a portion of carefree fun into his existence.

Around two o'clock we pulled into the next decent sized town, and Lila made us sandwiches from some of the groceries we carried with us. Making sandwiches is a mechanical task, especially when there are few ingredients to choose from. So, as I watched, one could see she was lost in thought.

The voice in her head was full of anxiety."Things are happening so quickly. Perhaps I had acted without enough thought. Perhaps I had acted correctly, for his coming was... God's grace... a chance coincidence... a fluke, a trap? Are we going to be sold into some sex ring? No one knows where we are, where we are going... Oh God, give me strength to be hopeful... please!"

Anyone could see her mind was going negative, and not completely trusting of my intentions, but I also knew she would get around to the issues later. It was around four that afternoon when she decided to open up a little bit. The highway's traffic was relatively light. I could easily talk and drive.

"You told me you don't know where my parents are, yet we are heading west. Where are we going?"

"The truth is, I'm not sure. I'm thinking we will find them, or at least some of your family in California. Maybe, around Stockton."

She responded, "I grew up in Modesto, but after I left, I didn't even call them until I had Petey, and that was the last time. Maybe they moved."

"Do you want to talk about your leaving? Don't you think they deserved to know you were safe?"

"It's not particularly pleasant. Papa was angry when I had Petey, but he kept most of it to himself. Mama kept quiet about

our situation, but her voice was a direct 'told you so!' So, what was I supposed to do?"

"You were supposed to be kind in the face of their anger, and at least kept in touch with your Mama. You know every human has problems to be dealt with, to heal." She turned back into her seat and stared out the window. There was a long silence while the miles disappeared in an endless stream of white lines.

Miles may have been rolling by, but Lila's mind was oblivious to them. The same thoughts kept coming. It was as if a film loop had been placed in her memory. She visualized her comfortable bedroom back in Modesto. Then the scene changed to endless driving from town to town with Larry. She could feel being cold and hungry as she held her baby in the blackness of night sitting in their car, trying to sleep, but wondering what was next. Those feelings of desolation shifted as she remembered the pit in her solar plexus as she realized the Destination Inn was going to be her home. This film loop played over and over with variations. She knew it, but couldn't do much about it. It would start playing and then subside for awhile. Then it would build up again, and she would worry about her future. It kept coming back. Finally, not realizing that silence had reigned for a long time, when she couldn't stand it any longer, she turned to me and said,"You are right. I am a screw up." She then turned around and told Petey to give her a hug adding, "but I love you Petey, and I always will."

Petey jumped forward and held his mom around her neck as if he'd never let go. Finally, she kissed him on his cheek and he slid back into his accustomed spot in the back seat.

I waited till Petey was back in his seat, then replied, "I never said you were a screw-up. You said that. Your problems don't amount to the fact that you *are* a screw-up. If you go down that road, you will start to feel sorry for yourself. I did say, we all make mistakes, and that very same understanding means your family still loves you. Just look at the love you have for Petey. They love you in the same way. There is no mistake that Love

can not overlook."

"I just can't stop thinking about all of my mistakes, as you call them."

"There is no doubt you feel bad when you run them over and over through your brain, even though they are past. Isn't it interesting despite your knowing exactly what those thoughts are, they keep coming back? It happens to everybody. It is a trick of the mind, one you don't have to keep falling for. Mistakes have generated a series of happenings in your life and now you are tied to them by letting your mind sit with them over and over, despite the fact you know they are not doing you any good."

The way out of this problem is to face the issues head on. Very carefully and thoroughly, sit quietly and take each one of your mistakes, and go over them, one at a time. How did you caught in it? Find out where the error occurred. Deeply and sincerely acknowledge each and every one them, but refuse to have your life controlled by them. Then when they appear again, tell them they no longer have any control over you. Last, you must break their pattern with thoughts that lift you up, like your love for Petey." I turned and gave him a wink, for it was clear he was following the conversation. “Better yet, just imagine your wonderful life ahead. See the details of it. Imagine it, for your imagination sets the energy moving in a positive way.”

Ignoring, or perhaps oblivious to Petey's interest, she replied, "That's hard."

"No one ever said raising yourself up was easy. As a matter of fact, if you push too hard, the harder you try, the harder it becomes."

"Then what's the point?"

"The point is we are here to raise ourselves up, but at the same time we have to have compassion for ourselves. Some of the time we should just laugh at our thoughts, emotions and actions. Some people take this life too seriously, and some don't think it makes any difference. Eventually though, everyone has to do the work, and everyone has to find their own best way to

do it. All I'm trying to do is give you some guidelines most people find helpful."

Chapter XV

Cutting the Ties That Bind

It was after five o'clock when we pulled into the next town. For the same reason we were not going to use motels, I decided to stop at a grocery store and buy some more food even though there was still some bread, cheese, mayonnaise and a few other things left. Fortunately, I remembered to pick up a couple of gallons of water. The days were getting longer now, but I was unprepared for the difficulty in finding a road where we could pull off and set up the tent. We did a lot of zig-zagging along back roads for this very reason. I was led north off the highway. We ended up driving into some hills, and despite the fact there was a fence most of the time, I found a farmer's gap where he had simply pulled the fence across his access road and fastened it to the other side. A few minutes more and we were out of sight, secluded between a couple of hills. I felt we could stay here without being bothered that night.

It took longer than I hoped to set up the tent, and because it was not really level, I let Lila and Pete stay in the car while I slept on the camping mattress with my head uphill. I asked Petey to help me set up. He was shy at first, but with encouragement he soon warmed up to the idea. When we finished he stayed close to the camp despite my hope he wander around nearby on his own.

The morning seemed to come early with sun in my eyes. I was especially stiff since my body was uncomfortably cold, but I just stayed under the covers and did my best to carry on with morning meditation. Afterward, I waited for Lila and Petey to show signs of movement. Finally, they too were active, and there was very little talking or walking around before the milk and cereal was brought out. More water than I had guessed was really necessary, as a gallon was used up in washing the dust off our hands and faces before bed. We also washed our bowls, and

cleaned up again before we pulled out. I must remember to purchase an extra gallon. A few minutes later we had the area clean and were back on the road.

If people were simply more respectful of their camping environment, thoroughly cleaning up, more ranchers and farmers would allow camping on their land. Although there are rest stops along many major highways, there are really few areas left where a family could camp more or less on their own while traveling. The rest stops in most states usually have a sign prohibiting overnight parking anyway. Texas has some good ones, and we did stay in one overnight, but the noise and lights are not conducive for sleep. There are parking spaces available in commercial over-niter parks which cost less than a motel, but they are still noisy with lights on all night and with no privacy. Even if one did pay to have a reserved camping spot in one of the national forests, those spots are situated like a housing development with little more privacy and quiet than the commercial over-niters. The wide open space of sky, land, grass, trees, and communion with nature is being restricted more and more, so that fewer and fewer people now know what it is like to sleep in silence under the stars. Yet, that is exactly what is needed to reconnect with the spirits of nature.

One can see the difference in behavior between those who live with nature as compared with those who live in cities. The speed of life and thought are so completely out of sync that another dualism has sprung up, city people as compared to country people. City people call folks who live in the rural areas country bumpkins, a comparison made by those who must feel themselves superior. Just more dualism creating more separation.

On the other hand, it is perfectly understandable why those in the rural areas do not want city dwellers invading their land as city dwellers usually throw their trash along the roads, leave big messes where they camp, and seem to care more about their own comfort than respect for their environment. Of course there are exceptions on both sides.

It was clear Lila's mind was working overtime. I generally kept silent, hoping she would be able to work her frustrations out. The last thing needed was to push her too hard. She was pushing herself. So, it wasn't long after we reentered the main highway that Lila opened up again.

"I'm scared."

"Of what?"

"Everything... I don't know what the future holds. I'm ashamed of my past. It's like I'm having a long panic attack. I can hardly breathe."

"You are operating out of your mental reasoning, ego mind. First of all, think of how you may want to get up and get a drink sitting on a table away from you. Do you actually control all of those many thousands of commands for your muscles?"

"No, no one does."

"Nor do you control all of the mental processes needed to get there, not to mention the unconscious thought that started you thinking about getting a drink. Reason is important in this human life, but it can not tell your heart to pump or your eyes to see. In the same way this deeper unconscious part of you arranges everything when you ask for it to help... And you did. Didn't you?"

Lila hung her head and answered,"Yes."

"Don't be ashamed of that. Everyone asks for help, but a part of you is always trying to help you regardless of your asking. It has designed this world for you to succeed, and is always trying to arrange your life so it works, but you have to help it by letting your ego believe in the goodness and positive part of your life and not focus on the negative."

"That's hard, 'cause there's so much shit that happens."

"That is the focus causing the shit to manifest, or take place, in your life. In other words, you believe the world is an unsafe place and becoming worse all the time. You see yourself as powerless and unfulfilled. This causes you to be depressed, and eventually you lose your zest for life, and that leads you into actually fearing the future."

"You talk like you know this stuff."

"I do."

"But these things have happened to me. I know shit happens 'cause it has happened to me, and I didn't want them to happen."

"Again, that is because you are focusing your life through your ego, not allowing the unconscious part of you to speak to you of its higher nature."

"What is its higher nature as you call it?"

"A lot of people call it your intuition. It tells you by hunches, gut feelings, and the like what you should do, but if you aren't listening to anything except your ego, then it can't do as much." There was silence, but I knew she was thinking about her leaving home and reliving parts of her relationship with her mom. It was her intuition trying to get through. So I added,"Have you been opposing your negative thoughts with uplifting ones?"

"I'm trying, but it is hard."

"Yes, it is hard to break established habits, but the next thing you need to know is persistence pays off. It may be a week, maybe a year, but eventually bad thoughts will not dominate you. They will come around less and less often, and their hold on you will diminish."

"Well, I'm sick and tired of them already."

"That's good. Now all you have to do is replace them. Just watching the countryside slide by could be a relaxing diversion, but that act also opens up your mind for stray thoughts to enter. Keep your thoughts positive."

We had avoided Interstate 35 and were heading north on 281 short of Stephenville. I hoped to connect to 287 west out of Wichita Falls, but was told to turn west on 380 in Jacksboro, for 380 would have more opportunity for camping. The mental impulse for this direction felt different for some reason, one I couldn't put my finger on. Usually, a simple alert to do something would appear in mind as a very simple statement. This one was longer and more detailed, even giving the reason

of better camping opportunities for the shift in direction. There was no negative feed back from my own mind or body. Thus, there was no need to question it.

My own thoughts had started to turn away from the negativity, thank goodness, and my relationship with Lila and Petey were starting to reopen some channels that apparently had become clogged. Being Fred was a convenient way to not only watch her develop, but also attempt to guide. This was definitely a more 'hands on' procedure than simply tuning in as a soul. On the other hand, Fred was sort of out of my sight, being tutored by others. Only my fifth dimensional self could be overseeing his development, and being in a human form did not allow me to tune in on my fifth dimensional self like I could have earlier.

Earlier...later...This mind was thinking about time again. There is no earlier or later. It's all happening at once and yet here I am thinking about turning onto highway 380 in the future.

That turn was still almost a day ahead, and as usual, nothing was set in stone. My mind wandered to Lila. Clearly, my task was to try and help her and Petey. Some experience was needed to break up her constant worry. Petey didn't seem fazed, and except for bathroom breaks, stops for food, or the many historical sites we stopped to see, he remained mostly quiet. His need was to recapture a playful, innocent childhood. Maybe that was another reason why something told me to take the 380. I doubted Petey's ability to become quickly innocent even with camping, but this may be his given purpose. We were all wishing him a clear, uncontaminated life ahead.

Innocence does not equal naivety, and Petey was anything but naive. Innocence is more of an outlook of positive optimism free of cynicism. Such a state has to be earned, and happily Petey was still not yet cynical. His ability to regain innocence would depend upon his ability and strength of character to put his previous experience into perspective. Youth generally carries experiences lightly. Thus, I was hopeful for his long term healing. Lila, on the other hand, was continuing her guilt trip tape loop.

After awhile I said, "Lila, it may do no real good to say this now, but you have to deal with this panic you are allowing to grow within you. You simply have to have faith, and keep the uplifting thoughts foremost. If you don't, you will wallow in misery despite all of the good things happening to you."

"Faith in what?" she responded. Her voice was flat and full of cynicism. "I'm trusting you even though I haven't seen you in many years. I'm trusting I will be loved by my parents and family as you seem to think. I'm trusting..." She let the sentence trail off, and I let silence reign for a moment before I answered.

"Don't trust in any of these things, me included." Immediately I felt her stiffen and become afraid, so quickly added, "There is only one thing we all can trust, and that is God, however you conceive of the Absolute." That statement must have had some impact upon her. She looked at me with her brown eyes opened wide. All at once her beauty shone forth. If it wasn't trust, then hope seemed to make an appearance.

Nothing was said, but an internal decision was made by each of us. As for me, it was a call to Fred's masculine side as protector. She was trusting me. She was thin and small boned, but inside her real strength, her divinity, had laid hidden. She was now bringing it forth and trusting for the first time since we left. I seized the moment to capitalize on the decision.

"Did you ever consider the fact everything you see, everything you feel, everything we touch is all a part of the Absolute, what most people call God?" I didn't give her time to answer, for it was a rhetorical question anyway. "That means *you* are a fragment of the Divine as well."

Her response came quickly."That's not what Father Joe said. He said it is a sin to think like that. He said we were born sinners."

"No doubt, but Father Joe, as sincere and helpful as he may be, is simply mouthing the dogma of a religion whose time has passed in the form it was created. There has been much good that the Roman Catholic church has given to society in the past

two thousand years, but there has also been much misrepresentation and human power grabbing within the structure of the church.

"Are you saying that being Catholic is bad?"

"No, not at all. A great many people who call themselves Christians, regardless of what denomination, project both self righteousness and a very judgmental attitude towards everyone outside their particular religion. There are other Christians who recognize both of those attributes in no way reflect the Christ. In today's world there are many people who are attempting to follow the Christ and yet don't go to any dogmatic church. Some recognize the Christ as Lord Maitreya, Imam Mahdi, Bodhisattva and other names besides Jesus. There is a long list of saviors who were born of a virgin, raised the dead, and ascended into heaven. Look them up if you are interested. Christ energy is available everywhere, for everyone. Many people follow the historical personality who manifested it, however, right here, right now, it is each person's choice to follow the divine energy they carry or not."

"Great Beings manifesting Christ Consciousness have taken form in this world, but that energy becomes contaminated by those who think they know specifically what it is and how to get it. They fabricate a human space for laws and ideas, outwitting themselves and their followers. The space thus created is nothing more than room for moths to circle around and around an illusion of truth, finally being consumed by it. Of course, the experience is not empty of meaning, but hopefully becomes a lesson of what not to do, for the Christ energy is beyond form."

"On the other hand, some people seemed to have taken it upon themselves to point out every greedy, underhanded, or self-centered mistake people in the Catholic church have made, but that approach is as bad as the one that claims everyone must blindly follow the doctrines. Those who proliferate negativity are the ones carrying it. Of course, people in the church would not say that. They would say something like you must have

faith."

Lila cut in, "Didn't you just tell me to have faith?"

"Yes, I did, but not in doctrines. I did not say you as a human were the complete and unfettered God. As a personality, you are a *fragment* of the Divine, and you must find that divine fragment within yourself, having faith in it. Later, much later, you will realize a larger part of The Divine Absolute." There was a long pause while her mind took that in. "In other words, when you do find that fragment you will also recognize it as your pathway to a greater depth of spiritual experience, including peace."

"Are you talking about my soul?" A simple answer could get tricky, for as far as most people were concerned the soul was the highest concept they could muster, but in reality, it too would be outgrown. The steps to the face of this universe's creator God are many. One of them requires the loss of individuality, including one's Atma, individualized soul. Thus, it is necessary to drop the idea of *my* anything. Still, for Lila, I knew this understanding was in the future. So, I replied, "The soul is a fragment of the Divine too."

She turned back facing the windshield and remained silent as the miles flowed by. We passed under interstate 20 where there were some clustered gas stations. The gasoline was a bit cheaper here, and the car could use the gas, so we stopped. It was a convenient potty break and chance to get a snack as well.

I asked Petey to wash the windows, which he seemed to take great joy in doing. He was starting to look up to me. I could feel my heart expand as I watched him develop. Lila took the time to clean out accumulated trash, and I looked at the engine. The dip stick showed the engine was a bit less than a quart low, so I decided to buy an extra quart to keep with us. So, I walked into the 'Short Stop' combination gas and convenience store. As usual, another gallon of cold drinking water was added to the bill. There was absolutely nothing to differentiate this convenience store from a thousand others. Shelves covered the

walls stacked with snack foods, magazines, and a rack with automotive supplies. Bright lights shone off of garish wrappers and cheap toys. I noticed the newspaper rack near the register. A virus had broken out near Wuhan, China and the Chinese government was apparently scrambling to contain it with a lot of confusion being the result. My intuition told me that this was going to become something the whole world had to face, but something was amiss with this whole story. I would have intuited more information except an overweight lady cashier was waiting on me.

She was grim and short even when I smiled at her. It seemed most people in Texas were in incarnation for one reason only, to make a living. I knew that was not true, even as the thought appeared in my mind. Making money was related to a broader understanding regarding the flow of energy, and many incarnations were involved in that undertaking. Perhaps what was being seen here was a focus upon learning to be happy. The environment was too dry, too harsh, too uncompromising to make life joyful or so it seemed, at least to her, and the few people we met reinforced that thought. Or was it? A beam of light shone into my mind. Maybe it was the other way around. The people here were unhappy and projected that as their environment. I had gotten caught in seeing what I expected to see, just like them.

Remembering my experience with the hitchhiker, I decided to change the narrative. Compassion was needed for these people who were doing nothing more than crying for enlightenment, even if they did not know it. I took out my wallet and started paying the bill. There was no one in line behind me, so I had a chance to try and chat with her with the hope I could brighten her day.

With a sincere smile I asked her,"What do you folks do for entertainment around here?" She looked at me as if I had lost my mind.

"Mister, there's nothin' but TV."

"Well, there is a lot of open space out there. I thought

you'd do a lot of camping."

"Naw, most of the land is cattle farming, or not good for nothin'." She put my cash into the register and handed back the change. Perhaps my comments sparked something in her. As an afterthought, possibly initiated by my effort, she added, "You folks passin' through?"

"Yes, we are headed west."

"I'd like to move west myself, but ain't got enough money."

"Do you have roots in this area?"

"Naw, my family lives back in Tennessee. We thought we'd move around and find a place we like, but just ended up here." There was a pregnant pause and she continued, "Now it seems we're stuck here."

"Sounds like there is no reason you have to stay here." There was another longer pause while she decided to open up a bit.

"Naw, there's nothin' keepin' us..." She stared of into space, "... except us." Now, that was an insight she might remember.

"You know, life has a way of opening up opportunities if we just look for them and then act upon what we see."

"It's funny you should say that because my sister in Albuquerque just wrote us about a business opening up there, and she thought she could get us a job."

"Well, that may just be the opportunity I was talking about."

"Yeah, it might be." Her eyes again focused on something far away. This was not the time to go deep, and the road ahead beckoned. I shifted my weight as the signal we were done, but wanted to leave her with hope.

"Don't stop dreaming of a better life, and you just might find it."

"Yeah. Thanks, mister, and I hope you find what you are lookin' for too."

As I walked outside into the bright sunshine, I knew that

she and her husband were going to move. I could tell by the smile on her face. I thought to myself how little effort was needed to lighten up someone's day.

Heading north again, the traffic was more or less light except in the towns we passed through, so it was easy to talk and drive at the same time. Not long after we were clear of the congestion Lila asked, "How can someone find that fragment of God within themselves?"

I felt like telling her she was the fragment. God sends creative energy into ever widening spheres of being, and the soul develops the energy into projections, like a dream. The divine light condenses, and in turn, manifests itself as you and your experiences in this material world because this is where your consciousness is focused. Something told me to not follow this thought with her. That's too abstract for Lila now. Now is not the time. Instead, the mind has to be led to that realization so she finds it herself.

"There are actually a lot of ways. The most common is to meditate, but before you ask me how to meditate let me add there are many different types of meditation. What most people don't realize is they are meditating all of the time."

"What do you mean?"

"People spend a lot of their mental time meditating about how this world is getting worse. They think about personal tragedies or mass disasters, and if enough people hold onto these thoughts, they become the reality." My mind flew back to the newspaper article about the virus in China, and realized far more people than the Chinese were bringing this virus forward. Still, this is not what Lila needs to hear. I changed direction.

"It is important you not have a fixed idea of what meditation is, for regardless of what you think it is, that thought becomes a limit to your ability to move into new areas. As a matter of fact, don't even necessarily call it meditation. I'll use the word as a convenience, but think more broadly. There are also many different types of yoga, not just the one where people strengthen and relax their bodies. That is called Hatha yoga.

Every type of yoga is designed to connect you with God inside. People are different so there is a yoga to fit just about anyone. Thus, there are also variations in how people meditate. Of course, a few people every now and then just all of a sudden appear to wake up to their divinity, but they are an exception."

"I really like listening to you talk about these things. Maybe there is hope for me."

"There is more than hope. Everybody has a fragment of God within them, some appear to have a brighter spark and some less, but in the end everyone is going to fully connect, and be a brilliant flame."

Lila was thinking hard about something."Which yoga is best for me?"

"You have to decide for yourself. There are ways to progress even if you haven't yet decided. One of them is to repeat the name of God that resonates with you, even the word 'God' itself. You do this over and over, thinking about the quality of God that name brings to you. A simple example would be to simply say "God" over and over while trying to understand the meaning."

"OK. So tell me how to meditate. Is it different from praying? I surely have done that."

"Yes, and you have surely beaten yourself up in the process too because most prayer focuses upon your problems. First of all, do not review all of your mistakes, for that is meditating upon, rehearsing, them. Meditation is different than prayer, but even before you can do either you have to stop and realize just what you are trying to do, and why. The basic difference between prayer and meditation is when you pray, you talk to God, but when you meditate, you still yourself and listen, hopefully to God. There are many voices appearing in your head, especially as a beginner. You will have to listen carefully to find the highest one, the one you feel is guiding you to your highest ideals. Remember, you are not trying to reinforce your errors or past mistakes."

At that instant a yellow sports car blasted past us,

honking as he did. He was soon out of sight, so I continued. "The most important element is your attitude. You have to *want* to connect. To put it that way seems easy, but your desire to connect has to be overwhelming. Your desire to merge with divinity makes the difference between success and failure in every spiritual endeavor, including meditation. Unfortunately, it can also get in your way. I like what I heard someone say, 'Make haste, slowly.' You can get tied up worrying about your progress. Still, if I were in your shoes, I'd start thinking about desiring and visualizing a spiritual life. Start seeing yourself the way you want to be. It has to be so powerful you will gladly give up your bad habits, your desire for normal things people want like money and power. Your desire to connect with God has to be the single most important thing in your life."

"Then I'm doomed. Petey is the most important person in my life."

"No, you are not doomed because Petey is a fragment of God too. Your love for Petey is just another fragment of a Love so great there are no words for it. What you are really doing is loving the god manifested through Petey. Why do you think in India it is said you must treat your parents like God, or guests like God. For that matter the followers of Islam are also told to treat their guests like family. Yet, look at how the countries of Pakistan and India are at each others throats. They have lost the very basic understanding. In other words, their human interests are more important than their interest in finding God. The same is true for any two people who fight."

"Alright, assuming I'm not doomed, and I really, *really* want to connect with God, what do I do next?"

"We are not done with the first step, because it alone has implications in our daily life."

We rounded a curve to see the yellow sports car pulled over by a State Trooper, his lights flashing. This event happened for Lila's understanding, but she didn't appear to be aware of it. So, I slightly changed the topic. "Lila, what kind of understanding do you think the guy in that yellow sports car is

exhibiting?"

She looked over at the car as we passed. The trooper had already gotten out of his cruiser and was walking towards the yellow car. She turned and looked at me. "I dun'no, not very enlightened?"

"True, but how does what you just saw relate to what we are discussing?"

She still looked blank. So, I suggested she review what we had been talking about before we saw the trooper. There was a moment of uncertainty when all of a sudden she perked up and said," That guy was more interested in human stuff!"

"Exactly, his consciousness is not focused upon finding God."

"Well, that's obvious."

"Yes, but don't you see? This relates directly to your question. Experiences like this should be obvious to all of us. Everything that takes place is a message. It means you will not let everyday chores like washing dishes stop your divine contemplations. Yes, you are focused upon doing a good job of washing the dishes, but that is the divine task of the moment. You will be thinking all of the time about what the real meaning is behind all the activities in your life. Just like the meaning behind what we just witnessed. The same is true in meditation, for the first voice you hear will be that of your own mind, the same one incessantly talking to you during the day. It usually talks about your past or your future. You have to learn to watch it and eventually turn it off. If you don't, you get caught, just like that guy who was lost in speeding his car. Turning that voice off turns you into an observer, not a person to get caught up in turmoil. If you can do just these two first steps, you will be well on your way to meditation. As a matter of fact, it is a basic form of meditation."

We drove along in silence for awhile. Petey was asleep in the back seat, and Lila was sitting with her thoughts. My own thoughts were wandering again. My connection with my higher self was intermittent. It seemed to be amazing how quickly my

own focus as observer appeared or disappeared.

It was well past three in the afternoon when we made the decision to stop at a motel that night. The back of the car was no longer usable as some of the accumulated luggage was now open and scattered around in the back. Sweaters were needed both morning and evening, but discarded during the daily drive. The luggage really needed to be repacked and strapped on top of the car if we were to use the back for sleeping tonight.

On the other hand, a night at a motel would give us the time to sort and repack the clothes and hopefully discard more unneeded clothes, maybe even eliminate one bag. We could all also take a shower and have a good night's sleep, for I foresaw a few nights ahead where all we did was camp in the desert. We would have to be much more organized when we reloaded the car, especially after camping. So, we picked a clean, nice looking motel just off the highway and pulled in.

The woman at the front desk was an open book. Her thoughts were that we were a family, but that my wife, Lila, was awfully young to have a husband like me. This thought had appeared in the minds of many of those who saw us. In a way the mistake was amusing, for it hearkened to the fact their thoughts were looking for the sensational. I never felt any need to tell the story. It would just create more random thought, so we moved to our room, one with two single beds. A cot was brought in later for Petey. I hoped Lila would now continue to trust me, Petey too. It appeared they were comfortable, and I happily acquiesced to their request that we go out for supper that evening.

There was a restaurant about a block from the motel so we walked there. As we were waiting to be seated, I saw the same newspaper where we stopped to gas up that afternoon. My intuition picked up where it had previously stopped. This virus was not the only story. Yes, people would die, but in reality it was far more. Most importantly, this was the beginning of a world wide mass event created by humanity itself. Rising from insecurity, from frustration caused by an inability to bring

change. Humans were going to force change. On top of this, the dark forces were using this as an attack on human consciousness by hiding an intent to create fear and use that to enslave humanity with them in control.(3) I was not going to go into these problems with Lila. She wasn't yet able to see beyond her own. I just filed the information.

My meal was strictly vegetarian, but Lila and Petey's had chicken. Lila noticed the difference between our meals and said, "I noticed you praying over your food, and you don't eat meat. I went around and around with the priest about this because the Bible seems to say we shouldn't eat meat either. Will you tell me why you are a vegetarian?"

"That was really two questions. Prayer is needed all the time. It helps cleanse the food of the negative vibrations of those who raise and prepare it. Additionally, you are consecrating it for God's use which is another way of saying you are trying to do God's will as you use it."

"OK, I can see that. Then why don't you eat meat?"

At this point there was no need to speak from the level of the soul, for at the soul's level nothing is ever killed. Consciousness resides in everything and is eternal, but again, now was not the time to speak from that level. "First, eating meat involves killing conscious beings. Their minds are not as advanced as ours, but they do think and feel, despite the claims of hunters, fishers and ranchers that they don't. They also have emotions. There are a number of documentary films such as Forks Over Knives, Speciesism, and The End of the Line which people should watch. They are all available on line. I could go on and on, but in a nutshell, mankind has no right to kill animal life, and doing so is creating a terrible karma for humanity. Second, people don't recognize the animal's intelligence, so they don't realize the animals are fearful for their own lives, just like humans. Further, most people do not even know what miserable conditions in which most farm animals are. Also, at a more material level, animals know when they are about to die, and their body, like ours, pours out hormones of fight or flight.

When you eat one, you are eating those chemicals which directly transfer the same feelings to you. All of that is on top of the harmful chemicals and hormones pumped into them in an attempt to keep them healthy and get fat."

I noticed that Petey stopped eating, and was listening intently. I continued on. He was absorbing my words like a thirsty sponge, which encouraged me to continue.

"Third, there is no need to eat meat. Protein as well as all other nutrients are available through plants."

Lila cut in, "but I heard meat was better for you. It has more nutrition."

"You don't have to eat as much meat to get the same amount of nutrients as vegetables, but proteins are still available in quantity. That leads to a fourth reason. By becoming a vegetarian you are helping this whole earth. Around forty percent of the food grown goes to the feeding of animals anyway. An animal eats around thirty pounds of plant protein to produce one pound of animal protein. Imagine the savings in land and resources, particularly clean water, if we took out that intermediate step."

She and Petey looked at me. They were obviously wondering if their chicken should be left on their plates. I looked at them and smiled.

"Go ahead and finish it. After all, the animal has already sacrificed its life for you. So, honor it by fulfilling its physical destiny. It is not my place to tell you what you should or shouldn't eat. That decision has to come from within you. All I'm trying to do is to give you the facts as they are. More reasons could be given for not eating meat; however, now is not the time for it. Let us be grateful and happy, here and now, for we are truly blessed."

The rest of the meal was eaten in relative silence, despite my attempts to keep the mood lighter by telling them humorous stories. I did not intend to make them feel guilty, but that was apparently what happened. I keep telling myself my words have to be more controlled and optimistic.

As we walked slowly back to the motel, the sun was setting, and a beautiful peach color filled the western horizon, flowing all the way to the puffy cumulus clouds overhead. We stopped and watched the show. I noticed there were a few tears running down Lila's face as we stood and watched it slowly disappear behind some trees. Lila's heart was opening to the beauty, and I thanked God for it. After we returned to the room, an atmosphere of peace remained. The TV was never touched. By the time all our showers were finished and teeth brushed, a calm serenity had descended upon us all. Lila was sitting on the bed closest to the window when she asked Petey to come close to her.

"Dearest son, I haven't made the best decisions in life so far, but we can start now. Please pray with me."

She got down off the bed and knelt beside it, putting her elbows up on the mattress. Petey did not know what was happening, so she said,"You come and do this too... Please. I want to teach you to pray."

I had been standing over on the other side of my bed watching this. I knew exactly what to do, the impulse was overwhelming. I walked around and went down on my knees the other side of Petey so he was sandwiched between us. Lila looked at me and asked, "Will you please say a prayer for all of us?"

It took me a few seconds to connect. There was a moment of silence and then the words came.

"Father, Mother God in whom we live and move and have our being, please raise our consciousness to your holy feet. Move our souls into your Light, and guide our every decision. Amen."

When we opened our eyes the room was suffused with a soft golden light. It was more than a glow from the room lamps. An atmosphere of peace and serenity had blossomed, filling the room with a fragrance of jasmine, and our hearts with a yearning for greater Love. All of us had tears of joy running down our faces. None of us moved. Without thought more words came

spilling out.

"Now are the souls of humanity to rise into righteousness. Call upon the Higher Realms to bring forth the purifying Flame. Call upon the Angels to assist the healing of this earth. Work with them, and do your part." My Unified Higher Self had come through. The voice was not Fred's. Both Lila and Petey were softly crying, and I felt Fred's body pour forth tears, opening internal, emotional doors and could not help but be pulled along with them.

The wandering mind and inability to focus were now seen in a new Light. Those elements were part and parcel of the body and mind I had inherited. They were now part of me, but a separate part, including the inertia and lack of evolution of the form itself. I had almost gotten caught by them. Fred Johnson had been caught, and this explained why he couldn't stand being in incarnation any more, for he had also connected to me enough to recognize the extent of the contrasts. He was literally being torn apart by the dualities of human life. His knowledge of the higher life was concurrent with the animal desires required to exist in the third dimension, and he could not reconcile the differences. I should have seen the dilemma before he decided to do away with his form. With effort, I refocused upon us in this room.

Lila spoke first, "I've never had anything like that happen to me before."

"Just flow with it; try and hold onto the feeling."

She turned away and more tears came. So, I turned to Petey.

"Petey, you just experienced something most children have either forgotten or never had, at least in this life."

Petey just looked up at me with his big brown eyes and said,"I liked that. Let's do it again. I feel good." Though my words may have gone over his head, my love for him simply poured out in a mental prayer of good wishes and hopes. I pulled him close and hugged him. He had absolutely no sense of self consciousness. His childish innocence is exactly what many

weary adults need.

"Those moments don't always come unless you really want them to come. You have to be thinking about God as much as you can, and you have to be a good person, helping others."

"How do you think about God?"

"There are a lot of different ways. Some people just have an ache in their heart because they want to be closer to God. Other people are thinking about what they can do to make this world a better place, and they give everything they do to God."

Petey was looking at me intently, and Lila was dabbing her face with a tissue as she listened. I looked at Petey and then over to Lila and continued.

"Unfortunately, most people are looking to get something for themselves by thinking or doing something for God. They are trying to strike a bargain with God. They will get their human reward, but the people who really are getting closer to God know everything is God's anyway, including them. So, the Love in their hearts just comes out expressing itself in whatever they do and say."

Grace had descended upon us, and we knew it. The glow had slowly faded away. It was a long time before we got off our knees and started talking, yet even then the topic was about the experience and how we needed to do our parts.

Lila felt she was a new person, and Petey just knew something really good had happened. Though we reluctantly went to bed, sleep was long in coming, and when the morning's sun arose we did too. Once more we went on our knees. This time we prayed silently. There was no glow, and after a few moments of silence we got up. It was time to go, for Life was calling. Nevertheless, all of us expectantly awaited the day.

But nothing unusual happened. As we drove, Lila asked me to talk about Spirit, but it seemed whatever I said made no difference within her, and perhaps that was the message. Deeds and deep heartfelt feelings, not words, were the currency of Spirit, at least on this earth's plane. I could have come up with the most uplifting, descriptive and spiritual words in the English

language, but it would have made no difference. To make the words sing, the heart has to be singing as well. So, the topic changed, and for some reason became about feelings of guilt. Lila went on for some time about how she had made many mistakes, and I spent my time telling her to release the past and do what she can right here, and right now. She then turned the conversation back to meditation, and asked what the next step was even though the first steps had yet to be taken in earnest.

"After you have brought your life under control, and you are at least partially being the observer, then you have to find time to stop and listen. Remember, meditation is listening to God, and prayer is talking to God. Most people try to do this in the early morning or late, before bed. To listen to God, you have to quiet your mind. Meditators call this stilling the mind. It is the hardest part of learning to meditate deeply. Patanjali, an ancient Indian spiritual teacher, laid down the basic pattern humans follow. It goes like this: First you shift your instinctual consciousness from the physical body into the head. After that is established, shift the consciousness into the mind. Then last, shift the consciousness from the mind into the soul. Sometimes it takes many years. Now, the last thing I want to add is that you will not necessarily have the same experiences I do, or maybe anyone else, but don't worry about that. Just flow with the energy. You will know it by the energy you feel."

We had turned west on 380 and were near Haskell, Texas. A big reservoir was nearby with some camping spots, so we stopped early and set up camp. The days were warmer, but the evenings became cool quickly. Fortunately, there were some trees around, and the area seemed to exude the feeling of openness, a place where the locals could relax and have picnics. It was still too chilly to swim, but Petey played along the shore while Lila and I watched from a picnic table up near the camp.

My report was completed, and I simply was trying to follow the impulses from my Higher Self, flowing with the energy presented. There was no plan other than to get Lila and Petey somewhere safe. Lila on the other hand was still uneasy.

One could see it as she spent many minutes mentally talking to herself, her eyes glazed over regardless of the task she was performing. Many blessings had been showered upon her, but not all negative thoughts and emotions had been purged. As it took decades for her to fall into her negative patterns, it may take decades to pull herself out.

Lila was putting out the ingredients for our sandwiches. The sack of bread with the mayonnaise jar was sitting half empty on the picnic table when she turned to me and said,"What am I supposed to do with my life? We were told to do our part, yet, I don't know what that part is. You somehow seem to have some higher connection. After all, you found me, and you saved Petey and I from that terrible life we had."

I cut in, "It was a rut you were in. You couldn't see your way out because all you saw was physically surrounding you. One, really important fact needs to be remembered. Everything you see and every experience you have is created through your thoughts and emotions. They form this reality. Unfortunately most people don't believe this fact, and blame circumstances for their problems. Everyone who is caught does the same thing. Most never take the time or energy to rise above their situation and look at the bigger picture as the overseer. They never see the flow of their entire life as a single unit. Nor do they see the opportunities constantly presenting themselves. Worse still, many see what they want to see, usually some animal-human desire, a rehashed negative experience from their past, or a fear of something in the future. I'm sure you recognized your clients came to you because their needs were not being met."

She winced when I said that, and I regretted being so blunt. Forgetting the sandwiches, she let herself sink down on the concrete bench. Supper would have to wait. I continued, "Few, if any, ask to see God's plan for them. If they do that, then they realize their gifts and talents are useful, but it doesn't mean their life turns into some heavenly dream. Far from it. Our talents and abilities have to be learned, and that takes energy and concentration. In order to break the negative cycle, we have to

devote time and energy to rethink our past thoughts, and focus upon the good, the beautiful. Then, when we realize the goodness we have, and we see the need to offer it for God's use, meaning we have to be receptive to the higher opportunities. Many people don't see these, and use their talents to enhance their personalities' ambitions."

"OK, if that is true, then what are my gifts, what is God's plan for me?"

"First of all, everyone must realize that their very existence on this human plane *is* doing God's work. The oxygen you breathe, for example, goes through a long process of connecting with the hemoglobin in the blood and becomes utilized in the cells, exiting later with an extra carbon atom.

"Hemo what?"

"It is the red part of your red blood cells that holds the oxygen. Just remember everything has consciousness, including the cell. The process of getting oxygen, carrying it, and giving it is an experience for not just the oxygen atoms and the carbon atoms, but also the hemoglobin and the cells. It is their life experience. As experience grows we see everything, without exception, is tied to everything else in one giant experience which we call Life. So, you see, even without planning something, you are doing what you are supposed to be doing on a very basic level."

"I don't know what you are talking about. I'm not a doctor. It doesn't make sense."

"OK, then let me try another metaphor. Imagine you are a leaf on a tree. It is late summer, and you have noticed that the sunlight on your leaf allows you to send food to the bigger part of the tree. The tree drinks up water and sends it to you. You take the sun shining on you, and using the air, add sugar to the water and send it back into the tree. Just by being a leaf you do that. It is just a part of what you do."

"I never thought of it that way."

"The point of what I just told you is that you need to stop kicking yourself because you feel you are not doing enough.

Every human has been implanted with a desire to do more, to feel more, and to merge more fully with the Divine,. So, being human doesn't mean we should feel inadequate. As a matter of fact, you are so much more than your blood, your organs, or even your whole body, you should be rejoicing!"

She turned away and didn't respond. There was a moment of quiet. She then turned back to me and exclaimed,"Everything and everyone is doing that kind of thing. You know, with the chemicals and all. I want to do something more!"

"OK, Let's go back to the leaf on the tree. If you were paying attention to the rest of the leaves on the tree, you'd notice that some leaves get more light than others. Some leaves have bugs eating them or are diseased. That's the way humans are. Some have more money and some have less. Some are sick and others healthy." Lila was paying attention, and she seemed to understand this metaphor, so I continued.

"You might notice the stems on all leaves lead to a small branch, which then leads to a larger branch and finally to the trunk of the tree. At this point you have to ask yourself, 'Am I just a leaf, or am I part of the tree?' The truth is, you are both. Fall is on the way and you watch leaves curl up and turn brown, just like you. If you think you are just a leaf, then you watch yourself and all of the others die. You might focus upon death and be very fearful. But, if you know you are a part of the tree, then you recognize only your leaf form drops away, your essence has been absorbed by the tree, and you willingly follow your sap back into the tree and await next spring when you will become a leaf again. Perhaps you will know yourself as the tree and bring forth a seed pod."

"Am I going to be born again?"

"You will, in more ways than you now understand. That is why meditation is so important. Those answers come in meditation. Personally, I see you are a good mother to Petey. Being a mother is a big job."

"But that is just normal. Everyone who has children does that."

"First of all, you are wrong, not everyone with children behaves with integrity or Love, and their children become lost, the weeds of society. More importantly, being a good parent is a big and necessary part of the social and cultural work that needs to be done. People think if something is normal it is unimportant, but the opposite is true. Being a good parent is the highest calling. It is in the ordinary operation of our own lives where we must first shine. It is as normal as smiling at a stranger walking past, or picking up some piece of trash others carelessly tossed out. The list is really endless. All we have to do is remain aware of our part."

"You make it sound so easy."

"It is easy, as long as you are aware of what you are doing. The Buddhists have a walking meditation designed just for keeping one's mind focused on the task. They take a bowl of water, filled almost to the brim so that it could easily spill out. Then they start walking, and try not to let it spill. If you don't focus, you spill the water. It is simple and effective, teaching one to focus."

Petey ran up at that moment with a perfectly flat, round rock he had found on the shore. It fit perfectly in the palm of his hand. There was a slight bump in the middle of it. It made me think of a flying saucer. His timing was perfect, breaking the lessons up. I knew what Petey needed, so down to the shore I went. It was time to teach him how to skip rocks. This was one of those moments when being an uncle was an enjoyable pastime. Lila decided to stay up at the picnic table and prepare our sandwiches.

That evening, after a camping supper, actually cheese sandwiches with pickles and lettuce Lila had made, we started talking about how well everything has been going. Lila still had a fair amount of money left as she thought she had saved just enough to be able to move, and I still had a lot left from Fred. I did not feel it was wise to divulge his gift. I wasn't worried anyway, for I knew that if we acted with righteousness all of our needs would be met. Gratitude was the theme as it should

always be. We all bowed our head and thanked Divinity for the many blessings.

* * *

Despite the atmosphere and positive adjustment to life on the fourth dimension, Fred still felt uneasy. Nothing, even the tremendous experience of realization seemed to stop the feeling. He had learned to meditate and spent a fair amount of time doing so, even though he was also trying to be an active part of the community. On the surface, everything was fine, and the counselors kept telling him that as well. What he didn't tell them was he kept being pulled back to witness his earth body. When he could get through to the mind controlling it, he recognized the confusion it created. He seemed powerless to implement his own ideas. Then again, should he be doing that? Was God working through him?

Finally, in meditation, the pieces of the puzzle fell into place. He was feeling guilt for his behavior in his human life. He had really abandoned his brother and family, not to mention ignoring his sister and her family. He had placed a shell around himself, even with his wife. In other words, he had centered his life around his own sense of loneliness and isolation, and now... now someone else was doing what he should have been doing.

There had to be some solution he could implement even from here. He resolved to start asking around, and finding out what he could do. The first thing that needed to happen was to tell his counselors he was having visions, no, more than visions, *experiences* back on earth.

* * *

The next day would take us into New Mexico, despite the slow progress we were making. Actually, our slow crawl across the U.S. was working. It gave everyone time to adjust to new rhythms, new sights, new attitudes.

My tent was on rocky ground, and the thin foam mattress

simply wasn't up to the task. My body wanted a nice soft bed, but I wasn't going to ask Lila and Petey to leave their bed in the car. The sky had turned dark quickly, and it was time to turn in. There was no voice and no glow as we prayed. As I forced this body to climb into the tent, only a soft breeze blew from the hills towards the reservoir.

When I awoke the next morning Petey was already throwing skippers out into the water. The sky seemed hazy, almost a light overcast, but some blue was leaking through. It was one of those mornings where everything seemed to move slowly, more so than even our normal slow pace. I sat down on the picnic bench and waited for Lila to get up and out of the car. It took a few minutes, but she slowly emerged and sat down near me. She was shaking off sleep. After a few 'good morning' sentences, she looked at me and said, "Please help me to meditate." Gratitude filled my heart, for this is where the journey starts. We had talked about meditation earlier. Now it appeared as if she was ready to commit.

"Many people believe the only thing one needs to do in meditation is to control the mind by making it blank. Actually, there are different stages of meditation, but the very first thing one has to do is to watch the mind. It will take you away in so many different ways, thinking about the past, your problems, the future and its problems, some experiences you had or hope you will have. The list goes on and on. Do you remember what I said earlier?"

"Kind of." What she really meant was no.

"I suggest you do nothing more than try and remain aware of where you are and what you are doing right here, all the while watching what your mind is saying to you. You have to be an impartial observer first. Remember the Buddhist meditation I was talking about?" She nodded yes.

"Well, simply start practicing it here and now. Don't look to the future or the past. Do your very best *now*. It is called being present. All of our power is found only right here and right now, not in the future or the past."

There was a pause, and she didn't respond, so to lighten the mood I stood up and added, "and that includes keeping your mind on having a nice breakfast ready when Petey and I return. Please. " I walked down to the reservoir to be a male role model for Petey.

Chapter XVI

An Encounter to Forget

Lila did just that. There was a nice bowl of cereal waiting for each of us when we returned from skipping rocks. When we put away the camping gear and cleaned up the area I noticed she washed the dishes especially slowly and carefully. Petey went back to the edge of the water to throw a few more skippers.

Lila was concentrating on what she did, and I was grateful for that. There was no rush, no hurry. This camping spot was just one of many, and a few cars were already leaving. All of a sudden a premonition of discord flashed through me. I glanced down the road and saw a red Dodge pickup moving slowly towards us. There was nothing to do, but wait as it slowly stopped, still aimed down the road away from the camping area, yet blocking our Ford.

Inside was an angry young man and some woman his age. His anger was intense, his flaming red aura visible even to my adopted body. Still sitting at the picnic table, I simply looked at his angry countenance.

"Get the hell out of this country you scum! We don't want no trash like you here. Just go back to Mexico, and stay there!" His foul words spewed out with spittle, clearly defining his character. I turned to look at Lila.

She was devastated. What had been calmly washing dishes became a vicious confrontation. Guilt poured back into her mind. She was responsible. She was the Mexican whore. Everyone could see it, and there was nothing she could do to change it. She felt caught in a trap of her own making. Tears started to bubble up. I would have moved to hold her, but this poor soul in the pickup needed to be dealt with first.

I stood up whereupon the guy gunned his engine spewing

black exhaust at us. The pickup sped off, throwing gravel and dirt as it dug deep grooves in the road. I stood there watching him go. Slowly the dust cloud started to settle. There was no sense in doing anything about him anymore. Lila was bent over over her basin of water, crying, still holding a dish in her hands. Walking back to enfold her in my arms, I noticed the campers from the next spot walking over. I turned and walked towards them as a female in blue jeans, our next-door camping neighbor started rapidly talking.

"Those people were outrageous. We could not help but see what just happened, that loud mouthed jerk! Don't pay no attention to him."

Reaching me she slowed down, and held out her hand. Her husband, or boyfriend, was a few steps behind. After pumping my hand she continued, "My name is Evelyn and this here is Brody. We came out from Lubbock to relax." I shook his hand too and replied, " I'm Fred and this is my niece, Lila. Thank goodness her son is down skipping rocks."

"Thank goodness is right, no kid should have to see that level of ignorance." Her male friend continued, "It's simply un-Christian. We have got to start being peaceful with one another, people to people."

I added, "and nation to nation."

"Yeah, and we need to be asking ourselves, what would Jesus do?"

At that point he started talking about their brand of Christianity, and though my mouth was shut I thought, "and Buddha, and Mohamed, and Krishna, and Zoroaster." Evelyn walked over to Lila who by this time was drying her eyes. So, we followed behind. Her male friend was still talking, but shifting his topic to how the people in his church were really following Jesus' teachings, none of them would have done this. In his mind he was trying to witness for Jesus. Finally he finished, so I added, "You know, Jesus himself was not a Christian. Buddha was not a Buddhist, Mohamed was not Islamic. They were all teachers in their own culture, for they all

taught the same thing, Love."

Brody looked strangely at me, but didn't say anything. We had reached Evelyn and Lila standing near the dishes.

Evelyn was silent and so was Brody, so Lila spoke up in an effort to be neighborly.

"You folks sound like Christians, and it is really important we follow Jesus, and be as loving as we can to everybody." Both of them without thought echoed "Amen." Brody, feeling more on home ground, continued, "Just like it says in first John, "God is Love" so we need to be loving." It was my turn.

"Everything you are saying is right, and we need to expand this thought out to everyone, because not everyone is a Christian, even though many claim to be. I'll bet that guy who just spewed his venom calls himself a Christian."

"Yeh," Brody continued, "a lot of people call themselves Christian, but it is just a bunch of words. They will go to hell just like that guy." I realized that my words were contributing the wrong message, so I tried turning the topic.

"I agree with you in principle, but let's not send bad thoughts out to anyone, nor judge them. What I was thinking about are the people who take positive thoughts, like racial equality or women's rights and turn them into negative things, saying feminists are against men, or people of other races are anti-white. For example, a right wing newspaper in the U.S. wrote 'The open borders conspiracy enables unrelenting waves of migrant outlaws to come to the U.S. It is actually a colossal profit-seeking venture cloaked in humanitarian virtue.' (4) You can feel the fear, anger and self interest when you read articles like that. It puts forth the idea that any positive happening for other people somehow diminishes your options or your own freedom. It is the normal, divide and conquer. Yet, these biased people are doing what they think is right. They can easily find others to support those warped opinions, but they are a minority. The majority of people have a good heart and wish others well. Situations are often more complex than people like to think.

They often take a minor truism and blow it up into an absolute black or white principle."

This time Evelyn answered. "I don't care what you say, that guy and all those talk show and newspaper people who are creating this anger are going to hell." Evelyn did not seem to include her own anger.

"Well, those radio and TV personalities are within their rights to say what they want. Besides, if you confront them, they will simply claim their statements are really humor, not meant to be taken seriously, or their words make good entertainment, and make them money. After all, all media are commercial enterprises."

"Even more reason they will suffer the pains of eternal flames." Her voice rose and fell on the last words, probably echoing her preacher's inflections. I tried to keep the conversation from becoming too emotional.

"Still, they are within the letter of the law even though they are outside the spirit."

"That's for damn sure. We need to have laws to stop them saying things that get people riled up."

I didn't say anything, but saw the pendulum starting to swing back towards another extreme, where overtly religious zealots ban books and dictate the rules. That always happens when people become focused upon their own solution, solutions their unopened mind created, just more unloving boxes to break out of. I had to speak again, for a balance point must be found.

"Some will say this is too simplistic, too black or white, yet look where the people of this country have taken politics. It has apparently come down to the choice between the velvet covered chain mail of the left with their bread and circuses sheltering a greedy elite, or the brutal armored fist of the right with its simplistic, dictatorial authoritarianism. Both of them bring an immoral and inhuman face to the problems confronting us. It is just as immoral to bail out rich bankers with the taxes of the poor than it is to spend 60 cents of every dollar on building weapons and armies. They use unthinking, emotionally reactive

people like that guy we saw to act on their ideas."

Evelyn cut in obviously annoyed at my lengthy statement. "That's why I said we need to have laws against this sort of thing."

"More laws are not what we need. An answer lies within those of us who are not driven to control others or live a life of unbridled desire. The simple morality of our own conscience helps us to live honestly and truthfully. All we have to do is act upon it. Some would call this a religious life. I would say it does not matter in the least if you give your life to God, Jesus, Buddha, Allah, Yahweh or Love, *as long as you live the ideals they embody.*

Evelyn's voice had a definite edge to it when she replied, "We don't believe that. Jesus is the only way. Jesus *is* God!"

I did not want to create any more friction. So, instead I said,"Well then, be inspired by Jesus. If we don't get inspired, then the forces of darkness will continue to enslave us. Be inspired by Jesus, Gandhi, Mother Teresa, or Martin Luther King whose lives shine like the sun, pouring goodness and truth upon all."

Evelyn's eyes started to squint and filled with determination. Though she kept her mouth shut, my comment wrapped it up. This interchange had turned into a confrontation, and it was again my fault. Neither of us wanted to submit to each others position nor to argue. I should have simply thanked them for their support and dropped it at that. The conversation was done, and everyone knew it. It seems as if I still have a lot to learn or rather relearn.

Lila could feel the underlying tension. She had forgotten her emotional entanglement in the event, and just wanted that feeling of peace to come back the way she felt it when she started washing the dishes. So, Lila said,"It was really nice of you folks to come over and be supportive. We hope you will continue to do just that, and tell your friends in church about this. OK?"

Evelyn and Brody were walking away when he turned

and answered, "We sure will, take care."

"You too."

They sauntered away, and I turned to Lila, opened my arms and gave her a big hug which started a few tears again. Lila just laid her head upon my chest and said, "Thank you for being here."

"No. Thank you for realizing all that was needed was a genuine thank you to those folks. I should have realized it as well."

I knew what she was feeling, and as I hugged her added, "Things like this only make us stronger, and hopefully our words are said with compassion." I could not help feeling a part of me had been taken over and I had started spouting off too much, just like I did with John and Harriet. "It is hard to see why people do these things, and understand them. But we have to try and remain loving, and I have to try and not carry conversations into areas of conflict." As soon as I said that, the thought arose within me that what I did was exactly correct. It threw my mind into confusion, but that was cut short with Lila responding.

"They are so hurtful."

We were thinking about different incidents. She was reliving the anger of the guy in the red truck, and I was thinking about the conversation with the neighbors, so I quickly adjusted.

"Yes, some are, but our pain comes from being attached at the same degree we are attached to our self-image."

There was a pause, and my compassion started flowing.

"Lila, you are not just some person hurt by some experience, but a child of the Christ part of who you really are. Later, maybe you will see what a great experiment you are involved in. It is God's third dimensional expression. Just stop worrying about these things. Someday you will laugh at this." She didn't laugh.

Just then Petey ran up excited to show us a part of a rock he found along the shore, a broken piece of a quartz crystal. The next few minutes were devoted to Petey and his extraordinary find. It took Lila's mind off of the angry event and gave impetus

to Petey's excitement. There was no need to speak about crystals in any real depth, for Petey wouldn't care. The crystal was simply a pretty and unusual rock he now owned.

After that we finished packing and left. A few miles down the highway Lila broached the subject of the neighboring campers.

"I know you don't believe in hell, but you didn't say that to the couple."

"You're right. It was because saying something to them about my understanding of heaven or hell would not compute in their minds. People make their own heaven or hell, and doing so is the result of a lot of things, not just our spoken values. Besides, my saying that would have lessened the impact of what they were trying to do, be supportive, and I should have honored that more fully. Actually, it would have been better for me to keep my mouth shut. If I had talked about what they consider heaven or hell, it would have introduced a conflict between concepts, theirs and mine; I didn't want that to happen. On the other hand, I wasn't going to reinforce their narrow concept of God either." I felt a bit confused.

There was a long pause lasting probably a mile's worth of relatively barren desert shrubs. She had been quiet, but I knew her mind was going around and around. She then got up enough courage to ask me,"Have I made my own hell?"

"Yes, to a certain extent you aided in developing it, but your hell was created before you got beaten up, or even before you decided to sell your body. Look back to how your beliefs created your reality."

My words were too harsh. I glanced into the mirror to see if Petey was listening, but it appeared he was engrossed in his rock collection, especially the crystal which he kept turning over and over trying to look through it. So I continued, "Your hell started when you allowed your emotional body to tell you to run away with Petey's dad."

"What do you mean by that?" Her delivery was more of a statement than a question, and had an element of anger. She

turned her body to face mine. I just kept driving, only glancing at her.

"I mean your emotions are the guiding principle upon which you are still living your life. At that time, you felt your parents, especially your mom was telling you what to do, and you couldn't stand her bossing you."

Before I had time to continue, Lila angrily made no bones about the fact I was apparently attacking her and her decisions. It was an outburst of frustration.

"Who the hell are you, or my mother, to tell me what I should or should not do? You have helped Petey and me, but that is as far as it goes. I admit the mistakes I've made, but they are past. This whole episode brought back the shame of leaving home, the loss of security, and other memories of shame I'd just as soon forget."

"I agree they are past, but it is not the past that is important. I'm sorry if I brought up your pain; however, your very anger and outburst indicates deeper emotional issues to be resolved." Lila pushed herself further into the corner, folded her arms across her chest and looked daggers at me.

I continued, "As a matter of fact that reminds me of a statement friends of mine have used. It goes 'Forgetting the things of the past, I will rise to my higher spiritual possibilities.' What I am trying to get across to you is that you should always be here now. Your emotions are still guiding you. As proof of this just look at the feelings you have right this instant. You are upset because you feel I am blaming you for what has happened, reinforcing your guilt and telling you what to do. None of that is true. I simply am stating the facts as they appeared and as I understand them, and not all of them are pretty. You have started to own up to them. Now, try to forget them. All of this does not mean the results of them will disappear, but once we make decisions, things happen."

She kept quiet, turned back to look out the windshield, but kept her arms folded across her chest. I could almost read her mind. At that point, the realization came that I was too

distant for most people. On one hand I didn't want to become embroiled in their emotional hangups, on the other there was a desire to assist. I felt caught.

She finally answered,"What your friends say may be true, but I feel like a caged rat. I made the decision to come. Was it the right one? Nothing I say or do seems to make any difference, and now my son and I are heading right towards another argument with my parents. We will have to live with them, and I think they don't have much money. So, that's going make us a burden on them as well." She continued to express thoughts along those lines lasting a couple of miles. They were doing her no good. I tried to smooth things over a bit.

"Now, you are worrying about the future. Being human involves emotional ups and downs. For most people the ups are times of carefree happiness and the downs are times when the faults of the world and the mistakes of people, including ourselves, are evident. The down times are those when we may more easily see the meanings of the lessons we need to learn. Unfortunately, the downs are also those times when we tend to try and hide from the feelings by projecting them onto others, feeling sorry for ourselves or more intensely supporting the negativity which we are holding. Even more unfortunately, we offer those around us the opportunity to see us at our insensitive worst."

Lila then turned back to me and forcefully said, "You practically ordered Petey and me to leave that motel with you. Didn't you realize what a hell that has brought down upon us?"

What I had said didn't work. My words certainly didn't calm things down. Lila's mind had turned to anger. There was no one other than herself to become angry with. Yet, it needed release. So, without examination she lashed out at me. A firm but loving stance had to be maintained by me.

"Yes, you are right, and now, are you sorry you did come? If you are, I'll take you and Petey right back even though we both know doing that would lead you back into another hell you don't need or deserve."

There was silence, full of tension, so I continued, "What you are feeling right now is anger, but despite your aiming it at me, it is really a self loathing, for you know in your heart what has gone on. What is happening now is the best for both of you. Have faith, not in me, but in God, things unseen, as the bible puts it, for they are unconscious knowings from your higher self."

She turned back to the front again, and tears started sliding down her cheeks. To my surprise, Petey had his head up near mine and pleaded,"Don't make mama cry." It was a plea from the heart, a plea filled with the pain of years, pain no child should have to experience. Yet, here it was, and could not be ignored. Lila was openly crying and could not answer him.

"Petey, listen to me. I love your mom and I love you, and would never do anything to harm you or her, but all of us are here on earth to learn. To learn means we have to experience. Right now, it is important we learn to control our fears and anxiety. That means we have to not let bad thoughts tell us what to do. Do you understand?" Petey nodded. "Right now your mom is worried about the future. You see, if we make a mental picture of something, we are going to make it show up in our life. I'm trying to help her be right here seeing the good things, and not worry about the future, or at least stop making unhappy pictures about the future."

He did not say anything, but slid back into his place behind his mom. So I added, "Right now, you need to give your mom a hug. Please, show her some love."

He jumped up over the seat back, put his arms around her and buried his head in her dark hair. At that moment a dark vision flashed before my mind. I could not tell what it was, but it involved death. I would have kept quiet, but the previous thought hit me with such force that it spilled out again.

"Everything we say, do, and think becomes a pattern for the future. We should be thinking in positive terms. Don't let your negativity plan dark and desperate times ahead."

It was time I shut up. Clearly, those sentences were like

drops of water falling into an almost empty glass. Their falling was soothing her psyche at one level even as they created turmoil when they hit the bottom. Still, a lot of drops would have to fall for her to be able to drink. As for me, when clarity was present, I recognized the sentences as an untangling of a unified picture, pulling an individual, isolated piece from a mass of interrelated material. The complete vision encompassed many varied aspects, the past, the future, the emotional, the intellectual, the spiritual all tied together to form a whole thought, but by itself it was inexpressible in words. Thus, the work was to prioritize the elements and release them one by one, one sentence at a time. That way at least the core of the thought could manifest. On the other hand, by isolating the core elements, the truth within them becomes too harsh for many people, too overwhelming, too unpalatable. Somehow, I need to find a softer way of expressing them.

Many elderly humans experience a vision of the whole, but have not yet learned to prioritize and isolate the elements before they speak. Thus, what comes out is rambling and fragmented. Unfortunately, often with the very old, their vision also encompasses fragments of the next dimension. This is interpreted as dementia by those grounded in the practicalities of human life.

It was too early to stop for the day, and besides there were no side roads beckoning me. The desert drifted by as the atmosphere calmed down. Lila had stopped crying, and was blankly staring out the window, praying for release. Petey was back in his seat also silently looking out the window, his rocks forgotten. My heart ached as I felt their pain and isolation. Poor Petey had no recourse but to flow in compassion with his mom.

Without any warning a contact was being made in my mind. It was not my handlers on the fourth dimension. It was not that familiar voice of my oversoul saying things through my mind, nor my higher self either. The knowledge of the contact stayed with my brain, but nothing happened for a moment. It was as if a telephone connection had been made, but no one was

saying anything. We had not quite reached the New Mexico border. I just kept driving when a male voice said, "In three miles there will be a dirt road north. Take it, and we will contact you."

Finally, with that transmission, I knew who it was, for they had been roaming the universe for millennia. This was an unexpected boon, one that could be used to help everyone grow, *if* this was handled correctly. Lila had been quiet a long time, and Petey was still staring out the window. The silence needed to be broken.

I put a big smile on my face and said, "I've got a surprise for you both." They looked up at me. Lila's face still was red from tears, and Petey's eyes were searching.

Chapter XVII

An Encounter to Remember

"Up ahead I'm going to turn off, and we will have an adventure most people only dream about. OK? Don't worry, this will be a lot of fun. Here comes the turnoff now."

Lila spoke up, "This doesn't look like it goes anywhere. It's only a dirt road."

"You're right, but it leads us to an experience which you will never forget, believe me." I said that mostly for Petey, for Lila was still feeling sorry for herself.

I was hoping the trip down this bumpy road would not be a long one, but ten minutes later the voice said, "Turn left at the next intersection and stop at the base of a black, rocky hill, then wait."

Fifteen minutes later we arrived. I was not expecting anything special, but Lila was obviously not impressed, neither was Petey. The rocky dirt road appeared to be a dead end, and even I was not looking forward to retracing our path back to the highway. There was plenty of space to turn around, as others obviously had, but no road continued around the black hill. It was more like a jumbled mass apparently composed of igneous boulders. The usual scatter of beer cans and paper trash were absent. It was as if there were no need for the road at all. The hill sat isolated, by itself in a relative plain of scrub brush. There was apparently nothing here of interest. So, I suggested we get out of the car and stretch our legs. A brief look around a rocky outcrop on one side of the hill was also fruitless. About five minutes later still nothing had happened, and Lila was getting anxious. This was not a happy experience for her, and I was becoming worried. Lila turned to me. "Let's go," was all she said.

"No, we have to wait."

"Wait for what?

Just then a man appeared coming around the hill from the

north. He was obviously walking straight towards us. He was tall and thin with sandy hair. He smiled as he greeted us.

"Thank you for coming. Please follow me." Then he just turned and started back the way he came.

Lila just looked at him blankly with a hint of fear, and then back at me. I encouragingly offered, "The adventure begins," and started walking after him. Lila and Petey held hands and followed a few steps behind. We rounded the hill to the north and in a dozen or two steps the man simply disappeared. It was not that he dissolved, but rather it was if he suddenly turned a corner and was gone. I stopped. Lila and Petey halted too, and stood there looking at me, transfixed, as if I was in charge, and they needed directions. Perhaps they didn't see what happened to the man.

With no fanfare or sound at all, a metallic looking ship appeared in front of us, sitting on metal legs about four feet off of the ground, still and silent. The cigar shaped ship must have been over a hundred feet long with a hatch-like opening about a third of the way down the seamless skin. A ramp ran down to the ground about five feet in front of me, and the man we had seen was standing in the doorway motioning us forward with his arm.

Lila and Petey were frozen, although not yet with fear but rather awe. So, I walked over to them and said, "Here we go on the adventure of a lifetime." At that point Petey, who saw this ship as a big airplane almost ran ahead. Lila held onto his hand and was pulled forward as I kept encouraging. There was fear in her expression, and her body seemed to become stiff and disjointed but she kept going. I was proud of her.

We entered a space like a small entrance room. There were several doors in the various panels. Otherwise, the walls inside were as smooth as the outside. We were escorted down a hallway. Here and there a closed sliding door appeared. There was no apparent lighting fixture, yet, everything was perfectly visible without shadows. Our host stopped and a door slid out of sight into a wall. He motioned us into some sort of observation

room. There were individual, swiveling captains chairs as well as a light grey sofa all oriented to a big flat part of what was, probably, the outside wall of the room. He followed us in and said, "Have a chair and relax. May I get you something to drink, or perhaps something to eat?"

Petey wanted a soda, but Lila was still in a kind of trance, as if this were all a dream, and said nothing. She mechanically sat uncomfortably on the edge of one of the swiveling chairs. I took the other and replied," I would appreciate a cool glass of lemonade." He moved over to a fixture on the wall coming back with glasses for both Petey and I. The liquid surely tasted like lemonade, and I'd bet Petey's drink tasted like some cola, but I wondered what we were really drinking. It reminded me of Star Trek, the Next Generation. After all, one has to wonder, are spaceships equipped with soda fountains with real lemons? After handing Petey his glass of dark colored liquid, he walked up to the flat part of the outside wall and touched it.

All of a sudden the screen jumped alive with color and shape which within a second we saw was the hill where we had climbed aboard. Then we saw the surrounding land moving away from us at an enormous speed. As the scene grew smaller our car became visible on the other side of the hill. There was no feeling of movement, but I knew we were rising straight up. Petey was excited saying, "Look Mom! Look!" Our host moved to the side of the screen and stood there. His look was what some would call impassive, and seemed more interested in Petey and Lila than the view on the screen.

She was looking, still without saying anything, but I could tell something was bubbling up inside her, for she understood this was not a movie, but a reality she was involved in. I could feel her tension. The entire area of land we had driven through was now shrinking away. Our host said, "This area of the world, the American Southwest, holds a lot of promise, and will, in the not too distant future, bloom again." Lila just looked up at him and flatly asked,"Why are you doing this?"

He looked at her with compassion, without a trace of

arrogance or pride and said,"This is being done just to show you, and Pete..." He looked over at Petey who was engrossed in the screen. "...two things." Pete was all eyes and ears. Everything was making a deep impression. "First, that you, Pete, Lila, and all of us as well as this earth are part of a universe so much larger than you or any human mind normally thinks about, and second, all things of earth change as your consciousness changes." He looked at Lila with intent, and then added, "If you understand these two things, then you will start to grasp the implications of them. Humanity is a small part of a whole universe of thought, and humanity will change as universal consciousness evolves."

Lila simply asked, "Are we being abducted?"

He smiled and replied,"No, not at all. Those forced abductions were done by others, and besides, they have now stopped. You will be returned to the same place we picked you up in a matter of a few moments."

By this time the earth in all of its splendor filled the wall. The upward movement had stopped. Thus, we could fill our visual sense with the glorious entity of Earth before us. The alien continued focusing his attention upon Lila.

"Take in this scene, and please, think about what is being said. There is an effort by some, who would enslave mankind, to make you think you are small and insignificant in this vast universe, but the reality is you are special indeed. Yes, the universe is full of Life. It *is* Life, but your human forms are rare, as most of us exist on what you call the fourth dimension or higher. We simply take on density to engage with you to show you a broader, more inclusive context. Your third dimensional bodies could populate this third dimensional universe, bringing forth the blessings of First Source as you do. This could happen, but only if humanity itself reflects that blessing for all."

Lila appeared perplexed so I decided to engage him. "Is there any scientific evidence that humans are special as you suggest?"

"There is a great danger in accepting any one particular thing as proof of your importance, for the particulars often

become used to attempt to validate a narrow viewpoint, especially regarding a specific time and culture. There are many races of humanity yet to come, and each of these will bring forth specific attributes into manifestation. As each unfolds in their own time, many truths will become apparent. In this time frame, science and philosophy along with religion need to join together to heal the planet. This is best done by studying the relationship of humans with the present environment from each of those perspectives. A greater unity will be achieved."

The scene abruptly changed to a view of earth's moon surrounded by blackness. It filled the screen on the wall. Due to the size of the screen, the moon appeared much closer than was visible from earth, even closer than Fred had seen it through quality telescopes. The great grey expanse was pock marked with craters and shadows of hills created by meteoric impacts. Our host continued, "This was once a vibrant planet like the earth. It is almost completely dead now because the beings upon it did not realize their responsibility to all of life."

Petey was paying attention, and said, "You mean people lived there?"

"Not people as you know them now, but yes, people lived here. At that time the moon did not look as it does now, but had water and surface life, much like earth now. However, all the population cared about was themselves. They did not think they had any responsibility to care for their environment even though it was the environment that gave them form. Thus, this experiment did not allow those on this planet, your moon, to expand into the universe." Petey was awe-struck. He turned to me and asked, "Was this what you were talking about learning?"

"Yes Petey, it is, and a lot more besides," I answered, then continued, "Humans can hear a truth from those near and dear to them for decades and still remain unconvinced. Yet, when someone else comes up and says the same things in different words, they all of a sudden pay attention. Listen to this nice man." Pete was, and I was pleased he was fully engaged. I just wished Lila was.

Our host appeared interested in our verbal exchange, but said nothing. Lila had remained silent, but suddenly asked him,"Why don't you make yourselves known? You could save mankind from disaster!"

"We could, but what would be learned by doing so? I am one of a group of beings called the Nordics since we look very much like those from northern Europe. We passed through a similar evolution by taking care of our environment and we evolved more peacefully. Humans must learn to take care of themselves. We, and others, already have made ourselves known as there are sightings all around this earth on a more or less regular basis. Most humans already accept this, but your governments, with a few exceptions, try and conceal this fact. Many of us are already living on earth as humans doing what we can to help humanity wake up. This little excursion is just another example of our efforts. It is up to the masses of humans to realize the truth and make use of the opportunities."

While listening to Lila and our host, I noticed we were moving away from the moon. Suddenly, the scene changed back to earth, and it was clear we were descending. The entire southwest was visible on the screen, an area appearing more tan than green. We watched silently as the features became more distinct. A few moments more and the screen showed us back where we started. Our host, impassive as ever said, "Thank you. We hope your journey was an enlightening one." Turning to Petey he said, "Petey, we have a gift for you to keep. Every time you look at it, remember this trip." He held out his hand. "Here, this crystal is yours." He handed Petey a beautiful amethyst crystal about 4 inches long and said,"Take good care of this." Petey stood up and held onto that crystal as if his life depended upon it. I had to tell him to say thank you as he was too excited to even think about anything else.

Our host responded, "You are welcome. Although we hope this excursion will be remembered, your discretion in dissemination of this locale will indicate the wisdom needed at this time. Please follow me." Neither Lila nor Petey understood

the words, but they did understand the meaning. This was the end of the trip. We all got up and left through the same door we had entered. Lila remained silent as we walked down the ramp. When we turned back a few steps later the entire spaceship simply disappeared before us.

Mentally, I had the vibration of our host still with me, so I thanked him for the trip. He replied they had done something similar to this for many people in an effort to counteract the alarmist propaganda put out by the governments of the world. Humanity needed to know many of our brothers of space and dimension were here to try and help us evolve, but they were not here to do the work humanity itself must carry out.

We had just climbed back into the car and as I was about to start it, Lila turned to me and asked, "Are you an alien too?"

Now, most people have no idea about walk-ins or even consider that life, *their* life, is eternal consciousness until it joins with the super-consciousness of the creator (which could hardly be considered consciousness at all as it is termed by humans). So, I said, "No, I'm not, at least in the way you understand it."

"What do you mean by that?" Her tone was alarmist. She leaned forward in her seat so that she could face me more directly, her hair falling in front of her eyes. She flipped it back. "You were always some sort of loner when I remember you back in high school. You visited dad and mom every now and then, but always remained kind of off on your own as I remember."

I ignored answering her question as she already gave me the material needed to talk about being a loner. So, I spoke to the need for self-examination as I started the car and drove slowly back to the highway, avoiding the worst of the rocks. There were many details I could fill in regarding Fred's youth despite the fact I had only viewed them as if on a screen in preparation for this assignment. Nonetheless, using Fred's life as example Lila was shown how he looked at his thoughts and saw them reflected in his behavior, realizing his many mistakes.

After about another ten minutes Lila again turned to me

and said, "You never answered my question. Are you an alien?"

"I will give you the truth as far as I understand it, but be aware you are going to have to broaden your thinking, and perhaps get rid some of what you think is the truth" There was a pause and then she slowly spelled out, "OK."

"The truth is that all of us, even every normal human is an alien."

"What! That's impossible!" she exclaimed turning to her window shaking her head vehemently.

"Try and follow what I'm telling you. Every atom in this world and every cell in your body is the result of some star's fusion of elements."

She turned back. "Oh, that! I get that. That's science. I'm talking about me. I don't remember being on some other planet, or coming here."

"Few do. Because that is the way this experience is set up."

"Well, it's set up wrong."

"Who are you to tell God this creation is set up wrong?" My tone was too harsh, and I knew it, but I was not prepared for her tirade falling like an avalanche fueled by the anger of frustration.

"My life has been a hell, and if God were good then it wouldn't have been, and maybe if there were a God then those millions of people wouldn't have been murdered by those other millions of people who are bad." She went on for about two minutes more before she became silent. I just hoped that Petey wasn't paying too much attention, but I knew he was. He had been present for other tirades, no doubt. I had to tread carefully.

"Have you ever asked yourself, why it's you who has had the experiences you've had?"

"Yeah, a thousand times a day." Her voice was controlled, but the emotional turmoil behind it was evident. "I'm tired of hearing the answer, *any* answer. I'd be better off dead." Her tone was flat, like a ruptured tire trying to still roll.

"Please, do not think that way, it will have bad results.

Remember, your thoughts are creating the objects you see, and your feelings and emotions are creating your future events. I'm not asking you to think about the many karmic liabilities or karmic credits you are experiencing. You are taking my question in the wrong way. I never meant it as a question that has an answer in those terms."

"Well, what are you asking then?" Her voice was still angry.

"Maybe it shouldn't have been a question. What I'm asking you to do is to ponder the great opportunities this human life is giving you. To turn it into an ordinary question is a way of allowing an ordinary person to shift the question into something to be admired or pitied. That is sheer self-centeredness, a conceit. Instead, look at your life through a much broader lens."

"I have, and I'm a failure."

"No, that is what you want."

"God damn it! I don't want this! You think anybody in their right mind wants this?" She was really angry, but I had to keep going. I looked into the rear view mirror. Petey was paying attention, but unfortunately becoming attached to his mom's emotional turmoil. I had to keep my voice calm and direct.

"You are trying to find a way out, but only on your own lower ego's terms. A part of your mind wants you to fail and blame it on God, but it is too late for that. There is no way out. You and Petey for that matter, have experienced too much to ignore. You have no way to retreat, and your mind has yet to open up to accept your present position as the perfect place to practice your highest truths. You have no way of knowing what this incarnation is preparing you for."

"Oh, shut up!" was all she said turning away disgustedly. I looked in the mirror again and decided to add something apparently aimed mostly for Pete, but meant for Lila. I waited until he caught me looking at him, and then I added, "Just become an impartial witness. Watch what is happening without getting entangled in it. The stage upon which we are acting is so large, and there is so much energy in Life that to try and make it

fit into narrow human terms will at best distort the truth." They both may not have understood the words, but I hoped they did get the gist of it.

Silence reigned for the next couple minutes while we finished bumping our way to the highway.

Back on the highway the miles drifted smoothly by, but the emotional tension in the car was anything but smooth. Lila sat turned towards her door window with her arms crossed. I wish I could have read her thoughts, but couldn't. My ability to read others minds was actually worse than when I first arrived, and I had no idea what was going wrong again as it seems I had also lost contact with my helpers on the fourth dimension.

We were in New Mexico on the way towards Roswell. It took another half hour before Lila turned back to the front. She still remained silent. Late in the afternoon I received another message from our extraterrestrial host. He gave me directions to turn south on a certain paved road, then onto a dirt road which led to an old camp. The sun had been getting lower, and interfering with my easy view of the road, so this was an especially welcome diversion. After bumping along another dirt road for about fifteen minutes we came to the remains of an old, tiny frame hut whose weathered grey lumber had collapsed in a heap. Now it was nothing but a pile of wood. A water pipe stuck up out of the ground near a close hill. Surprisingly, when one turned the faucet we had running water. Just to be on the safe side, we decided to only drink our bottled water. Still, it was nice to have water for washing.

Not surprisingly, Lila had been quiet, even when I finally turned off the highway. She didn't speak after we climbed out, but as time passed, the habits of setting up camp allowed her to find a more normal tone of voice.

"I'm still mad at you."

"Why? What have I done?"

"You never give me straight answers. They always lead to something else, and I always end up feeling worse."

"Please understand, I have never tried to confuse you or

upset you. All of this turmoil you are feeling exists because it exists in your mind..." Lila angrily turned towards me, but before she could start her rant, I went on, "and yes, before you get mad at me for saying that, just think about how we *are* right here, right now. We have everything we need, even water. We have plenty of food and money. The car is running well, and our trip has had many exciting and enlightening moments. What more do you want?"

"I want peace." She didn't miss a beat.

"As a great teacher, Sai Baba, said, "Get rid of the ego's I, and your desire, want, and what do you have left? Peace."

"See what I mean?" Lila just burst into tears, and Petey ran over and hugged her. I walked over with the same intent, but she saw me coming and said, "Just stay away from me for now, please." I thought back to the end of my report dealing with the human response. It wasn't adequate in regard to the pain humans too often feel.

So, the pile of old lumber and the water spigot became the center of our camp for the night. There was no need to unpack the tent, or make a bed in the back of the car as we decided to sleep out under the stars. There was no animated discussion of our experience that day, and only references were made to it as we settled in for the evening. Yet, it was clear Lila was thinking about what had happened. One could tell by the way she kept her head bowed, silently focused upon folding the blankets or making the ubiquitous sandwiches. But instead of thinking about her trip to space, her mind was holding onto one thought. "God, what am I going to do? Please, save me!"

Her words, mentally spoken were some I could pick up easily, but I stayed quiet. Late afternoon was still warm and the sun slowly descended keeping the campsite well lit. Petey and I explored around the hills while Lila silently made sandwiches.

The sun set on the southwestern ridge of the hill next to camp. It's shadow kept extending out until the final burst of direct sun was obscured. Soon the entire area was becoming still under an ever darkening shadow. With the sun gone, the

temperatures dropped rapidly. So Petey and I gathered some of the old wood. Later we let Petey light it up. After a few moments, flames of the campfire cast a nice warm glow on the side of the hill, and our bodies gathered the warmth while we ate. Silence reigned. Were it not for Lila's gloom, the atmosphere was one of a contented, unified family out camping. I was hoping the silence and outer calm would seep into her mind.

Around 8 PM when the fire was burning low and the stars were twinkling, I received another message from our friends. They were coming to give a demonstration. Five minutes later the stars were obliterated by a brilliant light which seemed to illumine our area more than the sun could have, even at noon. Just as abruptly, the light switched off and we were treated to breath-taking views of a spaceship so big it seemed to cover half the sky. Then we saw glowing balls of fire doing acrobatics in formation. Sometimes there were single fly-bys. There was even a moment when one of the balls stopped right in front of us for a moment. Petey started running around excitedly hollering. I recognized the ball of light as an entity. When the big ship reappeared, he was still running around, jumping up and down. After the last of the glowing spheres sped past, they disappeared. There was not much any of us could say except, wow! When the show was over Petey took a long time to calm down, and Lila had to be firm with him to get him into his bed roll. Lila, herself, was less enthusiastic, remaining quiet much of the time. I added more wood to the fire as we climbed into our sleeping bags. Finally, the silent stars covered us with their serenity, shed their peaceful light upon our camp, and the twinkling lights faded into darkness as the outer mind shut down enfolding us in its soft blanket.

Chapter XVIII

Turmoil Continues

The next morning was colder than expected. The sun was not quite up, the stars were mostly gone, and every rock stood out, spotlighted by its clarity in the cold, still air. Despite pulling the blankets close, and pretending I could sleep, the cold kept seeping in at the cracks. I got up and started the car and upon hearing the engine, both Lila and Petey got up and groggily climbed into it as well. Petey got into the front seat and snuggled up close to me. Lila still had her extra blankets pulled around her shoulders as she got in, sliding into the passenger seat, trying to conceal a yawn. Nothing was said as we were still really trying to sleep. About five minutes later the warm air pouring out from the heater started to make a difference. Petey fell asleep between us, and Lila also dozed. Unfortunately, I could not sleep and kept thinking about Lila and Petey. My plan remained the same; get them back to her parents.

About half an hour later Lila woke up, turned to me and said, "I won't move one inch until you tell us what is going on."

"In what way? We all have have seen and experienced the same things."

"I don't mean that, or... I mean the whole thing. Something is happening, and my son and I are becoming a part of it. I don't know if it is good or bad. I don't know if I should be frightened more than I am. I..." Her voice trailed off.

Petey was in the fortunate position of not yet having been too indoctrinated by school, a steady diet of TV, or even a monolithic culture. He was accepting all that had been going on with an air of just experiencing it all. Lila, on the other hand had been growing more agitated and anxious, holding it all in ever since we left Texas. There was nothing I could say that had not already been said. Self control was really needed, plus a dose of humility and perspective which I hoped was gained by seeing

the earth and moon from space. I still had to say something or I would be even less trusted.

"OK, there are two parts to what I'm going to say. First, please recognize what our alien friend said. You are part of a universe much larger than most people dare to think about. If that is true, then human beings are an infinitesimal part of it from one perspective. What most people never even consider is that every drop of this material universe is an infinitesimal part of a greater universe having so many dimensions no ordinary human even theoretically knows about. It is part of an endless multiverse.

Lila interrupted me. "Multiverse? What the hell is that?... and if we are a small part of it, why should we care?"

"What I'm trying to communicate to you is something beyond the human, and yet use words and thoughts based in this human reality. So, let me back up."

"Yeah, you'd better,"she sarcastically replied.

"Different dimensions are simply different environments. People think of them as different spaces, but since there is no such thing as space or time what they really are can be called projections of thoughts. Since thoughts may be small or gigantic, and since people often join in with already created projections, then they be thought of as universes. Thus there are multiverses."

"You mean all this is nothing but a thought?"

"Basically, yes. Yet, and despite this fact, you were created by God, however you conceive of that. Thus, at the opposite end of the pole you are a fragment of God, and therefore indispensable to all life within the universe and the multiverse." She didn't say anything, so raising my voice said, "That includes you, Lila. You are a part of God." She looked at me but still kept quiet, so in an effort to calm things down a bit, and lowering my voice continued, "The second part deals with the fact that your mind is chaotic and confused. What goes on around you then appears chaotic and confused."

Lila still sat there not speaking, so my mouth remained

shut, but my mind didn't. Instead of focusing on her, it started to generalize. Most humans absorb generalities based upon unexamined perceptions at best or the words of others at worst. The very fact cliches are so labeled indicate their power. They and all words taken to heart are then turned into personal truths which become unconscious assumptions. Assumptions are then processed by a mind which tends to throw the label into a bin labeled good, bad or indifferent. The bins themselves are gross generalities, but also carry emotional baggage, so when action is needed, coarse, unrefined generalities are first served up for thought. Their emotional content then effects the mode of expression. Humans unthinkingly simply plug into the assumed generality and then act, most of the time without much forethought.

After a few moments of silence, and with as soft soothing voice as possible I said, "The easiest way to avoid these errors is to detach one's emotions and search for facts. To become aware of more than generalities is one of humanity's tasks as well as yours specifically."

At last she turned to me and spoke. "What does that have to do with anything? I'm scared." Her tone was becoming belligerent again as her reasoning mind had broken down. Petey, who had stirred awake, was just sitting there between us. No doubt he had heard arguments, but this was something different, so he just sat still trying to take in what was being said.

"By having a chaotic mind, fears develop because you think what is happening is beyond your control, and then you materialize those fears. Your focus upon you, your human self, is an unwarranted arrogance because if you understood what I just told you, you would also understand how unimportant your petty concerns are. Just looking at the billions of stars last night should have shown you that." I found myself being pulled into her turmoil, and realized my mistake as she said,"My petty concerns? It's my life!" Her voice was rising. So, mine had to remain calm and assuring, and this was taking real effort. I had to lift her up, and knew it, but first had to calm this body's

emotional state.

So, after taking a deep breath and letting out those feelings of anxiety, I calmly replied,"All humans exist to develop into beings far more perfect and glorious than any flight of your most uplifted fantasy. You don't recognize this because all you think about is your human personality and its relationship to this plane of human frailty. You are frightened because you identify with Lila, her body, her emotions and her mind. All of those are being threatened by what you have been experiencing. You are far greater, more glorious, more powerful than those thoughts."

She was at her wits' end, her voice at a high pitch, was near breaking. "What am I supposed to do?"

"You are supposed to do nothing but take a deep breath and try to relax."

She just looked at me as if I was nuts, so I raised my voice and became adamant.

"No, I'm serious! Now take a deep breath."

Instead, Petey took a deep breath, and as he did Lila looked at him and burst out laughing. It was so good to see her laugh. Her smile blew anxiety to the winds. The thought came to me this was the best thing that could have happened, so before the laughing ended, I said, "That was the perfect response. Laughing is the best thing you could do. Right, Petey?" The car was warm now in more ways than one.

Petey had been holding his breath. "Now you can let it out, Petey." He let it out with a 'woosh.' That continued to break the ice. Lila smiled and kissed Petey on his forehead. That was enough for now. The camp had to be cleaned up, the sleeping bags dusted off and put away, so I got out of the car and started tidying up. A few minutes later they both climbed out and together we started the day. Petey and I were making sure the fire was completely out when he said to me, "Mom says that you aren't a normal guy." Petey said it without any malice. Now, something like that could have been taken negatively, but it was clear Lila said it to him without any either. That was actually a

good thing.

"I'm just a guy whose experiences has shown him more to this universe than the average person. That's all. You are just starting to experience some of these unusual things yourself. All of the experiences that made me who I am may not be the same ones you have, but in the long run we all grow into God's glory. Just accept the happiness." I put my arm around Pete and in the most loving, hopeful, heartfelt way gave him hug. Letting the blanket drop off her shoulders Lila joined in as well. That hug was worth a million words.

Later, after finishing the cleanup we drove towards Roswell. The atmosphere had cleared considerably. Lila and Petey asked me questions, trying to make sense of their experiences. They appeared to like listening to me, so a rambling commentary helped the miles go by.

"Human consciousness is just a stepping stone," I told them, "shifting from animal to man, from human to soul infused being. The ladder of consciousness appears unending, disappearing to human thought in a blaze of Light." Lila wanted to know how to achieve this state without having to suffer through more human pain. I had to be honest, but she didn't like the answer.

"Pain forms a part of the human experience. Pain acts as a pointer to the problems that must be overcome." Although Lila was disappointed, she was again mollified to learn that all of life's travails can be mitigated by meditation, for meditation led to knowing one's self. She already started trying to meditate.

Meditation had been a topic ever since we left the motel days ago. A lot of what we talked about dealt with stopping the mind's wandering. I told them again about various techniques such as focusing upon a candle flame. That brought up our experience in the motel, so we all spoke about the Light and Peace we felt then.

Lila said,"The experience felt like years ago though it was only a few days."

I responded, "If you want to have others like that,

persistence is absolutely necessary."

"But it's so hard."

"That's because you are not used to it."

"But how can you get used to it?"

"By doing it persistently."

So, the circular conversations and the miles flowed by as the ties to the past were being loosened, and the foundations for new ideas replaced the loose ends. I felt good about the breakthrough. Yet, we still had many days to travel before reaching California.

Chapter XIX

Finding One's Place

We all had a good laugh at the alien hype in and around Roswell. Despite the official stance of government, most people already recognize aliens are here amongst us humans, but it is still a shame humans use aliens for marketing and sale of silly junk, while ignoring a possible fruitful relationship of unlike minds. Thus, Roswell slid past us as we continued along Highway 380 going west. We spent the night in The Valley of Fires recreation area, and the following day, in early afternoon, cut right by the White Sands missile range, finally reaching the north-south I-25 freeway. I avoided talking about the atom bomb, or the disaster of killing thousands of Japanese men, women and children when the bomb could have simply been demonstrated to them off-shore, but that is all human history now. My mental musings were interrupted by Lila.

"Don't you think we could have a nice lunch here in Socorro?"

"Sure, how about it Pete?"

"OK, Can I have an ice cream? Please?"

By eleven o'clock the temperature was already in the low 90s, so I pulled off and found a family friendly restaurant. It was good to get out of the car and stretch for a few minutes. The air conditioned eatery had a nice table near the windows and was clean.

When we eat now, we hold hands and thank God, or Prime Source, as I call 'It' for this experience. So when the food came, we did. Yet, when we lifted our heads it was a surprise to see that we apparently had made a spectacle of ourselves for the other patrons. Their stares carried their judgments with them. It reminded me of a painting by Norman Rockwell on the cover of Saturday Evening Post in mid 20th century. It depicted a family

saying grace in the middle of a restaurant. Their old fashioned attire hinted at the old fashioned custom of thanking God for the food. The condescending smiles of the other patrons clearly showed how far that custom had disappeared even a century ago. A thought appeared in my mind which said, "People pray openly just to make sure they aren't going to hell, or to try and shame others." That was followed immediately by the realization that judgments were being made here and now. I countered that thought with my own. Regardless of others intents or motivations, now is the time to stand up for what one believes. Forget the stares and smirks or what other people think. They don't realize the extent gratitude blesses. Besides as Wayne Dyer said, "Your judging someone does not define them. It defines you."

The few miles we spent on the freeway north to Socorro brought a sense of foreboding, not just because we were immersed in a flow of consciousness that had to get somewhere fast, but also because I recognized ever since the report was finished, contact with my own higher self was barely functioning. Something was not right. On top of that there was this dark cloud of unease, a something which my mind was for some reason not coming to grips with. Perhaps this was because I was in Fred's body. Yet, being in third dimensional form was not previously a problem, so why would it be a problem now that I was learning to relate to my incarnational selves?

The sense of unease increased with our turning west on Highway 60. Despite my worry nothing happened that day except that we were shooed off some rancher's grazing area. That didn't bother us too much as we always set up camp earlier than most, and besides, this was not an uncommon occurrence. At least the trees and country were becoming more interesting.

When we crossed over into Arizona, heading for Eagar, I felt the need to stay on 60 heading northwest. Something told me to go to Sedona. It was nothing but a feeling, but the decision was bolstered by the logic that I wanted to avoid Phoenix. Cities have a hectic, impatient energy one is forced into partially

adapting to, especially when driving. The larger the city, the greater the turmoil. We would continue to take the smaller, less traveled roads. They are almost always more attractive and have more camping areas; however, we were really not equipped for heavy duty camping in the mountains coming up.

Eagar was rather dry and unappealing despite the mountains nearby. Most trees in the area were brushy, due to the lack of moisture. We pressed on, only getting gasoline and water there. Not long after leaving Eagar the road climbed into the mountains and the scenery changed for the better,.remaining more interesting all the way to Pinetop. Both Lila and Petey stayed quiet most of the time. We took Highway 260 to Payson after stopping for a nondescript restaurant lunch.

Despite the scenery change and the mountain air, or maybe because of it, I was getting very tired of driving. I never asked Lila to drive, and she never offered. Mental directions had to be received, and Lila needed to simply relax and think. As far as I was concerned, it was time to find a camping spot. What followed was a series of missteps where some landowner told us to go find some other spot. Another just told us get off their land. Most people don't realize homes are blossoming in very rural areas. Many of them have some acreage, so they are not always easily visible from the highway. So, it's easy to think you've found a camping spot when you've instead driven halfway down someone's dirt driveway.

After being chased away from several good spots, it was necessary to sit still and listen. Thus, I pulled off onto a somewhat scenic turnout, and told them I needed to meditate for awhile.

Lila was more or less keeping her thoughts to herself. She seemed to focus upon Petey, hugging and kissing him much to his dismay, although he internally enjoyed the attention and love. One could see it in his smiles. Lila's affection, on the other hand, had an edge to it, a clinging desperation.

Ten minutes later, sitting by myself on a hill, the answer of where to spend the night came to me. We had to drive another

hour to get to one of the little towns to find a motel. By that time I was really tired of driving. We checked into a small one right off the highway where, yet again, other patrons had ignored the no smoking sign. Rather than going to a restaurant, I felt the need to be outside. I had seen a scenic turnout a few miles back, so we stopped at a small store, bought a few essentials, like lettuce to spruce up our sandwiches, and headed back. Lila spoke up along the way.

"There are a lot of really pretty places around here. I wonder why we couldn't find one."

"Many people live around here hidden away from the road. I don't want to bother them, for they have chosen to live out, and I respect that."

"Well, usually we can find a spot."

"Sometimes plans don't work out, and it very well could be this motel was best for us. Of course, maybe we didn't hold our thinking on the right spot."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Maybe we didn't visualize ourselves camping with enough energy. Maybe we didn't engage our imagination well enough."

"Imagination?"

"Sure. Most people think imagination is just the picturing of some fantasy, some dream, but the reality is that imagination is where the energy starts to coalesce into building the third dimensional reality. Why do architects draw plans? Why are there plans for anything? Because it is a mental step in producing the physical reality."

"Do you mean to tell me we could have dreamed our way to finding a perfect camping spot?"

"Yes, but we didn't take the time or effort into doing so. I'm so tired of driving, and have been driving on autopilot. That's not safe anyway." The spacious, paved turnout appeared ahead. There were hills and bushy trees with a creek down below the turnout, and a generous span of grass before the land became too steep. "Here we are. Let's just relax and enjoy our

time here."

I stepped out of the car and walked to the edge overlooking the creek and sat on some rocks, releasing the tension. The light on the trees was literally making them glow. It was a beautiful evening, so I sprawled out on the grass. I must have fallen asleep, for when I awoke, Lila had kept a sandwich for me. Lila, as always, made it taste good with the few items we had bought. By the time we left that spot the first stars were showing

I was not looking forward to some closed up motel room which smelled vaguely of smoke. Outside in nature is where this body belongs. On the other hand the variety of human minds is unfathomable, and one can not dictate to others without consequences. Lila and Petey were my charges, and their needs were humanly far greater than mine. Despite the fact the evening turned really cold, Petey and I took a walk around the area behind the motel while Lila took her shower. There was a trail there other people had walked, probably doing the same thing we were doing. The exercise helped remove the tiredness felt while driving, and Petey appreciated it too. We all fell asleep quickly.

The next day was beautiful, and it didn't take us long to get to Payson. From there we planned to take back roads to Camp Verde, but I didn't want to drive as much. Not long after noon we had turned off on a small road with a lot of other side trails. Some of them were jeep trails, too bumpy for the car. After trying out a few, we found a really nice camping spot near a small creek which probably would dry up in summer, well off the little used Highway 260. We found what appeared to be an animal trail near the creek. We all enjoyed exploring the area, and never ran into anything larger than a squirrel. That place was the best spot we had found since leaving Texas. We spent more time just hiking around than we did in driving.

The time spent here was good for me, Lila and Petey as well, for there was no weight of responsibilities or concerns. Most importantly, Lila appeared relaxed. The money was

holding out well, and the car was running fine so why not enjoy ourselves. We spent two days exploring the area around us, and were slow in leaving.

Despite having a sluggish drainage called a river, Camp Verde was not very green at all. What natural green there was consisted of brushy trees located within about 20 yards of the river. Of course there were other brushy trees, but the area was too dry for me. That changed as we neared Sedona. Trees became more plentiful, and the hills turned into canyon land.

We arrived in Sedona around 3 PM discovering the price of groceries were geared to the more affluent tourists. The main street was just one long series of shops, and the few items we purchased in the grocery mart, though organic, cost us as much as eating out back in Socorro. When we were checking out after grocery shopping, Lila picked up a pamphlet showing Sedona's power spots. It contained a rough map of where to find them, and after looking at it, we decided to head to one nearby, actually turning back the way we came and then turning north through a residential area which soon opened into hills covered with scrub trees.

The red rock canyons had small trees and occasional large pines as well as brushy undergrowth, but it was the canyons themselves that struck one, for they invited exploration. There were a lot of easily followed trails leading to areas that somehow did carry a special, but undefined energy. The area around Sedona, not the town itself, but the canyons and surrounding spaces felt good to be in. Although camping spots were relatively plentiful, they were all heavily controlled and patrolled by the Arizona Parks Department. I felt led to stay here awhile, so we went ahead and purchased the camping permits, and camped near the first power spot we found.

The days following were even better than the ones we had just experienced. We were a family, and despite Lila's mood swings there were no arguments. The weather was not hot, and spring was thriving amongst the greenery. There was no need to drive anywhere except to town for supplies. Thus, we spent a bit

of time doing nothing more than soaking up the atmosphere, hiking or just resting in camp. Of course, we also explored the town. There were two obvious atmospheres here. One was epitomized by a crystal shop on the northwest side of the street. Naturally, Petey wanted to go inside and see the crystals. The outside was painted a purple-violet and inside were shelves and shelves of mystical crystals, cards, and other objects of desire. Petey was excited to be in there even though the crystal he was given in the spacecraft was just as good as any they had there. (We didn't buy him another.)

There was a residential area scattered throughout the main valley. Although the valley was originally rural, homes had invaded nearly every half level scrap of land. Quite often the homes were quite close to one another even though they were large and expensive.

The other atmosphere of Sedona was not as material, but more powerful in its own way. It was a feeling that seemed to emanate from the red sandstone rocks themselves, and was felt particularly powerful the more one was alone and calm amongst them. There is a specific mountain of red sandstone south of Sedona proper which always had someone, usually tourists like us, wandering around it. It stood by itself as a guardian in a gap between the next valley and the valley Sedona had filled in. The many enticing crevasses and ledges seemed to all hold some secret which every person who climbed around was searching for. In short, the red sandstone rocks brought out the more spiritual desires inhabiting human lives. The anticipation and aspiration of those who climbed it added their weight to the aura of mystery.

This was made most evident by one whole day spent around the power point near our camp. This particular spot was on a rocky promontory near a resort situated in a valley below the power spot. It had come to me that the resort was actually a cover for a government run operation regarding alien equipment discovered hidden in caves further up the valley. The equipment had been hauled out some time ago, but the area was still under

control by the government. The power spot itself was halfway up a rocky hill over-looking the resort, and was accessed by a trail from a parking lot well away from the resort's entrance. By normal standards of hiking this was not difficult, though the latter half was uphill. The trail broke out of the denser scrub trees and onto ledges of sandstone and brush. The view of an adjacent canyon was uplifting. When we reached the power spot on a short ridge, Petey started exploring and Lila and I had a chance to sit down. We turned away from the resort below and faced the red rock of the canyon to the south. Lila spoke first.

"I don't know what it is, but this place is beautiful, peaceful." We sat for a moment in silence with a bird chirping nearby. She continued to talk.

"I feel like this is home, or it should be. I feel free here." Another sense of foreboding broke in upon my consciousness, but I kept silent. The air still held a hint of the cool morning. She took a deep breath, held it a few seconds, then let it out.

"I have no idea if mom and dad are even alive, or if they want to see me after what happened. Maybe Petey and I can come back here and stay." The silence returned, and I let it soak in. The birds chirped, insects buzzed, and the wind softly bent the tree tops. Yet, the sounds of nature in no way infringed upon the stillness. After a few blessed moments of serenity, reluctantly the dialogue continued.

"Just as you would never want to be estranged from Petey, no matter what he might do, your parents want you to stay with them. Don't forget, they love you and I'm sure they will love Petey as well."

"Yes, you are right, as always." She said the last words with more than a tinge of submission. Submission was not something anyone wanted. Incarnations must remain free to choose their own path, after all it is a free will universe. A part of me felt I should respond though I didn't want to break the spell of this place.

"I am here only to help you and Petey. There is nothing you need to do but follow your heart. You know they love you

and want you to be happy too. Maybe you can find a way to stay in the area, but it would take a fair mount of money."

"Yes, I know, and I'm so tired of struggling to find enough money." There was a short pause. "I'm tired of struggling, period. And that's what I'm going to have to do in California even if they accept us with open arms. I'm also tired of making bad decisions." There was a long pause. "Back when I was young and hopeful, I wrote down my hopes in black ink on a nice sheet of paper and pinned it to the wall above my bed." She turned and looked me directly in the eyes. " Over time it just faded in the light."

Some unseen bird kept calling out in the silence which was starting to come alive with the activity of small animals, and a return call echoed from somewhere in the distance. I kept the silence, so she went on, "I'm ready for Jesus to come and take me home." That was a cry for help I had to respond to, for when statements like that are made, energy starts flowing.

"Lila, you are young. Think of Petey and the support you give him. He has a whole life in front of him, and so do you. You are still young."

"Mom and dad could take care of him." She turned to me and looked me directly in the eyes and said, "And I know you would take good care of him too. After all, you just said you are here to help us."

"Yes, that's true, but I cannot take your place. I'm not his mother." She cut in, "and neither am I. There is a difference between being a mother and being a good mother. Look what a situation I put us both into. I was a whore with no way out. If it weren't for you, poor Petey and I would still be there."

Her body involuntarily shook as she spoke, and tears started falling. This was a time for silence. Arguments could develop from this exchange if it continued. What was needed was time, time to reflect and heal. No response was needed. We sat and listened to the wind gently rustle through the trees. A moment later Petey ran up and excitedly wanted us to come and look at a spider he had found. So, I clambered up and left Lila

sitting there to contemplate her feelings and dry her eyes.

What Petey had found was a spider the likes of which one only sees on nature shows, a huge black tarantula as big as the palm of my hand. It was standing in the morning sun between thin stacked sandstone ledges. Dark recesses in the back of the ledges created a nice safe, comfy home with a view. There it was, unmoving, staring at us, just as we were staring at it. It still did not move even when our faces got within a foot of it.

"Let's go tell your mom to come look at it."

With an "OK" he ran up the hill again. I slowly followed behind. By the time I got there Petey was sitting with his mom, talking earnestly. I didn't hear what they were saying, but as I approached, they both stood up, and we headed back to see the tarantula. I wondered what they had said. As we walked back, I wondered why my mind seemed so... human, for otherwise why would I care what they said?

The tarantula was still there. Lila looked closely at it, stood up, and commented that this world is full of unpleasant things. Her simple, unadorned, flat statement put a damper on Petey's excitement. The walk back down to the camp was subdued, and I wondered how to uplift her spirits.

That evening, as we sat around the campfire, Lila was more or less quiet, not offering any comments which could be built upon. It was Petey who started talking about the tarantula giving me an opening.

Petey said, "I wonder what it was thinking looking at us. We must'a been like giants."

"We may have looked like giants, but you notice that it never ran back into his home in the cracks. As far as spiders and insects go it was probably king of the mountain. Don't forget, it has a poison in his fangs. I've even heard of tarantulas killing small animals."

Lila responded, "He was probably just thinking about our being too big to try and eat."

Petey laughed and said, "I wouldn't want to be eaten by a spider."

We had built a small campfire, and as darkness deepened the coals were beginning to shed their orange light upon the immediate surroundings. Now I could try and insert some thoughts of spirituality, though it was a leap given Lila's mood. The last thing needed was to bring the evening to an end so early. The atmosphere needed to stay pleasant, so I decided to plunge ahead. Staring into the mesmerizing fire I said, "That reminds me of a guy I heard of who was bitten by a spider and thought he was going to die."

I looked up and saw that they had become interested.

"This guy saw the marks of the spider bite turn red, and he didn't like it, not at all, especially when the next day the spot was bigger and even redder. Now, this guy had a nice family and a good job, but as the days went on his whole arm became red, and the spot opened up and started oozing. This frightened him. So, he went to the doctor who told him it was too late for him to have come in. He should have come sooner. Now the poison would have to run its course."

Pete broke in, "Did he die?"

"Just listen, and you'll find out."

I settled myself onto a cushion of an old blanket we had put on a log, and hoped they too would settle down as I tried to encode some meaning into the story.

"Now this guy.. Shall we call him Don?... misinterpreted what the doctor had said, and assumed his death was not far off. He loved his family and didn't want them to see him turn into a oozing mass of flesh and watch him die, so he told his wife that she and their children were free, and told them to say a prayer for him. Then he gathered some food and blankets and ran away into the mountains. After a day, he found an old abandoned cabin. Fortunately, there were some old cans of food left in a cupboard, and a stream nearby. So he settled in, picked berries and mushrooms to go along with the food and was able to stay for quite awhile.

Now, this place had no mirror and it didn't matter anyway because he did not want to watch himself die. He also

found some old books to read. So, they kept his mind off his problem.

One of them was about the gods of Tibet, and it had paintings of them. Now, I don't know if you have seen pictures of Tibetan gods, but they are horrific, with gnashing teeth and hideous faces. One of them named Jigsjied was the god of desire. He was terrible looking, and Don could not stop looking at the painting of him in the book. As a matter of fact, Don started thinking about him all the time. What was it like to be a god? Why was he constantly looking at this painting? The only answer was for Don to read the book. So, he did, paying close attention to all it said.

Now, the first thing Don found out was that Jigsjied, like all the other gods in Tibet, and India for that matter, were not really separate from each other. They were all part of the One God. All individual gods were just aspects, or parts, of the One God. They were individualized, so to speak, in order that we humans might look upon each individual problem we have as a separate item, and then go to the god of that problem and see how that particular god could help us.

As I said, Jigsjied was the god of desire, and Don desired to live. He didn't really want to die. He focused on the book, and within a short amount of time Don was talking to Jigsjied's picture in the book. He finally cut it out and hung it up on a wall with some old nails he found so he could commune with it all of the time.

One day as Don was particularly engrossed in the painting, the god climbed down out of the picture getting bigger as he stepped out. Jigsjied climbed right out into the room with him. Don was surprised, but not frightened, for he had begun to think about his desires. He had learned to literally feel the things Jigsjied personified: the thirst after sensation, actions resulting from that thirst, and then his inevitable destruction created by those actions. That was followed by the desire to survive the destruction, to live. Then, even after knowing desire caused his destruction, Don realized another desire would return to start the

whole process all over again. He was living it, the story of his being bitten by the spider. It was an endless cycle unless it could be broken.

Don just stood there in the waning afternoon light. Having already known what Don was thinking, Jigsjied opened the conversation.

"It appears you have been spending your time profitably."

"Yes, thank you, and I'm really blessed you have come, for I realize that your form, as terrible as it is to behold, is just a form arising from the void. Just as mine is."

"You and I will be swallowed up by the void, just as we have arisen from it. It is cyclic."

" I have been prey to the illness of personal, separative existence, to the struggle to preserve the illusion of self, and that is on top of personal, petty desires for sensation. Desires have no end, for you will always come and destroy the results, just as my desires will constantly rebuild them."

"Wisely said."

Don turned away to sit in a chair by the bed, but as he turned back to sit, Jigsjied was no longer there. He looked at the picture on the wall and pondered the idea of life endlessly feeding on death, and death absorbing the life. Thus, he realized the uselessness of desire. All that he had wished for, his wife and family, his possessions, life itself, all of it was a phantom, an illusion. There had to be something more. Don was calm, for now his idea of holding onto life was over, he could release the form. He felt he could die now. Yet, he knew that killing himself would make no difference. Desires would rebuild the form, perhaps a bit differently next time, but he would still be there to inhabit it. All of a sudden he felt thirsty. The thought entered his mind to go bring in some water from the creek nearby.

He grabbed a bucket and slowly walked the winding path to the creek. All of the plants, the insects, the sky, indeed the whole world was a brilliant illusion, an ever changing kaleidoscope holding the attention, but never becoming transcendent. The grass he walked upon bent under the illusion

of weight, the clouds floated across the sky with the illusion of wind, and the water in the creek flowed with the illusion of gravity. As he bent down to fill the bucket in a limpid pool, he saw himself thinner and without any blemish whatsoever. His body had healed itself. He realized he could wish for whatever he wanted. He was free again.

Thoughts of family and friends welcoming him back filled his mind, but he realized these as mere illusions enticing him to start the cycle all over again. So, he calmly filled his bucket and went back to stay in the cabin and meditate on some of the other deities in the book."

I looked around, the story was finished, and my body language must have signaled it, for Petey said,"Keep going, that is a good story." I looked over at Lila who appeared lost in thought.

"Pete, I think that is all for this evening. We should get to bed. Tomorrow we are going to drive over to Cottonwood to get groceries and supplies. They don't cost so much as here. It'll give us something to do. Maybe we could visit the old, restored Indian village there."

They climbed into the back of the car, and I put some more wood on the fire then settled into my sleeping bag. The flames cast flickering shadows on nearby trees, and as the embers slowly died away, my conscious mind gave way to strange and disturbing visions.

Chapter XX

The Cycle Restarts

The day dawned without a cloud in the sky, and after a leisurely breakfast we buttoned up camp and headed off to Cottonwood. Again, I felt a strange sense of foreboding, and wondered where this could come from as my higher self knew everything was in its rightful place. Perhaps it was Fred trying to get through again.

I turned right onto the highway and fortunately caught the green light near the high school. As the car climbed up the hill my mind wandered back to their decrepit motel in Texas. Lila took off her seat belt to turn back to talk to Petey who was buckled in behind me. At that instant an eighteen wheeler heading for Sedona drifted into my lane.

Brakes screeched, our Ford started to skid sideways, and the last visual I remembered was seeing Lila looking out at the massive radiator of the truck about to collide with her car door.

* * *

I started thinking about the cliche of youth and beauty, and it is a true generality. Lila exhibited both youth and beauty despite her trade, which couldn't have been going on too long, for the life of a prostitute quickly drains the energy and physical beauty. Energy creates the beauty, the hopes, the excitement, the anticipation, the raw energy of a young body coming into its prime. Anyway, those were my thoughts as I stood staring at her deformed corpse up on a coroner's table. Of course, I looked over at the other slab. It was empty. So, both Petey and I had escaped, or so I thought, for at that instant I was literally pulled into the tunnel.

The park bench we sat upon overlooked a beautiful lake nearby. There was a calming breeze floating through the trees,

and the roses were in bloom bringing their soothing fragrance to us both. Everything was perfectly clear, all of the puzzle pieces were in place. My thoughts turned back to Jigsjied and my morality tale of desire.

Lord Buddha said, "Desire is the cause of all becomings." This was the beginning of a new cycle, for all of us. I couldn't say that to Lila as she sat beside me, for at this point there was nothing to be said. My story last night should have been clear enough. Lila sat face forward looking just like she did yesterday, and flatly intoned, "We are all dead, aren't we?"

Now, I knew where we were, but regarding everything that had happened, I had to sit still and turn inward. Something unusual had happened, but I didn't quite know how the pieces of the puzzle had assembled. I was back on the fourth dimension. That much was clear. Why hadn't my fifth dimensional self reabsorbed this consciousness? There were too many questions to answer quickly. All I could do was answer her.

"Well, you and I are, but I don't think Petey is." The statement was really a question so my mind flew to the hospital in Sedona.

It was very busy. We were not the only vehicles involved in the accident. I felt the ether for Petey. Finding his vibration, I flew down a corridor entering a standard hospital room. Petey was crying, sitting up in a hospital bed with the back raised, a white hospital gown around him. His face was red, and tears kept falling off his chin, but to my immense surprise I saw what appeared to be my Fred self standing next to him! Pete had a cast on one arm, but the body I had recently inhabited was standing apparently unscathed next to him. Now, it is possible to have multiple vehicles with one spirit, but this was different. I felt dis-attached from the body of Fred, and here he was interacting with Petey.

I didn't have an answer at the moment so I reconnected with Lila on the fourth dimension.

"Pete has a broken arm, but looks fine otherwise." There was no need to mention Fred, if that is who he was.

"Thank God," Lila said turning to me. "But what is going to happen to him now?" There was a slight pause as she realized I was not the person she remembered as Fred. I looked the way I normally thought of myself on the fourth dimension. She added, "and who are you?"

"The story is too long to tell right now, but I assure you it was my consciousness that was there with you all the way from Texas to when this accident happened." Looking past her, I could see her family gathering.

"Have faith, and know that everything is going to turn out fine. Now, though, it's time for you to meet with your mom. Unknown to either of us, she had already passed on."

She softly sighed, "What? I didn't even know." Her statement was a sigh of guilt, but she stood up, turned around and ran to her mother. They immediately embraced. Amongst familial tears of joy, the rest of the group coalesced around them. This scene had been countlessly reenacted during my sojourn here, and usually signaled the end of the first step, but my work here was not done.

As was done with many others, I joined her consciousness and silently watched as her relatives gave her a hug and embraced with an understanding Love seldom understood on the third dimension. Lila, in turn started opening up to their acceptance. At that point a deep wave of Love flowed out through me into her, and her mind recognized it. She resolved to share her Love with others fully, in a way her third dimensional self never did. As her focus upon herself diminished, her internal connection with me became available, and she experienced a vision of turning to me as Fred pouring forth her own pent up Love and affection.

"Words can not express my gratitude. I Love you."

"And words can not express my Love for you, even though we are the same Being expressing the same Love." I melted away from her mind at that point, returning to my fourth dimensional self. The structure of my mind continued to dissolve.

Without warning my mind was opened up to all of my selves. A jumble of images and feelings coursed through me. It was more than I could imagine much less comprehend coherently so I let my higher self simplify the impact.

My oversoul, walked up to me. Nodding to the happy family, she turned to me and casually said, "Well, all's well that ends well."

"Thank God that is over," was all I could respond, still reeling, but grateful the many selves had been simplified into one.

She looked through my fourth dimensional eyes and said, "Just stop a minute and try and start acting like a soul. You wanted this. It's an unusual case, I must admit, but it all started when you ignored Fred for too long. Greater emphasis must be given to positive and uplifting thoughts to all of your parts. You must especially watch your words, gearing them to the humans you wish to assist. You have to learn to express them more fully and positively so that your incarnations feel them, not as fragments holding back some terrible event, but rather as feelings of wholeness, gratitude, and assurance of their divine nature."

She was right. This problem had been recognized as an obstacle. So, a deep breath of Light filled my lungs as the fifth dimensional part of me started to reconnect. Now was not the time to disappear, for after all, she was my mentor as I was Lila's and Fred's.

She continued,"The man whose body you inhabited made great strides while here. He realized many things including his lack of responsibility after you took his body. His outlook was, and still is, too bound to the fleshy human world. All of your parts still have many incarnations ahead. It is quite unusual, but we decided to let him take his body back. The accident was the perfect way. Besides, such an ending was necessary given Lila's flow of self destructive energy."

"But what about Lila now?"

She looked over at Lila's gathering. "Oh, that works out

well too. Not only does she have a head start thanks to your teaching, but she also sees the need for less of a bull-headed approach. She'll get rest along with more fourth dimensional teaching. Once she goes before the karmic board many of us think she will be responsive to their suggestions."

"...and Petey?"

"That's another beauty of this. Pete will now be taken care of by Fred who is going to do his best to act responsibly. Over time his sojourn here will become like a dream, but that dream will start to move within his psyche, coming up into his conscious mind time and time again. Those visions along with your care will assist him to make good choices.

We have decided to let you continue to mentor him, especially since you really did become him in a more physical fashion. Based upon Fred's desires, he and Pete will probably finish your trip to California and connect with relatives. Pete will recognize something strange has happened to Fred, for he will not act quite the same, but that will be put down to the accident. In a fashion, you will become Pete's soul as well.

As for you, you finished your report, you followed through with your human service. If you don't mind my saying it, you did a good job of balancing Fred's almost frantic human inputs with your own stability. He was trying to take over his body before he knew what was happening. As a consequence your whole story and report may appear confused and unfocused from a human standpoint. Yet, I know you were attempting to bridge a gap."

"That is exactly what I was trying to do. No wonder, I had a hard time staying on an even keel. My intent was and still is to help humans make up their mind as to which direction they will go, towards continued turmoil of the flesh or towards a greater breadth of understanding within the soul. Thus, both points of view had to be supported." Her whole face started to shine, and I started to lose myself in her eyes. So, I focused upon the humans and my relationship to them as I continued to speak to her. "Your kind thoughts are deeply appreciated; however,

now this episode is over I can see the immense job that has to be done for humanity on earth. Coming back down into the third dimension was necessary to increase my empathy and ability to communicate."

I felt energy and Sai Baba's words flowed into my consciousness, "Knowing is nothing. Being is best." My recent human experience flashed before my mind. Though I may not reenter earth as a human, I felt the future become energized in the desires of Lila and Fred, both of whom I'd be responsible for helping.

She had been reading my thoughts for she then went on to say Sai Baba also said, “When you are afraid of someone or something outside you, remind yourself that the fear is born, fed, and fertilized in your own mind and you can overcome it by denying it. Faith in the Almighty God is the impregnable armor that the spiritual aspirant can wear. Be steady, do not waver, keep straight on, hold fast to the ideal without despair.” (5) This is what you need to communicate to those who are your charges. It is the same thing I tell many of my own projections, like you. Yes, I know you said that to Lila and others, but even though it changes its color when given to a Christian, it instills a basic faith even as it reminds the person to watch their own thoughts."

I leaned back into the bench, closed my eyes and took a deep breath. When I looked up, She was gone, but so was my own sparkling perception of the fourth dimension. The trees and lake had started fading away into brilliant light as my fifth dimensional self started reconnecting with my fourth dimensional consciousness.

* * *

The collapse of civilization built on Picean energy may appear to be an unmitigated disaster to humans, but only to those holding onto old forms. Humans are going to have to decide where they stand. If the purely human position is adopted, then the challenge from the forces of manipulation will have to be

faced both internally and externally. Once humanity recognizes the fact they create their human realty, then the challenge of building in positive creativity will become the challenge.

When seen from a higher perspective all of this human drama may be seen as a Lovingly applied Will dissolving the blockages. To use the cliche, just as a caterpillar may think its body is dissolving into death, it is really beginning its metamorphosis into a butterfly. Personally, this had been a very basic lesson, one demonstrating the work and responsibilities were ever growing.

So, this was not an ending, but rather another beginning. You could call this a tag ending, but there are no endings. You, me, and everything else exists in infinity. Right now; however, I'd like to go be the motivating, inspiring thoughts behind Fred's concrete mind. It's also the best way to help Pete.

Addenda

Dear Reader, this story may be perceived in several ways, and the lessons understood from varied perspectives. Thus, it may have appeared confusing, however, one may not speak to human reality without also addressing perception. My *experiences* have led me to recognize the fact our thoughts and emotions, in conjunction with many others, blend with higher impulses and create our human environment and experience. What you consider this human reality is a projection based upon one's level of consciousness manifesting thoughts and emotions.

Further, the higher impulses originate from a place unperceived by most humans, often called the soul. Their physical creation or propagation relies on intensity creating an electro-magnetic field which *may* propel them into perception through our human senses. Most; however, die from lack of attention. This is the highly simplified truth from perception a step higher. Thus, from a higher perspective, this human reality is an illusion, and is why when aware entities say the word 'you', they are often referring to your higher self, not the human who is reading this.

Many humans will not accept these statements. Thus, they will operate by projection of their own human beliefs. One very basic belief within this system is duality, including good and evil. If one accepts societal norms, those who manifest greed, hatred or violence and/or many other forms of self-centeredness are evil, as compared for example to being mentally unbalanced. The belief in their evil qualities will create further perceptions of a like nature until no good will be seen at all, and most will then be perceived exactly as expected. All of this comes from focusing on beliefs rather than objectively being aware of the energies being manifested.

What is called 'evil' is ignorance and fear being played out. You must always remember you cannot perceive any quality outside those already within you.

Thus, for those who do not believe this, and are

exclusively focusing upon this human realm I offer a further elaboration.

Footnotes for those who adopt the human perspective and are trying to discern what human thoughts are being projected to them.

Sources and suggested additional material

Alternative facts and conspiracy when viewed as a monolithic whole are providing a new narrative which opposes the established order and control of humanity. Religious, scientific, cultural, medical and societal thought are human belief systems, each propagated by humans, and thus are filled with human foibles. Each projects what it considers ‘truth,’ and the bulk of humanity is waking up to the fact many of their narratives are self serving. Thus, there is a need for a broader viewpoint.

The recognition corporations and governments are self-serving at the expense of humanity’s health and welfare is widely acknowledged. Even the mainstream media reports it, and is found in movies based upon true human events such as Dark Waters. Yet, many people will not even look at material the major media has labeled 'conspiratorial'. All information has the viewpoint of its author(s) imbedded within it, including the major media outlets. There is an easy way for you to prove to yourself that manipulation is being promoted for the masses.

Take your smart phone and go to Google, or any other major search engine. Choose any two or three digit number you want and enter it as 'New cases of Covid-19'. For example, search for “537” new cases of Covid-19'. Be sure to put quotations around the number so that the site deals exclusively with that particular number. I tested ten numbers surrounding “537” and there was an average of 17 million, 500 thousand sites using each exact number. Do this over and over with differing numbers. Even many four digit numbers work.

Discounting a large percentage of them for overlapping, it appears the powers that be have engineered web sites to reflect whatever you want them to. Due to the inaccuracy and unavailability of the tests and the number of sites available for each number, statistically, this is almost impossible. If you think the manipulation is only in search engines, think again. Go to 'Global Vision' https://youtu.be/E2t0PVE2S0M and watch many television stations all give out the exact same number of cases in their community. In this case it is the number 33.

The problem that occurs with becoming too attached to these experiences is your own transference from the ‘corporate’ belief system, to the ‘conspiratorial’ belief system with many attendant beliefs and emotions added. Thus, higher impulses and objectivity is again lost as the blame game develops. Here are the references from the text of the story.

(1) From page 116 Read David Icke’s book, *Human Race Get Off Your Knees*, and watch the video "London Real, The Coronavirus..." if you can, for it has been taken off the main sites on the internet. Direct source material is often overwhelmed with main stream propaganda.

As an example I offer a quote from the doctor, Kary Mullis, a Nobel Prize winning scientist who created the test now being used to diagnose Covid-19. "Quantitative PCR is an oxymoron." “PCR is intended to identify substances qualitatively, but by its very nature is unsuited for estimating numbers. Although there is a common mis-impression that the viral-load tests actually count the number of viruses in the blood, *these tests can not detect free, infectious viruses at all…*"(italics are mine). In other words there will be many positive results without anyone being infected.

Another example of direct source material proving manipulation is a PDF file that anyone can download from the CDC. It is report #3 of April 2020. "Ideally, testing for Covid-19 should be conducted, but it is acceptable to report Covid-19 on a death certificate without confirmation if the circumstances are

compelling within any degree of certainty." These two quotes should show any competent, thinking person the official version of events is a manipulation to increase Covid-19 numbers providing a base for future reporting and ramp up fear. Additionally, in the past if a person has had a disease and recovered they have been removed from the roles kept, but in the case of Covid-19 every person is being kept on the roster of cases. This too is designed to ramp up the numbers and fear.

(2) From page 117: Watch Thrive free on the internet. Thrive.com

(3) From pg 221: I do not endorse any political or religious views held or implied by any of the platforms or speakers listed in this addenda, nor do I condone the demonizing of any being. Go to a video platform such as Youtube or Bitchute and put in a combination of the following search terms. As some are being censored, precise links can not be given. Listen to an interview of Dr. Rashid Buttar, search term: Dr. Rashid Buttar, Next News Network, interview of Dr. Tim O'Shea, search term: All scientific information on Corona treatments is not.., or Reward, Dr. Andrew Kaufman, search term: Dr. Andrew Kaufman on the Highwire. One hundred medical Doctors speak, search term: Dr Rashid Buttar hosts Doctor’s Roundtable. (Only found on Bitchute) Bombshell evidence that covid is chromosome 8 human DNA, Amandha Vollmer. (Also on Bitchute) There are many others. Many lesser known medical doctors also have their own blogs. Now, it is up to you to follow these leads. Who do you believe?

(4) from pg 236: The Epoch Times, October 10-16th 2019. page A-8

(5) from page 283: The quote from Sai Baba is from *Sai Baba Speaks*, Vol. X

CHAPTER X